Google

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

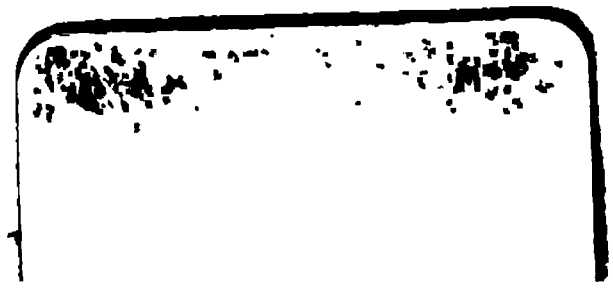
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/

Per 2705. e. 327
252



The Gentleman's Magazine

JANUARY TO JUNE 1882

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

THE

Gentleman's Magazine

VOLUME CCLII.

JANUARY to JUNE 1882

PRODESSE & DELEC : PLURIBUS UNUM

Edited by SYLVANUS URBAN, *Gentleman*

London

CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY

1882

[*The right of translation is reserved*]

CONTENTS OF VOL. CCLII.

PAGE

Ancien Régime, The French Peasant under the. By E. BLANCHE HAMILTON. 586
Anne Oldfield. By DUTTON COOK. 157
"Ass, Golden," Macchiavelli's. By JAMES MEW 104
Bargain, The, with the Queen. By HENRY W. LUCY . . . 283
Biography of an Eccentric Parson. By EDWARD WALFORD, M.A. 196
Biology, Modern: its Methods and Aims. By ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E. 205
Birds, The Poets'. By PHIL. ROBINSON:
I. Crows and their Cousins 40
II. Doves and Eagles 171
III. Sea-Birds and Game-Birds 180
IV. Birds of Omen and Superstition 322
V. The Cuckoo 487
Birth, The, of the Moon. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR . . . 666
Biscayan Stroll, A. By the Hon. EMILY LAWLESS. . . . 26
Book, My Rare. By FREDERICK WEDMORE 531
Broad, Rockland. By G. CHRISTOPHER DAVIES 189
Carlyle and his Wife. By H. R. FOX BOURNE 685
Cat, The, and its Folk-lore. By Rev. T. F. THISELTON DYER, M.A. 604
Chaucer at Woodstock. By JOHN W. HALES, M.A. . . . 493
Chivalrous Times, Warfare in. By J. A. FARRER 615
Cobden, Richard. By A. N. MACNICOLL 424
Diary, An Unpublished, written by Dean Swift. By J. CHURTON COLLINS 731
Dust: a Novel. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE:

Chap. I.	1	Chap. IX.	257
II.	3	X.	266
III.	8	XI.	275
IV.	13	XII.	385
V.	20	XIII.	395
VI.	129	XIV.	403
VII.	135	XV.	641
VIII.	144	XVI.	651

Eccentric Parson, Biography of an. By EDWARD WALFORD, M.A. 196
Egyptian Question, The. By JUSTIN H. M°CARTHY . . . 460
English *Place-Names*. *By* HENRY BRADLEY 228
English Shire, An. By GRANT ALLEN 49

PAGE
Folk-lore, The Cat and its. By Rev. T. F. THISELTON DYER, M.A. 604
Forefathers, The Lawlessness of our. By HUBERT HALL . . 312
Frederick Robson. By DUTTON COOK 715
French Peasant, The, under the Ancien Régime. By E. BLANCHE HAMILTON. 586
Furred and Feathered Foes in New Countries. By C. F. GORDON-CUMMING 554
Future, The, of Vivisection. By OUIDA 412
Giant Planets, The. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR 443
"Golden Ass," Macchiavelli's. By JAMES MEW 104
Government, Prison. By F. W. ROBINSON 656
Hans Sachs. By LOUIS BARBÉ 567
Heine, Recurrent Ideas in. By ALEX. H. JAPP, LL.D. . . . 71
Hués, A Story of the. By F. BOYLE 513
Hymn, The, of a Woman's Soul. By ERIC S. ROBERTSON . . 243
Kerry, In the Kingdom of. By the Hon. EMILY LAWLESS . . 540
Lawlessness, The, of our Forefathers. By HUBERT HALL . . 312
Library, The. By Rev. M. G. WATKINS, M.A. 89
Literary Likeness. By W. H. OLDING, LL.B. 295
Macchiavelli's "Golden Ass." By JAMES MEW 104
Modern Biology: its Methods and Aims. By ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E. 205
Modern Sybarite, A. By H. BARTON BAKER 342
Moon, The Birth of the. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR . . . 666
My Rare Book. By FREDERICK WEDMORE. 531
My Spider. By W. H. T. WINTER. 706
New Countries, Of Furred and Feathered Foes in. By C. F. GORDON CUMMING 554
New Finds in Shetlandic and Welsh Folk-lore. By KARL BLIND:
Part I. 353
II. 469
Nightmare. By Rev. T. F. THISELTON DYER, M.A. . . . 79
Of Furred and Feathered Foes in New Countries. By C. F. GORDON-CUMMING 554
Oldfield, Anne. By DUTTON COOK 157
Opposition and Opposition. By HENRY W. LUCY . . . 744
Parson, Biography of an Eccentric. By EDWARD WALFORD, M.A. 196
Peasant, The French, under the Ancien Régime. By E. BLANCHE HAMILTON 586
Place-Names, English. By HENRY BRADLEY 228
Planets, The Giant. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR 443
Poets' Birds, The. By PHIL. ROBINSON:
I. Crows and their Cousins 40
II. Doves and Eagles 171
III. Sea-Birds and Game-Birds 180
IV. Birds of Omen and Superstition 322
V. The Cuckoo 487

PAGE

Prison Government. By F. W. ROBINSON 656
Queen, The Bargain with the. By HENRY W. LUCY . . . 283
Rare Book, My. By FREDERICK WEDMORE 531
Recurrent Ideas in Heine. By ALEX. H. JAPP, LL.D. . . . 71
Richard Cobden. By A. N. MACNICOLL 424
Robson, Frederick. By DUTTON COOK 715
Rockland Broad. By G. CHRISTOPHER DAVIES 189
Sachs, Hans. By LOUIS BARBÉ 567
Science Notes. By W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS, F.R.A.S. :
Sensational Electricity—A Simple Electrical Machine—Count Rumford on "Fired Gunpowder"—Modern Artillery Gunpowder—Propagation of Gaseous Explosions—The Bursting of Water-pipes—Slow Combustion of Fire-Damp—Electric Tides—Snow-clearing in London 116
Is the Full Moon Red-Hot?—A Chemical Chameleon—The Origin of the Salt of the Ocean—The Origin of Oyster-shells, Corals, etc.—The Anglo-American Arctic Expedition—Mr. Walter Powell 244
The Threatening Comet—My View of Cometary Collision with the Sun—The Polytechnic of the Future—The Philosophy of Manuring—Gases passing through Solids 374
The Possibilities of Cometary Collisions with the Sun—Effect of a Direct Collision of a Comet with the Sun—The Constitution of Comets—Carbonic Acid in the City—The Healing of Wounded Crystals—"Nothing like Leather." 500
Animal and Vegetable Co-partnership—Granny—The Victoria Regia Outdone—The Beginnings of Life on the Earth—Professor Barff's Antiseptic—The Fate of a Sun-colliding Comet 624
Dr. Siemens' Theory of the Sun—My Own Theory of the Sun—Bees and Clover—The Causes and Cure of Old Age . . 751
Shetlandic and Welsh Folk-lore, New Finds in. By KARL BLIND :
Part I. 353
II. 469
Shire, An English. By GRANT ALLEN 49
Spider, My. By W. H. T. WINTER 706
Story, A, of the Hués. By F. BOYLE 513
Stroll, A Biscayan. By the Hon. EMILY LAWLESS . . . 26
Swift, Dean, An Unpublished Diary written by. By J. CHURTON COLLINS 731
Sybarite, A Modern. By H. BARTON BAKER 342
Table Talk. By SYLVANUS URBAN :
"Mary Stuart"—A Slip of Modern Criticism—Fires in Theatres—The Sunderland Library—"Chancing It"—Mr. Buchanan's New Novel 125

Table Talk—*continued.* PAGE

Tampering with National Documents—The Latest Trick of the Dog-stealer—A Minor Star in the Shakespearian Galaxy—A Complaint from America—Increase in the Consumption of Fruit—"Recreations of the Rabelais Club"—A Reproduction of the Chef d'Œuvre of Moreau le Jeune 253

An Eccentric Bookseller—The Last of Old Sams—Tristram Shandy and Modern Science 382

The Ducal Libraries—Destruction of Life and Sport—"The Bargain with the Queen"—A Man in Flames—The Salmon-Disease—"Jumbo" at the Zoo 509

"Dust"—Bonghi on the "Village Commune"—The Heat of the Sun—Physiology and Fashion—A Plea for a New Canal—Free Exhibition of Pictures—The Thames Embankment—English Chap-Books—Mural Tablets—Corrupting Influence of English Vices 633

The Centenary of the Odéon Theatre—The Théâtre Français and the Odéon—Naturalisation of Foreign Birds—Are the Aspirations of Youth fulfilled in Age? 758

Tuscan Olives. (Pochades in Rispetti.) By A. MARY F. ROBINSON 372

Unpublished Diary, An, written by Dean Swift. By J. CHURTON COLLINS 731

Vivisection, The Future of. By OUIDA 412

Warfare in Chivalrous Times. By J. A. FARRER 615

Wife, Carlyle and his. By H. R. FOX BOURNE 685

Woman's Soul, The Hymn of a. By ERIC S. ROBERTSON . . 243

Woodstock, Chaucer at. By JOHN W. HALES, M.A. . . . 493

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1882.

DUST: A NOVEL.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Only the actions of the Just
Smell sweet and blossom in the Dust.

CHAPTER I.

THE time at which this story begins was a time of many beginnings and many endings. The Eighteenth Century had expired the better part of a score of years before, and everything was in confusion. Youth—tumultuous, hearty, reckless, showy, slangy, insolent, kindly, savage—was the genius of the hour. The Iron Duke had thrashed the Corsican Ogre, England was the Queen of nations, and Englishmen thought so much of themselves and of one another, that Society, for all its caste, became well-nigh republican. Gentlemen were bruisers, and bruisers were gentlemen. At Ranelagh and Vauxhall fine ladies rubbed shoulders with actresses, magistrates foregathered with jockeys and sharpers, and the guardians of public order had more to fear from young bloods and sprigs of nobility than from professional thieves and blacklegs. Costumes were grotesque and irrational, but were worn with a dash and effrontery that made them becoming. There were cocked hats and steeple-crowned hats; yards of neck-cloth and mountains of coat-collar; green coats and blue coats, claret coats and white coats; four or five great-coats one on top of another; small-clothes and tight breeches, corduroys, hessians, and pumps. Beards were shaved smooth, and hair grew long. Young ladies wore drab josephs and flat-crowned beaver bonnets, and rode to balls on pillions, with their ball clothes in bandboxes. The lowest of necks were compensated by the shortest

of waists; and the gleam of garter-buckles showed through the filmy skirts that scarcely reached to the ankle. Coral necklaces were the fashion, and silvery twilled silks and lace tuckers; and these fine things were laid up in lavender and rose-leaves. Hair was cropped short behind, and dressed with flat curls in front. Mob-caps and top-knotted caps, skull-caps and fronts, turbans and muslin kerchiefs, and puffed yellow satins—these things were a trifle antiquated, and belonged to the elder generation. Gentlemen said, "Dammy, sir!" "Doosid," "Egad," "Stifle me!" "Monstrous fine," "Faith!" and "S'blood!" Ladies said, "Thank God!" "God A'mighty!" and "Law!" and everybody said "Genteel." Stage-coaches and post-horses occupied the place of railways and telegraphs; and driving was a fine art, and five hours from Brighton to London was monstrous slow going. Stage-coachmen were among the potentates of the day; they could do but one thing, but that they did perfectly; they were clannish among themselves, bullies to the poor, comrades to gentlemen, lickspittles to lords, and the high-priests of horseflesh, which was at that epoch one of the most influential religions in England; pugilism being another, caste a third, and drunkenness the fourth. A snuff-box was still the universal wear, blue-pill was the specific for liver complaint, shopping was done in Cheape and Cornhill; fashionable bloods lodged in High Holborn, lounged at Bennet's and the Piazza Coffee-House, made calls in Grosvenor Square, looked in at a dog-fight, or to see Kemble, Siddons, or Kean in the evening, and finished the night over rack-punch and cards at the club. Literature was not much in vogue, though most people had read "Birron" and the "Monk," and many were familiar with the "Dialogues of Devils," the "Arabian Nights," and "Zadkiel's Prophetic Almanac;" while the "Dairyman's Daughter" either had been written or soon was to be. Royalty and nobility showed themselves much more freely than they do now. George the Third was still King of England; and George, his son, was still the first gentleman and foremost blackguard of Europe; and everything, in short, was outwardly very different from what it is at the present day. Nevertheless, underneath all appearances, flowed then, as now, the mighty current of human nature. Then, as now, mothers groaned that infants might be born; poverty and wealth were married in every human soul, so that beggars were rich in some things and princes poor in others; young men and women fell in love, and either fell out again, or wedded, or took the law into their own hands, or jilted one another, just as they do now. Men in power were tyrannous or just, pompous or simple,

wise or foolish; and men in subjection were faithful or dishonest, servile or self-respectful, scheming or contented, then as now. Then, no less than now, some men broke one Commandment, some another, and some broke all; and the young looked forward to a good time coming, and the old prophesied misfortune. At that epoch, as in this, Death plied his trade after his well-known fashion, which seems so cruel and arbitrary, and is so merciful and wise. And finally—to make an end of this summary—the human race was predestined to good, and the individual human being was free to choose either good or evil, the same then as now and always. And—to leave generalities and begin upon particulars—it was at this time that Mrs. Lockhart (who, seven-and-forty years ago, as lovely Fanny Pell, had cherished a passing ideal passion for Handsome Tom Grantley, and had got over it and married honest young Lieutenant Lockhart)—that Mrs. Lockhart, we say, having lost her beloved Major at Waterloo, and finding herself in somewhat narrow circumstances, had made up her mind to a new departure in life; and had, in accordance with this determination, caused her daughter Marion to write "Lodgings to Let" on a card, and to hang the same up in the window of the front drawing-room. This event occurred on the morning of the third of May, Eighteen hundred and sixteen.

Chapter II.

That same day the Brighton coach was bowling along the road to London at the rate of something over five minutes to the mile; a burly, much be-caped Jehu on the box, and a couple of passengers on the seat on either side of him. The four horses, on whose glistening coats the sunshine shifted pleasantly, seemed dwarfed by the blundering structure which trundled at their heels, and which occasionally swayed top-heavily from side to side, like a vessel riding the seas. Jehu had, for the time being, surrendered the reins to the young gentleman who sat beside him. The youth in question was fashionably dressed, so far as could be judged from the glimpses of his attire that showed beneath the layers of benjamins in which his rather diminutive person was enveloped. His narrow face wore a rakish but supercilious expression, which was enhanced by his manner of wearing a hat shaped like a truncated cone with a curled brim. He sat erect and square, with an exaggerated dignity, as if the importance of the whole coach-and-four were concentrated in himself.

"You can do it, Mr. Bendibow—you can do it, sir," remarked Jehu, in a tone half-way between subservience and patronage. "You've got it in you, sir, and do you know why?"

"Well: to be sure, I've had some practice," said Mr. Bendibow, conscious of his worth, and pleased to have it commended; but, with the modesty of true genius, forbearing to admit himself miraculous.

Jehu shook his head solemnly. "Practice be damned, sir! What's practice, I ask, to a man what hadn't got it in him beforehand? It was in your blood, Mr. Bendibow, afore ever you was out of your cradle, sir. Because why? Because your father, Sir Francis, as fine a gen'leman and as open-handed as ever sat on a box, was as good a whip as might be this side o' London, and I makes no doubt but what he is so to this day. That's what I say; and if any says different, why, I'm ready to back it." In uttering this challenge, Jehu stared about him with a hectoring air, but without meeting any one's eye; as if defying things in general, but no one in particular.

"Is Sir Francis Bendibow living still? Pardon me the question; I formerly had some slight acquaintance with the gentleman; but for a good many years past I have lived out of the country."

These were the first words that the speaker of them had uttered. He was a meagre, elderly man, rather shabbily dressed, and sat second from the coachman on the left. While speaking he leaned forward, allowing his visage to emerge from the bulwark of coat-collar that rose on either side of it. It was a remarkable face, though, at first sight, not altogether a winning one. The nose was an abrupt aquiline, thin at the bridge, but with distended nostrils: the mouth was straight, the lips seeming thin, rather from a constant habit of pressing them together, than from natural conformation. The bony chin slanted forward aggressively, increasing the uncompromising aspect of the entire countenance. The eyebrows, of a pale auburn hue, were sharply arched, and the eyes beneath were so widely opened that the whole circle of the iris was visible. The complexion of this personage, judging from the colour of the hair, should have been blond; but, either owing to exposure to the air or from some other cause, it was of a deep reddish-brown tint. His voice was his most attractive feature, being well modulated and of an agreeable though penetrating quality, and to some ears it might have been a guarantee of the speaker's gentility strong enough to outweigh the indications of his somewhat threadbare costume.

"My father is in good health, to the best of my knowledge,"

said young Mr. Bendibow, glancing at the other and speaking curtly. Then he added, "You have the advantage of me, sir."

"I call myself Grant," returned the elderly man.

"Never heard my father mention the name," said Mr. Bendibow loftily.

"I dare say not," replied Mr. Grant, relapsing into his coat-collar.

"Some folks," observed Jehu, in a meditative tone, yet loud enough to be heard by all,—"some folks thinks to gain credit by speaking the names of those superior to them in station. Other folks thinks that fine names don't mend ragged breeches. I speaks my opinion, because why? Because I backs it."

"You'd better mind your horses," said the gentleman who sat between the coachman and Mr. Grant. There!—catch hold of my arm, sir!"

The last words were spoken to Mr. Grant, just as the coach lurched heavily to one side and toppled over. The off-leader had shied at a tall white milestone that stood conspicuous at a corner of the road, and, before Mr. Bendibow could gather up his reins, the right wheels of the vehicle had entered the ditch, and the whole machine was hurled off its balance into the hedgerow. The outside passengers, with the exception of one or two who clung to their seats, were projected into the field beyond, together with a number of boxes and portmanteaux. The wheelers lost their footing and floundered in the ditch, while the leaders, struggling furiously, snapped their harness and careered down the road. From within the coach, meanwhile, proceeded the sound of feminine screams and lamentation.

The first thing clearly perceptible amidst the confusion was the tremendous oath of which the coachman delivered himself, as he upreared his ponderous bulk from the half-inanimate figure of young Mr. Bendibow, upon whom he had fallen, having himself received at the same time a smart blow on the ear from a flying carpet-bag. The next person to arise was Mr. Grant, who appeared to have escaped unhurt; and after a moment the gentleman who, by interposing himself between the other and danger, had broken his fall, also got to his feet, looking a trifle pale about the lips.

"I much fear, sir," said the elder man, with an accent of grave concern in his voice, "that I have been the occasion of your doing yourself an injury. You have saved my bones at the cost of your own. I am a bit of a surgeon: let me look at your arm."

"Not much harm done, I fancy," returned the other, forcing a smile. "There's something awkward here, though," he added the next moment. "A joint out of kilter, perhaps,"

"I apprehended as much," said Mr. Grant. He passed his hand underneath the young man's coat. "Ay, there's a dislocation here," he continued; "but if you can bear a minute's pain, I can put it right again. We must get your coat off, and then . . . ."

"Better get the ladies out of their cage first: that's not so much courtesy on my part as that I wish to put off the painful minute you speak of as long as may be. I'm a damnable coward—should sit down and cry if I were alone. Ladies first, for my sake!"

"You laugh, sir; but if that shoulder is not in place immediately, it may prove no laughing matter. The ladies are doing very well—they have found a rescuer already. Your coat off, if you please. What fools fashion makes of men! Where I come from none wear coats save Englishmen, and even they are satisfied with one. Ah! that was a twinge: it were best to cut the sleeve, perhaps?"

"In the name of decency, no! To avoid trouble, I have long carried my wardrobe on my back, and 'twould never do to enter London with a shirt only. Better a broken bone than a wounded coat-sleeve—ha! well, this is for my sins, I suppose. I wish Providence would keep the punishment till all the sins are done—this piecemeal retribution is the devil. Well, now for it! Sir, I wish you were less humane—my flesh and bones cry out against your humanity. Dryden was wrong, confound him! Pity is akin to—to—whew!—to the Inquisition. God Apollo! shall I ever write poetry after this? And 'tis only a left arm, after all!—not to be left alone, however—ah! . . . . A thousand thanks, sir: but you leave me ten years older than you found me. Our acquaintance has been a long and (candour compels me to say) a cónfoundedly painful one. To be serious, I am heartily indebted to you."

"Take a pull at this flask, young gentleman: 'tis good cognac, that I got as I came through France. I recollect to have read, when I was a boy in school, that Nero fiddled whilst Rome was burning: you seem to have a measure of his humour, since you can jest while the framework of your mortal dwelling-place is in jeopardy. As for your indebtedness—my neck may be worth much or little, but, such as it is, you saved it. The balance is still against me."

"Leave balances to bankers: otherwise we might have to express our obligations to Mr. Bendibow, there, for introducing us to each other. Does no one here, besides myself, need your skill?"

"It appears not, to judge by the noise they make," replied the old gentleman drily. "That blackguard of a coachman should lose his place for this. The manners of these fellows have changed for

the worse since I saw England last. How do you find yourself, Mr. —— I beg your pardon?"

"Lancaster is my name; and I feel very much like myself again," returned the other, getting up from the bank against which he had been reclining while the shoulder-setting operation had been going on, and stretching out his arms tentatively.

As he stood there, Mr. Grant looked at him with the eye of a man accustomed to judge of men. With his costume reduced to shirt, small-clothes and hessians, young Lancaster showed to advantage. He was above the medium height, and strongly made, deep in the chest and elastic in the loins. A tall and massive white throat supported a head that seemed small, but was of remarkably fine proportions and character. The contours of the face were, in some places, so refined as to appear feminine, yet the expression of the principal features was eminently masculine and almost bold. Large black eyes answered to the movements of a sensitive and rather sensuous mouth; the chin was round and resolute. The young man's hair was black and wavy, and of a length that, in our day, would be called effeminate; it fell apart at the temple in a way to show the unusual height and fineness of the forehead. The different parts of the face were fitted together compactly and smoothly, without creases, as if all had been moulded from one motive and idea—not as if composed of a number of inharmonious ancestral prototypes: yet the range of expression was large and vivid. The general aspect in repose indicated gravity and reticence; but as soon as a smile began, then appeared gleams and curves of a humorous gaiety. And there was a brilliance and concentration in the whole presence of the man which was within and distinct from his physical conformation, and which rendered him conspicuous and memorable.

"Lancaster—the name is not unknown to me," remarked Mr. Grant, but in an indrawn tone, characteristic of a man accustomed to communing to himself.

During this episode, the other travellers had been noisily and confusedly engaged in pulling themselves together and discussing the magnitude of their disaster. Some labourers, whom the accident had attracted from a neighbouring field, were pressed into service to help in setting matters to rights. One was sent after the escaped horses; others lent their hands and shoulders to the task of getting the coach out of the ditch and replacing the luggage upon it. Mr. Bendibow, seated upon his portmanteau, his fashionable attire much outraged by the clayey soil into which he had fallen, maintained a

demeanour of sullen indignation; being apparently of the opinion that the whole catastrophe was the result of a conspiracy between the rest of the passengers against his own person. The coachman, in a semi-apoplectic condition from the combined effects of dismay, suppressed profanity, and a bloody jaw, was striving with hasty and shaking fingers to mend the broken harness; the ladies were grouped together in the roadway in a shrill-complaining and hysteric cluster, protesting by turns that nothing should induce them ever to enter the vehicle again, and that unless it started at once their prospects of reaching London before dark would be at an end. Lancaster glanced at his companion with an arch smile.

"My human sympathies can't keep abreast of so much distress," said he. "I shall take myself off. Hammersmith cannot be more than three or four miles distant, and my legs will be all the better for a little stretching. If you put up at the 'Plough and Harrow' to-night, we may meet again in an hour or two; meantime I will bid you good-day; and, once more, many thanks for your surgery."

He held out his hand, into which Mr. Grant put his own. "A brisk walk will perhaps be the best thing for you," he remarked. "Guard against a sudden check of perspiration when you arrive; and bathe the shoulder with a lotion . . . . by-the-by, would you object to a fellow-pedestrian? I was held to be a fair walker in my younger days, and I have not altogether lost the habit of it."

"It will give me much pleasure," returned the other cordially.

"Then I am with you," rejoined the elder man.

They gave directions that their luggage should be put down at the "Plough and Harrow," and set off together along the road without more ado.

Chapter III.

They had not made more than a quarter of a mile, when the tramp of hoofs and trundle of wheels caused them to turn round with an exclamation of surprise that the coach should so speedily have recovered itself. A first glance showed them, however, that the vehicle advancing towards them was a private carriage. Two of the horses carried postilions: the carriage was painted red and black; and as it drew near, a coat-of-arms was seen emblazoned on the door-panel. The turn-out evidently belonged to a person of quality; and there was something in its aspect which suggested a foreign nationality. The two gentlemen stood on one side to let it

pass. As it did so, Mr. Grant said, "The lady looked at you as if she knew you."

"Me! a lady?" returned Lancaster, who had been so occupied in watching the fine action of one of the leaders as to have had no eyes for the occupants of the carriage.

As he spoke, the carriage stopped a few rods beyond them, and a lady, who was neither young nor beautiful, put her head out of the window and motioned to Lancaster with her lifted finger. Muttering an apology to his companion, the young man strode forward, wondering what new adventure might be in store for him. But on reaching the carriage-door, his wonder came to an end. There were two ladies inside, and only one of them was unbeautiful. The other was young and in every way attractive: her appearance and manner were those of a personage of distinction; but her fair visage was alive with a subtle luminousness and mobility of expression, which made formality in her seem a playful grace rather than an artificial habit. The margin of her face was swathed in the soft folds of a silken hood; but a strand of reddish hair curled across her white forehead, and a pair of dark, swift-moving, and very penetrating eyes met with a laughing sparkle the eyes of Lancaster. He doffed his hat.

"Madame la Marquise! In England! Where is Monsieur ——"?

"Hush! You are the same as ever—you meet me after six months, and instead of saying you are glad to see me, you ask where is the Marquis! *Ma foi!* I don't know where he is."

"Surely Madame la Marquise does not need to be told how glad I am——"

"Pshaw! don't 'Madame la Marquise' me, Philip Lancaster! Are we not old friends—old enough, eh? Tell me what you are doing walking along this road with that shabby old man?"

"Old gentleman, Madame la Marquise. The coach was upset——"

"What! You were on that coach that we passed just now in the ditch? You were not hurt?"

"If it had not been for this shabby old gentleman, I might have been a cripple for life."

"Oh! I beg his pardon. Where do you go, then? To London?"

"Not so far. I shall look for lodgings in Hammersmith."

"Nonsense! Hammersmith? I never heard of such a place. What should you do there? You will live in London—near me—*n'est-ce pas?*"

"I have work to do. I must keep out of society for the present. You——"

"Listen! For the present, I keep out of society also. I am incognita. No one knows I am here; no one will know till the time comes. We shall keep each other's secrets. But we cannot converse here. Get in here beside me, and on the way I will tell you . . . . something! Come!"

"You are very kind, but I have made my arrangements; and, besides, I am engaged to walk with this gentleman. If you will tell me where I may pay my respects to you and Monsieur le Marquis——"

"You are very stupid! I shall tell you nothing unless you come into the carriage. Monsieur le Marquis is not here—he never will be here. I am . . . . well, you need not stare so. What do you suppose I am, then?"

"You are very mysterious."

"I am nothing of the sort. I am . . . . a widow. There!"

Philip Lancaster lifted his eyebrows and bowed.

"What does that mean?" demanded the Marquise sharply; "that you congratulate me?"

"By no means, Madame."

She drew herself up haughtily, and eyed him for a moment. "It appears that your coach has upset you in more ways than one. I apologise for interrupting you in your walk. Beyond doubt, your friend there is very charming. You are impatient to say farewell to me."

"Nothing more than '*au revoir*,' I hope."

She let her haughtiness slip from her like a garment, and, leaning forward, she touched, with her soft fingers, his hand which rested upon the carriage door.

"You will come here and sit beside me, Philip? Yes?" Her eyes dwelt upon his with an expectation that was almost a command.

"You force me to seem discourteous," he said, biting his lips, "but——"

"There! do not distress yourself," she exclaimed with a laugh, and leaning back in her seat. "Adieu! I do not recognise you in England: in Paris you were not so much an Englishman. If we meet in Paris, perhaps we shall know each other again. Madame Cabot, have the goodness to tell the coachman to drive on." These words were spoken in French.

Madame Cabot, the elderly and unbeautiful lady already alluded

to, who had sat during this colloquy with a face as unmoved as if English were to her the same as Choctaw, gave the order desired, the horses started, and Philip Lancaster, left alone by the roadside, put on his hat, with a curve of his lip that was not either a smile or a sneer.

Mr. Grant, meanwhile, had strolled onward, and was now some distance down the road. He waited for Lancaster to rejoin him, holding his open snuff-box in his hand; and when the young man came up, he offered him a pinch, which the latter declined. The two walked on together for several minutes in silence, Lancaster only having said, "I am sorry to have kept you waiting—an acquaintance whom I met abroad;" to which Mr. Grant had replied by a mere nod of the head. By-and-by, however, he said, in resumption of the conversation which had been going on previous to the Marquise's interruption:

"Is it many years, then, since you left England?"

"Seven or eight—long enough for a man of my age. But you have been absent even longer?"

"Yes; much has been changed since my time. It has been a period of changes. Now that Bonaparte is gone, we may hope for repose. England needs repose: so do I—though my vicissitudes have not been involved in hers. I have lived apart from the political imbroglio. But you must have been in the midst of it. Did you see Waterloo?"

"Only the remains of it: I was a non-combatant. Major Lockhart—a gentleman I met in Paris, about three years ago, a fine fellow and a good soldier—we ran across each other again in Brussels, a few days before the battle. Lockhart was killed. He was a man of over sixty; was married, and had a grown-up daughter, I believe. He had been living at home with his family since '13, and had hoped to see no more fighting. When he did not come back with his regiment, I rode out to look for him, and found his body. That's all I know of Waterloo."

"You never bore arms yourself?"

"No. My father was a clergyman; not that that would make much difference; besides, he was not of the bookworm sort, and didn't object to a little foxhunting and sparring. But I have never believed in anything enough to fight for it. I am like the Duke in 'Measure for Measure'—a looker-on at life."

"Ah! I can conceive that such an occupation may be not less arduous than any. But do you confine yourself to that? Do you never record your impressions?—cultivate literature, for example?"

Lancaster's face flushed a little, and he turned his head towards his companion with a quick, inquiring look. "How came you to think of that?" he asked.

The old gentleman passed his hand down over his mouth and chin, as if to correct an impulse to smile. "It was but a chance word of your own, while I was at work upon your shoulder-joint," he replied. "You let fall some word implying that you had written poetry. I am very slightly acquainted with modern English literature, and could not speak from personal knowledge of your works were you the most renowned poet of the day. Pardon me the liberty."

Lancaster looked annoyed for a moment; but the next moment he laughed. "You cannot do me a better service than to show me that I'm a fool," he said. "I'm apt to forget it. In theory, I care not a penny whether what I write is read or not; but I do care all the same. I pretend to be a looker-on at life from philosophical motives; but, in fact, it's nothing but laziness. I try to justify myself by scribbling poetry, and am pleased when I find that any one has discovered my justification. But if I were really satisfied with myself, I should leave justification to whom it might concern."

"My existence has been passed in what are called practical affairs," Mr. Grant returned; "but I am not ready to say that, considered in themselves, they have as much real life in them as a single verse of true poetry. Poetry and music are things beyond my power to achieve, but not to enjoy. The experience of life which cannot be translated into poetry or music, is a lifeless and profitless experience." He checked himself, and added in his usual tone: "I mean to say that, man of business though I am, I am not unacquainted with the writings of poets, and I take great delight in them. The wisest thing a man can do is, I apprehend, to augment the enjoyment of other men. Commerce and politics aim to develop our own wealth and power at the cost of others; but poetry, like love, gives to all, and asks for nothing except to be received."

"Have a care, or you will undo the service I just thanked you for. Besides, as a matter of fact, poetry in our days not only asks to be received, but to be received by publishers, and paid for!"

Something in the young man's manner of saying this, rather than the saying itself, seemed to strike Mr. Grant, for he glanced at the other with a momentary keenness of scrutiny, and presently said:

"Your father, I think you mentioned, was a clergyman?"

"He was Herbert Lancaster."

Mr. Grant halted for a moment in his walk, to extract his snuff-

box from his pocket. After having taken a pinch, he again gave a sharp look at his companion, and observed as he walked on :

"My prolonged absence from my native land has made my recollection of such matters a little rusty, but am I mistaken in supposing there is a title in the family?"

"My uncle is Lord Croftus—the fifth baron."

"Ah! precisely : yes, yes. Then, was it not your father who married a daughter of the Earl of Seabridge? or am I confounding him with another?"

"You are quite right. He married the youngest daughter, Alice; and I am their only child, for lack of a better."

"Ah! Very singular," returned Mr. Grant; but he did not explain in what the singularity consisted.

Chapter IV.

Mrs. Lockhart's house at Hammersmith had been considered a good house in its day, and was still decent and comfortable. It stood on a small side street which branched off from the main road in the direction of the river, and was built of dark red brick, with plain white-sashed windows. It occupied the centre of an oblong plot of ground about half an acre in extent, with a high brick wall all round it, except in front, where space was left for a wrought-iron gate, hung between two posts, with an heraldic animal of ambiguous species sitting upright on each of them. The straight path which led from this gate to the front door of the house, was paved with broad square flagstones, kept very clean. In the midst of the grass-plot on the left, as you entered, was a dark-hued cedar of Lebanon, whose flattened layers of foliage looked out of keeping with the English climate and the character of English trees. At the back of the house was an orchard, comprising three ancient apple-trees and the lifeless stump of a fourth; some sunflowers and hollyhocks, alternating with gooseberry-bushes, were planted along the walls, which, for the most part, were draped in ivy. The interior of the building showed a wide hall, giving access to a staircase, which, after attaining a broad landing, used as a sort of open sitting-room, and looking out through a window upon the back garden, mounted to the region of bed-rooms. The ground floor was divided into three rooms and a kitchen, all of comfortable dimensions, and containing sober and presentable furniture. In the drawing-room, moreover, hung a portrait, taken in 1805, of the deceased master of the estab-

lishment; and a miniature of the same gentleman, in a gold-rimmed oval frame, reposed upon Mrs. Lockhart's work-table. The side-board in the dining-room supported a salver and some other articles of plate which had belonged to Mrs. Lockhart's family, and which, when she surrendered her maiden name of Fanny Pell, had been included in her modest dowry. For the rest, there was a small collection of books, ranged on some shelves sunk into the wall on either side the drawing-room mantelpiece; and fastened against the walls were sundry spoils of war, such as swords, helmets, and flint-lock muskets, which the Major had brought home from his campaigns. Their stern and battle-worn aspect contrasted markedly with the gentle and quiet demeanour of the dignified old lady who sat at the little table by the window, with her sewing in her hands.

Mrs. Lockhart, as has been already intimated, had been a very lovely girl, and, allowing for the modifications wrought by age, she had not, at sixty-six, lost the essential charm which had distinguished her at sixteen. Her social success had, during four London seasons, been especially brilliant; and, although her fortune was at no time great, she had received many highly eligible offers of marriage; and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales had declared her to be "a doosid sweet little creature." She had kept the citadel of her heart through many sieges, and, save on one occasion, it had never known the throb of passion up to the period of her marriage with Lieutenant Lockhart. But, two years previous to that event, being then in her eighteenth year, she had crossed the path of the famous Tom Grantley, who, at four-and-thirty years of age, had not yet passed the meridian of his renown. He was of Irish family and birth, daring, fascinating, generous, and dangerous with both men and women; accounted one of the handsomest men in Europe, a fatal duellist, a reckless yet fortunate gambler, a well-nigh irresistible wooer in love, and in political debate an orator of impetuous and captivating eloquence. His presence and bearing were lofty and superb; and he was one of those whose fiat in matters of fashion was law. When only twenty-one years old, he had astonished Society by eloping with Edith, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Seabridge, a girl not less remarkable for beauty than for a spirit and courage which were a match for Tom Grantley's own. The Earl had never forgiven this wild marriage, and, Tom having already seriously diminished his patrimony by extravagance, the young couple were fain to make a more than passing acquaintance with the seamy side of life. But loss of fortune did not, for them, mean loss either of heart or of mutual love, and during the five years of their wedded existence

there was nowhere to be found a more devoted husband than Tom Grantley, or a wife more affectionate and loyal than Lady Edith. And when she died, leaving him an only child, it was for some time a question whether Tom would not actually break his heart.

He survived his loss, however, and, having inherited a fresh fortune from a relative, he entered the world again and dazzled it once more. But he was never quite the same man as previously; there was a sternness and bitterness underlying his character which had not formerly been perceptible. During the ensuing ten years he was engaged in no fewer than thirteen duels, in which it was generally understood that the honour of some unlucky lady or other was at stake, and in most of these encounters he either wounded or killed his man. In his thirteenth affair he was himself severely wounded, the rapier of his antagonist penetrating the right lung; the wound healed badly, and probably shortened his life by many years, though he did not die until after reaching the age of forty. At the time of his meeting with Fanny Pell he was moving about London, a magnificent wreck of a man, with great melancholy blue eyes, a voice sonorously musical, a manner and address of grave and exquisite courtesy. Gazing upon that face, whose noble beauty was only deepened by the traces it bore of passion and pain, Fanny Pell needed not the stimulus of his ominous reputation to yield him first her awed homage, and afterwards her heart. But Tom, on this occasion, acted in a manner which, we may suppose, did something towards wiping away the stains of his many sins. He had been attracted by the gentle charm of the girl, and for a while he made no scruple about attracting her in turn. There was a maidenly dignity and straightforwardness about Fanny Pell, however, which, while it won upon Grantley far more than did the deliberate and self-conscious fascinations of other women, inspired at the same time an unwonted relenting in his heart. Feeling that here was one who might afford him something vastly deeper and more valuable than the idle pride of conquest and possession with which he was only too familiar, he bethought himself to show his recognition of the worth of that gift in the only way that was open to him—by rejecting it. So, one day, looking down from his majestic height into her lovely girlish face, he said with great gentleness, "My dear Miss Fanny, it has been very kind of you to show so much goodness to a broken-down old scamp like myself, who's old enough to be your father; and faith! I feel like a father to ye, too! Why, if I'd had a little girl instead of a boy, she might have had just such a sweet face as yours, my dear. So you'll not take it ill of me—will ye now?—if I just give you a kiss on the forehead before I go away. Many a

woman have I seen and forgotten, who'll, maybe, not forget me in a hurry; but your fair eyes and tender voice I never will forget, for they've done more for me than ever a father confessor of 'em all! Good-bye, dear child; and if ever any man would do ye wrong—though, sure, no man that has as much heart as a fish would do that—tell him to 'ware Tom Grantley! and as true as there's a God in heaven, and a Tom Grantley on earth, I'll put my bullet through the false skull of him! That's all, my child: only, when ye come to marry some fine honest chap, as soon ye will, don't forget to send for your old friend Tom to come and dance at your wedding."

Poor Fanny felt as if her heart were being taken out of her innocent bosom; but she was by nature so quiet in all her ways, that all she did was to stand with her glistening eyes uplifted towards the splendid gentleman, her lips tremulous, and her little hands hanging folded before her. And Tom, who was but human after all, and had begun to fear that he had undertaken at least as much as he was capable of performing, kissed her, not on her forehead, but on her mouth, and therewith took his leave hurriedly, and without much ceremony; and Fanny never saw him again; but she never forgot him, nor he her; though two years afterwards she married Lieutenant Lockhart, and was a faithful and loving wife to him for five-and-forty years. The honest soldier never thought of asking why she named their first child Tom; and when the child died, and Mrs. Lockhart put on mourning, it never occurred to him that Tom Grantley's having died in the same month of the same year had deepened the folds of his wife's crape. But so it is that the best of us have our secrets, and those who are nearest to us suspect it not.

For the rest, Mrs. Lockhart's life was a sufficiently adventurous and diversified one. War was a busy and a glorious profession in those days; and the sweet-faced lady accompanied her husband on several of his campaigns, cheerfully enduring any hardships; or awaited his return at home, amidst the more trying hardships of suspense and fear. During that time, when the nations paused for a moment to watch France cut off her own head as a preliminary to entering upon a new life, Captain Lockhart (as he was then) and his wife happened to be on that side of the Channel, and saw many terrible historical sights; and the Captain, who was no friend to evolution in any shape, improved an opportunity for doing a vital service for a distinguished French nobleman, bringing the latter safely to England at some risk to his own life. A year or two later Mrs. Lockhart's second child was born, this time a daughter; and then followed a few summers and winters of comparative calm, the monotony

of which was only partially relieved by such domestic events as the trial of Warren Hastings, the acting of Kemble, and the classic buffoonery of Grimaldi. Then the star of Nelson began to kindle, and Captain Lockhart, reading the news, kindled also, and secretly glanced at his honourable sword hanging upon the wall; yet not so secretly but that his wife detected and interpreted the glance, and kissed her little daughter with a sigh. And it was not long before Arthur Wellesley went to Spain, and Captain Lockhart, along with many thousand other loyal Englishmen, followed him thither; and Mrs. Lockhart and little Marion stayed behind and waited for news. The news that chiefly interested her was that her husband was promoted to be Major for gallant conduct on the field of battle; then that he was wounded; and, finally, that he was coming home. Home he came, accordingly, a glorious invalid; but even this was not to be the end of trouble and glory. England still had need of her best men, and Major Lockhart was among those who were responsible for the imprisonment of the Corsican Ogre in St. Helena. It was between this period and the sudden storm that culminated at Waterloo, that the happiest time of all the married life of the Lockharts was passed. He had saved a fair sum of money, with part of which he bought the house in Hammersmith; and upon the interest of the remainder, in addition to his half-pay, he was able to carry on existence with comfort and respectability. Marion was no longer the odd little creature in short skirts that she had been when the Major kissed her good-bye on his departure for the Peninsular War, but a well-grown and high-spirited young lady, with the features of her father, and a character of her own. She was passionately devoted to the grey-haired veteran, and was never tired of listening to his famous histories; of cooking his favourite dishes; of cutting tobacco for his pipe; of sitting on the arm of his chair, with her arm about his neck, and her cheek against his. "Marion has the stuff of a soldier in her," the Major used to declare; whereupon the mother would silently thank Providence that Marion was not a boy. It had only been within the last five or six years that Marion had really believed that she was not, or might not become, a boy after all; a not uncommon hallucination with those who are destined to become more than ordinarily womanly.

When the event occurred which widowed France of her Emperor and Mrs. Lockhart of her husband (much the worse catastrophe of the two, in that lady's opinion), the prospects of the household in Hammersmith seemed in no respect bright. The Major's half-pay ceased with the Major, and the widow's pension was easier to get in

theory than in practice. The interest of the small capital was not sufficient by itself to meet the current expenses, though these were conducted upon the most economical scale; and Marion, upon whose shoulders all domestic cares devolved, was presently at her wits' end how to get on. She did all the cooking herself, and much of the washing, though Mrs. Lockhart strongly protested against the latter, because Marion's hands were of remarkably fine shape and texture, being, in fact, her chief beauty from the conventional point of view, and washing would make them red and ugly. Marion affirmed, with more sincerity than is commonly predicable of such sayings, that her hands were made to use, and that she did not care about them except as they were useful; and she went on with her washing in spite of protestations. But even this did not cover deficiencies; and then there was the wardrobe question. Marion, however, pointed out that, in the first place, she had enough clothes on hand to last her for a long time, especially as she had done growing; and, secondly, that she could easily manage all necessary repairs and additions herself. To this Mrs. Lockhart replied that young ladies must be dressed like young ladies; that good clothes were a necessary tribute to good society; and that in order to be happily and genteelly married, a girl must make the most of her good points, and subdue her bad ones, by the adornments of costume. This was, no doubt, very true; but marriage was a thing which Marion never could hear proposed, even by her own mother, with any patience; and, as a consequence, to use marriage as an argument in support of dress, was to ensure the rejection of the argument. Marriage, said Marion, was, to begin with, a thing to which her whole character and temperament were utterly opposed. She was herself too much like a man ever to care for a man, or not to despise him. In the next place, if a girl had not enough in her to win an honest man's love, in spite of any external disadvantages, then the best thing for her would be not to be loved at all. Love, this young dissenter would go on to observe, is something sacred, if it is anything; and so pure and sensitive, that it were infinitely better to forego it altogether than to run the least risk of getting it mixed up with any temporal or expedient considerations. And since, she would add, it seems to be impossible nowadays ever to get love in that unsullied and virginal condition, she for her part intended to give it a wide berth if ever it came in her way—which she was quite sure it never would; because it takes two to make a bargain, and not only would she never be one of the two, but, if she were to be so, she thanked God that she had so ugly a face and so unconciliating a temper that no man would venture to put up with

her; unless, perhaps, she were possessed of five or ten thousand a year; from which misfortune it was manifestly the beneficent purpose of Providence to secure her. The upshot of this diatribe was that she did not care how shabby and ungenteel her clothes were, so long as they were clean and covered her; and that even if she could afford to hire a dressmaker, she would still prefer to do her making and mending herself; because no one so well as herself could comprehend what she wanted.

"You should not call yourself ugly, Marion," her mother would reply: "at any rate, you should not think yourself ugly. A girl generally appears to others like what she is in the habit of thinking herself to be. Half the women who are called beauties are not really beautiful; but they have persuaded themselves that they are so, and then other people believe it. People in this world so seldom take the pains to think or to judge for themselves; they take what is given to them. Besides, to think a thing, really does a great deal towards making it come true. If you think you are pretty, you will grow prettier ever day. And if you keep on talking about being ugly . . . . . You have a very striking, intelligent face, my dear; and your smile is very charming indeed."

Marion laughed scornfully. "Believing a lie is not the way to invent truth," she said. "All the imagination in England won't make me different from what I am. Whether I am ugly or not, I'm not a fool, and I shan't give anybody the right to call me one by behaving as if I fancied I were somebody else. I am very well as I am," she continued, wringing out a towel and spreading it out on the clothes-horse to dry. "I should be too jealous and suspicious to make a man happy, and I don't mean to try it. You don't understand that; but you were made to be married, and I wasn't, and that's the reason."

Nevertheless, the income continued to be insufficient, and inroads continued to be made on the capital, much to the friendly distress of Sir Francis Bendibow, the head of the great banking house of Bendibow Brothers, to whose care the funds of the late Major Lockhart had been entrusted. "The first guinea you withdraw from your capital, my dear madam," he had assured Mrs. Lockhart, with his usual manner of impressive courtesy, "represents your first step on the road that leads to bankruptcy." The widow admitted the truth of the maxim; but misfortunes are not always curable in proportion as they are undeniable; though that seemed to be Sir Francis's assumption. Mrs. Lockhart began to suffer from her anxieties. Marion saw this, and was in despair. "What a good-for-nothing

thing a woman is!" she exclaimed bitterly. "If I were a man, I would earn our living." She understood something of music, and sang and played with great refinement and expression; but her talent in this direction was natural, not acquired, and she was not sufficiently grounded in the science of the accomplishment to have any chance of succeeding as a teacher. What was to be done?

"What do you say to selling the house and grounds, and going into lodgings?" she said one day.

"It would help us for a time, but not for always," the mother replied. "Lodgings are so expensive."

"The house is a great deal bigger than we need," said Marion.

"We should be no better off if it were smaller," said Mrs. Lockhart.

There was a long pause. Suddenly Marion jumped to her feet, while the light of inspiration brightened over her face. "Why, mother, what is to prevent us letting our spare rooms to lodgers?" she cried out.

"Oh, that would be impossible!" returned the mother in dismay. "The rooms that your dear father used to live in!"

"That is what we must do," answered Marion firmly: and in the end, as we have seen, that was what they did.

Chapter V.

The third of May passed away, and, beyond the hanging up in the window of the card with "Lodgings to Let" written on it, nothing new had happened in the house at Hammersmith. But the exhibition of that card had been to Mrs. Lockhart an event of such momentous and tragic importance, that she did not know whether she were most astonished, relieved, or disappointed that it had produced no perceptible effect upon the outer universe.

"It seems to be of no use," she said to her daughter, while the latter was assisting her in her morning toilette. "Had we not better take down the card, and try to think of something else? Couldn't we keep half-a-dozen fowls, and sell the eggs?"

"How faint-hearted you are, mother!"

"Besides, even if somebody were to pass here who wanted lodgings, they could never think of looking through the gate; and if they did, I doubt whether they could see the card."

"I have thought of that; and, when I got up this morning, I tied the card to the gate itself. Nobody can fail to see it there."

"Oh, Marion! It is almost as if we were setting up a shop."

"Everybody is more or less a shopkeeper," replied Marion philosophically. "Some people sell rank, others beauty, others cleverness, others their souls to the devil: we might do worse than sell house-room to those who want it."

"Oh, my dear!"

"Bless your dear heart! you'll think nothing of it, once the lodgers are in the house," rejoined the girl, kissing her mother's cheek.

They went down to breakfast: it was a pleasant morning; the sky was a tender blue, and the eastern sunshine shot through the dark limbs of the cedar of Lebanon, and fell in cheerful patches on the floor of the dining-room, and sent a golden shaft across the white breakfast-cloth, and sparkled on the silver tea-pot—the same tea-pot in which Fanny Pell had once made tea for handsome Tom Grantley in the year 1768. Marion was in high spirits: at all events, she adopted a lightsome tone, in contrast to her usual somewhat grave preoccupation. She was determined to make her mother smile.

"This is our last solitary breakfast," she declared. "To-morrow morning we shall sit down four to table. There will be a fine old gentleman for me, and a handsome young man for you; for anybody would take you to be the younger of us two. The old gentleman will be impressed with my masculine understanding and knowledge of the world; we shall talk philosophy, and history, and politics; he will finally confess to a more than friendly interest in me; but I shall stop him there, and remind him that, for persons of our age, it is most prudent not to marry. He will allow himself to be persuaded on that point; but he has a vast fortune, and he will secretly make his will in my favour. Your young gentleman will be of gentle blood, a sentimentalist and an artist; his father will have been in love with you; the son will have the good taste to inherit the passion; he will entreat you to let him paint your portrait; but, if he becomes too pressing in his attentions, I shall feel it my duty to take him aside, and admonish him like a mother. He will be so mortally afraid of me, that I shall have no difficulty in managing him. In the course of a year or two——"

"Is not that somebody? I'm sure I heard——"

"La, mother, don't look so scared!" cried Marion, laughing, but colouring vividly: "it can't be anything worse than an executioner with a warrant for our arrest." She turned in her chair, and looked through the window and across the grass-plot to the gate.

"There is somebody—two gentlemen—just as I said: one old and the other young."

"Are you serious, Marion?" said the widow, interlacing her fingers across her breast, while her lips trembled.

"They are reading the card: the old one is holding a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses across his nose. Now they are looking through the gate at the house: the young one is saying something, and the other is smiling and taking snuff. The young one has a small head, but his eyes are big, and he has broad shoulders: he looks like an artist, just as I said. The old one stoops a little and is ugly; but I like his face—it's honest. He doesn't seem to be very rich, though; his coat is very old-fashioned. Oh, they are going away!"

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed Mrs. Lockhart fervently.

"No, they are coming back—they are coming in: the young one is opening the gate. Here they come: that young fellow is certainly very handsome. There!"

A double knock sounded through the house.

"Say we are not at home—oh, they must not come in! Tell them to call another day. Perhaps they may not have called about the lodgings," faltered the widow, in agitation.

Marion said nothing; being, to tell the truth, engaged in screwing her own courage to the sticking-point. After a pause of a few moments she marched to the door, with a step so measured and deliberate as to suggest stern desperation rather than easy indifference. Passing into the hall, and closing the door behind her, she threw open the outer door and faced the two intruders.

The elder gentleman stood forward as spokesman. "Good morning to you," he said, glancing observantly at the young woman's erect figure. "You have lodgings to let, I believe?"

"Yes."

"This gentleman and I are in search of lodgings. Is the accommodation sufficient for two? We should require separate apartments."

"You can come in and see." She made way for them to enter, and conducted them into the sitting-room on the left.

"You had better speak to your mistress, my dear, or to your master, if he is at home, and say we would like to speak to him." This was said by the younger man.

Marion looked at him with a certain glow of fierceness. "My father is not living," she said. "There is no need to disturb my mother. I can show you over the house myself."

"I ask your pardon sincerely. It has always been my foible to speak before I look. I took it for granted——"

"I don't suppose you intended any harm, sir," said Marion coldly. "If we could have afforded a servant to attend the door, we should not have been forced to take lodgers." She turned to the elder man and added: "We have three vacant rooms on the floor above, and a smaller room on the top story. You might divide the accommodation to suit yourselves. You can come upstairs, if you like, and see whether they would suit you."

The gentlemen assented, and followed Marion over the upper part of the house. The elder man examined the rooms and the furniture with care; but the younger kept his regards fixed rather upon the guide than upon what she showed them. Her gait, the movements of her arms, the carriage of her head, her tone and manner of speaking, all were subjected to his scrutiny. He said little, but took care that what he did say should be of a courteous and conciliatory nature. The elder man asked questions pleasantly, and seemed pleased with the answers Marion gave him. Within a short time the crudity and harshness of the first part of the interview began to vanish, and the relations of the three became more genial and humane. There was here and there a smile, and once, at least, a laugh. Marion, who was always quick to recognise the humorous aspect of a situation, already foresaw herself making her mother merry with an account of this adventure, when the heroes of it should have gone away. The party returned to the sitting-room in a very good humour with one another, therefore.

"For my part, I am more than satisfied," remarked the elder gentleman, taking out his snuff-box. "Do you agree with me, Mr. Lancaster?"

Lancaster did not reply. He was gazing with great interest at the oil portrait that hung on the wall. At length he turned to Marion and said: "Is that—— May I ask who that is?"

"My father."

"Was he a major in the 97th regiment?"

"Did you know him?"

"I knew Major Lockhart. He—of course you know— he fell at Waterloo."

"We know that he was killed there, but we have no particulars," said Marion, her voice faltering, and her eyes full of painful eagerness.

"And you are Miss Lockhart—the Marion he spoke of?"

"Wait a moment," she said, in a thick voice, and turning pale.

She walked to the window, and pressed her forehead against the glass. Presently she turned round and said, "I will call my mother, sir. She must hear what you have to tell us:" and left the room.

"A strange chance this!" remarked the elder man thoughtfully.

"She is a fine girl, and looks like her father," said Lancaster.

In a few moments Marion re-entered with her mother. Mrs. Lockhart looked from one to the other of the two men with wide-open eyes and flushed cheeks: a slight tremor pervaded the hand with which she mechanically smoothed the thick braids of grey hair that covered her graceful head. She moved with an uncertain step to a chair, and said in a voice scarcely audible, "Will you be seated, gentlemen? My daughter tells me that you—one of you——"

"The honour belongs to me, madam," said Lancaster, with deep respect and with some evidence of emotion, "of having seen your husband the day before his death. He mentioned both of you; he said no man in the army had had so happy a life as he—such a wife and such a daughter. I shall remember other things that he said, by-and-by; but this meeting has come upon me by surprise, and . . . . . The day after the battle I rode out to the field, and found him. He had fallen most gallantly—I need not tell you that—at a moment such as all brave soldiers would wish to meet death in. He was wounded through the heart, and must have died instantly. I assumed the privilege of bringing his body to Brussels, and of seeing it buried there." Here he paused, for both the women were crying, and, in sympathy with them, his own voice was getting husky. The elder man sat with his face downcast, and his hands folded between his knees.

"Is the grave marked?" he suddenly asked, looking up at Lancaster.

"Yes; the name, and the regiment, and the date.—I brought something from him," he went on, addressing Marion, as being the stronger of the two women; "it was fastened by a gold chain round his neck, and he wore it underneath his coat. You would have received it long ago, if I had known where to find you." He held out to her, as he spoke, a small locket with its chain. Marion took it, and held it pressed between her hands, not saying anything. After a moment, the two gentlemen exchanged a glance, and got up. The elder gentleman approached Marion with great gentleness of manner; and, when she rose and attempted to speak, he put his hand kindly on her shoulder.

"I had a little girl once, who loved me," he said. "You must let me go without ceremony now; to-morrow I shall ask leave to come

back and complete our arrangements. God bless you, my child! Are you going with me, Mr. Lancaster?"

"Shall you come back to-morrow, too?" said Marion to the latter.

"Indeed I will!"

"Then I won't try to thank you now," she replied. But their eyes met for a moment, and Lancaster did not feel that the recognition of his service had been postponed.

They were going out without attempting to take leave of Mrs. Lockhart; but she rose up from her chair and curtseyed to them with a grace and dignity worthy of Fanny Pell. And then, yielding to an impulse that was better than the best high-breeding, the gentle widow stepped quickly up to Lancaster, and put her arms about his neck, and kissed him.

(*To be continued.*)

A BISCAYAN STROLL.

TO the lover of Nature few experiences perhaps are pleasanter than that of finding himself at the head-quarters of some group or groups, with the outlying members of which he is already fairly familiar at home. Take the case of the Scotch botanist. No sooner does he set foot in Switzerland, than he finds himself at the very centre and metropolis of that Alpine flora whose scanty Highland representatives he already carries at his fingers' ends, and is bewildered perhaps and almost overwhelmed by the multiplicity and diversity of new forms suddenly thrust upon his attention, feeling not unlike one whose navigation has hitherto been confined to horse-ponds, and who finds himself suddenly confronted with the open sea. Something of this kind, if not altogether to the same extent, may be experienced by anyone who happens to pass direct from one of our own south-western coasts to that part of north Spain and south France which immediately neighbours the Bay of Biscay. Here, too, he can hardly fail to meet with a considerable number of old and familiar forms, mixed up with others whose acquaintance he then makes for the first time. Plants which with us, for instance, are confined to a few valleys, or a few sheltered nooks along the shore, are found here, occurring throughout extensive districts, and increasing, as a rule, in greater and greater profusion as we get farther and farther south. If our imaginary traveller takes Ireland as his point of departure, then especially is this the case, for between these two points the connection is a very close and intimate one ; the whole, or nearly the whole, of that curious little Atlantic group which we find in the south and west of Ireland reappearing along the southern shores of the Bay of Biscay, though unknown to the entire intermediate district. To exhaust, or even touch upon, all these points of comparison within the compass of an article such as this, would obviously be impossible, but if, without attempting anything of the kind, we simply start for a short stroll along almost any portion of this coast, we shall I think find that we encounter no lack of entertainment by the way, and that too without so much as deviating a single yard from our path.

Biarritz being the point best known to the general tourist, Biarritz probably will be the best place for us to start from; or rather, let us say, a little to the north of Biarritz, somewhere about that broad stretch of sandy shore which extends below Bayonne, and through which the sand-encumbered waters of the Adour pour themselves into the bay. Skipping, then, all preliminary travelling, and refusing to be drawn aside by any of the other allurements of the neighbourhood, let us first take up our station here upon the shore, and begin to look about us.

Standing, then, with our backs to the sea and our faces to the mountains, three bands or zones of vegetation lie immediately below our eyes. First, the broad beach, with its graduated materials—sand, and pebbles, and shingle—through which struggles a sparse growth of sedums and sand-spurreys, pink erodiums, and large patches of cud-weed, whose pale grey foliage contrasts well with its brilliant canary-coloured flowers. Beyond this again, a sort of neutral ground, where the grass is trying hard to anchor the sand, and where the sand is ever struggling to re-assert its independence; this gradually passing into the true sward, deep in tall grass, through which, in springtime, the asphodels and jonquils raise their white or yellow heads. Yet a little farther, and we enter under the overshadowing portal of the "Pignadas," suddenly exchanging the broad daylight and crude colouring outside for the cloistered shade, and deep, though subdued, tones which a forest of pine-trees imparts to everything that comes beneath its roof. Though important in the aggregate, these pine-trees are not in themselves, it must be owned, imposing, their wood being utterly valueless as timber, and the greater number wearing that air of crude and unbecoming juvenility inevitable to trees which have only been planted within the last half-century. Between Bayonne and Biarritz, and at certain spots in the Landes, they are older; but even there, to meet with a pine of any size is the exception. All alike, old and young, great and small, are provided with a small tin or pipkin, which is fastened on to the trunk, and into which slowly drop the large tears of turpentine, which bring in so considerable a revenue to the Government. Beware by the way of leaning or even brushing against the trunk, for on every side the half-healed gashes still exude gummy matter, which has a fashion of adhering with undesirable pertinacity to everything that comes within its grasp. Underneath, the ground is covered with fir-needles, through which bright sand-streaks gleam at intervals, while along the edges, and upon all the sandy knolls, and in every open space, grow great hedges and thickets and heather—the huge Erica scoparia, the

cross-leaved heath (*Bruyère à quatre face*), the fine-leaved or Scotch heath (*Bruyère cendrée*), and the rare Cornish heath (*Bruyère vagabonde*), with us confined to a few spots in Cornwall and Devonshire, but here growing far and wide throughout the whole Pyrenean district; while, if we leave the wood and cross to the other side of Biarritz, we shall there come upon another British rarity, the Erica ciliaris, or fringe-leaved heath of Connemara, growing luxuriantly along the shores of the little lake known as La Négresse, and throughout that bit of heathery woodland which by the Biarritz-Parisian folk has so absurdly been nicknamed the "Bois de Boulogne." If, on the one hand, however, we are reminded of our own scanty western flora, on the other hand we are yet more frequently and forcibly reminded of another flora—that brighter and more luxuriant one which we meet with in the greatest perfection upon both sides of the Mediterranean, and which, after skirting along the foot of the Pyrenees, finds its final north-westerly development here on the very verge of the Atlantic. It so happened that on my first visit to this part of the world I had come, not from the north, but from the south, travelling direct from Algiers; and it seemed, I remember, a strange experience, after having crossed seas, and changed continents, and travelled nearly due north for so many days, to find myself in the end still surrounded by so large a number of the self-same plants, and, for that matter, of the self-same birds and insects too, that had so lately been left behind amongst the white roads and sun-smitten hill-sides of Tehel and the Kabylia. The beautiful sage-leaved cistus (Cistus salvifolia), whose white petals have a trick of dropping about, as if forgetfully, upon everything within their reach—it was little more than a week since we left it looking a little limp and exhausted amongst the waterless gorges of the Zaccar-Chergui, and here—700 miles to the north—we found it just coming into flower on the low slopes of the Cape St. Martin, exposed to all the beating rains and furious winds of the Atlantic. That curious orchid which French children call "*L'homme pendu*"—it was only the other day that we smiled at its quaintness in the palmy groves of the Jardin d'Essai, and amongst the gorgeous villa gardens of the Mustapha Supérieure, and here it was again growing upon the high Basque uplands and along the wind-worn edges of the pine woods. Indeed, we might go very much farther afield, and yet find ourselves pursued by these similarities; few facts in geographical distribution being more remarkable than the uniformity (underlying, of course, endless diversity) which is found throughout the whole, not only of Europe, but of that wide tract, "covering a distance not far short of half the

circumference of the globe," which to modern biologists is known as the Palæarctic region. "So great is its zoological unity," writes Mr. Wallace, "that the majority of genera in countries so far apart as Great Britain and North Japan are identical." From east to west, from north to south, from Gascony to Japan, and from the Connemara hills to the foot of the Atlas, the same genera, and in many cases even the same species, may still be met with. Once, however, the last-named barrier is passed, we enter upon a new world—one in which few, if any, of our long-familiar friends—bird, beast, or creeping thing—find place. Here, in this south-west corner of France, it so happens that we are upon the border, not, indeed, of a region, but of what has been constituted a sub-region—that of central and north Europe, as contrasted with the richer and more southern sub-region surrounding the Mediterranean; the whole of Spain being included in the latter, the whole of France, with the exception of Provence and part of Languedoc, in the former. Naturally, however, these sub-regions are not divided from one another by any very hard and fast line, but, on the contrary, run into and overlap one another considerably; and it is to this blending of northern and southern, Atlantic and Mediterranean elements, that the great interest and richness of the flora and fauna here is chiefly due—a richness more apparent, of course, to one coming from the north than from the south.

Meanwhile, we have not yet done with our pine wood, and may indulge ourselves by strolling a little longer into its dark intricacies, unmindful of the near neighbourhood of the town, or of the smartly dressed folk of Biarritz, whose carriages may be seen rolling by over the soft sandy road which runs through the greater part of its length. Or, if these disturb us, and we have leisure for a longer expedition, we may pass through Bayonne, and re-enter the forest some dozen miles or so to the north, from which point the long, narrow belt of trees stretches away unbroken for over a hundred miles across the wide sandy plain, which occupies the angle of the coast between the Adour and the mouth of the Garonne. To the traveller seeing the region for the first time, this superabundance of fir-trees is at first a surprise, and even something of a disappointment. All his life, probably, he has heard of these famous Landes, their weirdness and desolation; the wide sea of yellow sand covering the whole country, and stretching away on all sides to the horizon; the lonely shepherds perched on stilts, their sheepskins on their backs and their knitting in their hand; the grey lagoons of brackish water; the whole constituting in his mind a sort of European version of the Great

Sahara. And when, on the contrary, he finds himself running on hour after hour through a succession of flourishing but commonplace plantations ; passing tidy houses, and neat orchards, and pretty gardens, with occasional cornfields, or meadows where the people are busy getting in their hay, but with no signs of the sandy desert at all, he begins to feel aggrieved, to think that he has been made the dupe of the geographers, and that these much-talked-of Landes—like the Grampian Chain, or the Mountains of the Moon, or any other geographical fiction—have never in reality had any bodily existence at all !

Yet, for all that, these Landes are a very real and substantial fact, and the struggle to anchor the shifting sand-dunes, to make them of some use instead of the direst curse and misfortune to all within their reach, has been anything but an easy one. Let the traveller, instead of hurrying on to Bordeaux, leave his train at any of the little midway stations, and let him keep straight on, either to the east or to the west, and he will not have gone more than some six or seven miles—often not more than three or four—before he finds the tree-trunks growing fewer and fewer, until at last he leaves them all behind him, and is out upon the wide, seemingly interminable, plain of brownish-yellow sand, where, if the season is summer, and the day hot and dry, he will find the glare, both from sun above and ground below, fast becoming intolerable, and—his curiosity satisfied—will be only too thankful to make his way back to the shelter of the despised Pignadas.

Although the pines, or rather pinasters (*Pinus maritimus*), form the chief congregation of this forest, a good many other trees may now be induced to grow wherever the pure silica of the sand has become modified by a certain admixture of earthy materials. Small woods of Cork oaks (*Quercus robur*), mingled with chestnuts and poplars, are passed, with here and there a clump of fruit-trees, or a modest attempt at a vineyard—the latter not, it must be owned, a very happy or successful experiment. In some places the oaks even out-number the pines, but the former are generally stunted ; nor, from a picturesque point of view, are they improved by the fact that during great part of the year they are bare of all bark, which, stripped in the summer, grows again the following spring. As timber they are, however, of more value than the pines (which would not, indeed, be difficult), and on the whole they seem to suit fairly with, and to content themselves in, their sandy home.

To the wanderer from the north probably the great charm of these woods will always be the sunshine—subdued yet irrepressible—

which breaks in everywhere upon its green opacity, flecking the ground and tree trunks with flecks and streaks of capricious gold. Everything, or nearly everything, else is familiar—the knobs of rock and tumbled hillocks of sand; the tangles of bramble and bracken; the thick green moss upon all the fallen logs; the hollows paved with fern, where branches of fir-tassels lodge, and small red funguses raise their gay impertinent heads; the red trunks, dun-coloured carpet, and green canopy overhead—all these are familiar, and might belong to any fir wood in any one of our own islands; but this glow, this radiance, these golden gleams piercing every crack and cranny, and pouring like a very Pactolus along the ground—this alas! is not by any means so readily to be had at home. On the other hand, to the Britisher the total or almost total absence of birds seems strange. There are no sounds of twittering amongst the branches; no wood-pigeon cooing from the tree tops; no chaffinches chirping as they eagerly hunt out the longest fir-needles to bind their nests together. A melancholy silence takes the place of all the happy fuss and chatter of the woods at home. And only in the neighbourhood of the coast is the silence broken by the sharp note of the sandlark, or the cries of the terns and sandpipers as they gather in noisy flocks upon the shore. But his wonder, if he had any, will be at an end when he has taken a stroll through the *marché*, and seen the little victims hanging up by scores in the poulterers' stalls. Where the "finches of the grove" all find their way to the market, it is scarcely surprising that there should be none to twitter or build nests.

As for the origin of these famous Landes, that point has been so often and so thoroughly discussed, that it is hardly necessary to touch upon it, or only in the briefest fashion. Suffice it then, for our purpose, that the whole, and considerably more than the whole, of the sand and stones and gravel carried down by the Adour and the Garonne is flung violently up again here by the sea. "The waves," says M. de Quatrefages, "urged by the north-west wind, cross the Atlantic without meeting any obstacle as far as the entrance of the Bay of Biscay, but being compressed there between two coasts, which rapidly approximate to one another, they flow towards the bottom with constantly increasing velocity." The consequence is, that the sand and gravel is continually being rolled inshore on the shoulders of the ground swell, and there accumulating, they have gradually choked up the whole of the upper end of the bay; the light sand being further carried in by the wind and swept over the country to eastward. The destruction brought upon the neighbourhood by the

onward march of this sand deluge has in times past been appalling, fresh territories being continually added to the Landes, and subtracted from the fertile country beyond ; but since the woods have begun to grow, and especially since the cordon of trees has been drawn along the entire line of shore, a limit has been set to these ravages, and as time goes on, and the agricultural population increases, more and more land will no doubt be reclaimed, until the whole region east of the belt of trees has at last been brought under cultivation.

Leaving the forest, not because we have exhausted its interest but simply because time presses, let us now return to Bayonne, and, having crossed the great bridge of St. Esprit (said to be over 600 feet long), hasten on across other and lesser bridges, now over the Nive, now over the Adour, past the low-arched arcades of the Rue Port-Neuf, where the chocolate-sellers carry on a thriving trade ; past other and narrower streets, at the end of one of which we catch a glimpse of the grim old walls of the Cathedral ; past the Place de la Liberté, where the band plays on Sundays, and the mixed population—French, and Basque, and Spanish—strut up and down, with much clinking of spurs and waving of feathers—in bonnets certainly guiltless of Paris ; out under the shadow of those frowning ramparts, which Hope and Wellington so long besieged, and so nearly carried ; and, once outside, let us, leaving the station for Biarritz on our left, hasten along under the pleasant shade of the Alées Marines between two tall rows of lime-trees, until we stand once more upon the bare shingly beach, through which the Adour makes its way, rolling smoothly until, just as it reaches the sea, it rises suddenly in angry fret and fury against the bar at its mouth. Here, even on the calmest day of summer, there is always a roar, and a tussle, and a turmoil. Again and again has the sand been cleared and the entrance enlarged, and again and again it has accumulated, rendering the harbour well-nigh practically useless. More than that, on several occasions the river has been driven by the violence of the sea into shifting its bed, and seeking out a new course for itself, with the natural result of inundating the whole neighbourhood in the process. The greatest of these inundations is said to have occurred in the year 1360, when the sand, driven in by a great tempest, entirely filled up the bed of the river, causing it to turn away to the north ; where, having flooded the greater part of Bayonne, it poured itself bodily into the lowland beyond, spreading ruin and desolation in all directions. At last, but not until many lives were lost, and much fertile country had been converted into a swamp, the imprisoned waters found an outlet not far from Cape Breton. Here, in the new channel which it had sawn

for itself, the river ran at its own will for some two centuries or more, but was finally captured and returned to its original channel by the famous engineer Louis de Foix, and it was to guard against a recurrence of similar disasters that the embankment of both shores was undertaken in the beginning of last century. Nothing, however, can check the accumulation of sand, or render the entrance safe, even for small vessels, at high water, and under the guidance of tugs, the utmost precautions being necessary to prevent accidents. Nevertheless, it was across the fatal sandbar, and amidst all the violence too of an Atlantic storm, that the vessels destined to construct Sir John Hope's famous bridge of boats were run. The scene has been so graphically described for us by an eye-witness that it is worth recalling it to the reader's mind. "At this time," writes Mr. Gleig, "we were wholly in ignorance of the kind of bridge which was about to be formed. Our astonishment may then be conceived when, on mounting to an eminence, we beheld a squadron of some thirty craft bearing down with all sail set towards the bar; near which the waves were dashing in white foam, being driven inwards by a strong gale from the north-east. . . . . Down they came before the breeze with amazing velocity; but the surf ran high, and there seemed to be so little water on the sands that I, for one, felt a weight removed when I suddenly saw them put up their helms and tack about. The prospect from the sea was indeed, by all accounts, appalling, and even British sailors hesitated for once whether they could face the danger. But their hesitation was not of long continuance. A row-boat, Spanish built, but manned by Lieutenant Cheyne and five seamen from the 'Woodlark,' threw itself with great judgment upon a wave. The swell bore it clear across the shoal; and loud and reiterated were the shouts with which it was greeted as it rushed proudly through the deep water. The next which came was a prize—a large French fishing lugger, manned by seamen from a transport—closely followed by a gunboat under the command of Lieutenant Cheshire. They, too, were borne across; but the fourth was less fortunate. It was a schooner-rigged craft, full of people, and guided by Captain Elliot. I know not how it came about, whether a sudden change of wind occurred, or a rope unfortunately escaped from its fastenings, but, at the instant when the schooner took the foam, the mainsail of her hinder mast flapped round. In one second her broadside was to the surf; in another she was upset, and her gallant captain, with several of the crew, perished among the breakers. The rest were dashed by an eddy towards the bank and, happily, saved." Undismayed by this disaster, the boats continued to advance, until at last

twenty-four were safe inside the harbour, only one other sharing the fate of the unfortunate schooner; and over the bridge thus formed, not only the troops, but even the artillery, were eventually transported in safety.

From Bayonne to Biarritz, three routes lie open to the traveller. He may either avail himself of the railway; or he may follow the high road; or, if he prefer it, he may keep to the footpath, which will bring him down again to the coast, not far from the rocks of the Haitzai. Sixty years ago, not only no railroad, but no carriage-road, nothing but a mere bridle-track, lay between the great fortress town and its small and then unfashionable neighbour. The travelling at that time was all performed either on foot or *en cacolet*, namely, in a sort of double pannier slung across the back of a mule or donkey, the traveller and his effects being stowed away in one, the *cacoletiera*—a bright-eyed Basque damsel—seated in the other; and, wretchedly uncomfortable as such a mode of conveyance must have been, not a few, we are told, were found to regret the change when at length a road was made, and *cacolet* and *cacoletiera* alike vanished from the scene.

Now, at last, we are fairly on our way to Biarritz; but before arriving, there are still a couple of places where I must ask the reader to linger with me for an instant. The first of these is the Cave d'Amour, so called from a tradition that two unfortunate Basque lovers were here surprised by a high tide, which closed up the entrance of the cave, drowning them before they could be rescued. At present the interest is rather geological than sentimental; the marnes here abounding in fossils, and being delightfully easy to work. In numulites especially they are remarkably rich, no less than five species occurring; also Corbula, Lucina, Pecten, Pinna, &c., the latter all shells belonging to recent genera. The stratification is horizontal, or nearly so, the rocks being hewn by the waves into the semblance of rude amphitheatres, with crumbling ledges, upon which the spectator may sit and bask at his leisure. So industrious indeed have the waves been, and such a mountain of sand and *débris* have they heaped up, as effectually to put a stop to their own further encroachment; no second tragedy, such as that recorded in the name of the place, being ever again possible. Another interest which attaches to this little spot is, that here, at this low cliff, these unimportant-looking ledges of rock, is held to end (or, coming from the north, I ought rather, perhaps, to say, to begin) that long line of mountainous ground which, rising in the low rolling uplands around Biarritz, swells out into the high heath-covered hills of the

Basque country, until it culminates in the great snow-peaks of the Pyrenees. The beginnings are small undoubtedly—disappearing, in fact, altogether a few yards farther to the north; but that proverbially is of the nature of all beginnings.

Returning once more to the top of the cliff, and walking along the now steadily rising ground, we arrive at last at the Cape St. Martin, from which point, taking our stand beside the lighthouse, we look down upon the whole scene suddenly opened below us. There, on the farther side of the little bay, and whitening the bleak sides of the opposite *côteaux*, lies Biarritz, with its shops and its lodging-houses, its conspicuous hotels, and its yet more conspicuous casino; the coast-line dipping suddenly to the north of the town, and sweeping towards us in a low semicircular line of cliffs; the sands of the *plage* shining brilliantly in the sun below, and the dull walls of the Villa Eugénie rising grey and deserted above. Beyond, the eye hurries rapidly along the blue grey line of shore, stretching away in dim receding perspective, France gradually merging into Spain, but the moment of transition being indistinguishable; the whole filled in by a broad background of mountains —the "Rhune" and the "Bayonette" in France, the "Quatre Coronne" and the "Jaysquivel" on the Spanish side of the frontier; the pale blue line of the distant Sierras rising in a yet vaguer jumble of mountain summits beyond.

Bringing our eyes back from this wide-ranging panorama to the immediate foreground, we find that to the left of the Phare the cliffs sink down in a low shaggy slope, brilliant in springtime with flowers—cistus, and lotus, and daphne; the thorny smilax of the south mingling with the golden blossoms of our own northern furze; and, loveliest of all, sheets of the brilliant deep-blue lithospernum, a blue unequalled by any spring flower we can boast, unless, perhaps, we except the little spring gentian, which is, however, at once too rare and on too small a scale to produce anything like a similar effect. Farther on, the cliff—though nowhere imposing—becomes steeper; the materials of which it is composed being very unequal, some extremely hard, some so soft as to crumble readily between the fingers. M. de Boullé, who has paid much attention to the geology of these *falaises*, and whose useful little pamphlet, "Paleontologie de Biarritz," ought to be in the hands of everyone who goes fossil-hunting on these rocks, gives us at this point the following section: "1, Diluvium; 2, Sable des Landes; 3, Sable des Dunes; 4, Calcaire à Operculaire"—the last-named attaining a considerable thickness, but thinning rapidly out towards the north. Here, too, the rocks

are immensely fossiliferous, including numerous species of crustacea, notably one or two belonging to the genera Ranina, whose only living representative are said to be at present confined to India. Still more striking is the multitude and variety of the fossils in the low wave-worn cliffs of the Lou Cout or Côte des Fous, below and to the north of the Villa Eugénie, every minute fragment of rock being filled with still more minute organisms; while, at the other extremity of the scale, the huge Ostrea gigantea—an oyster as large as a warming-pan—may be seen protruding some half-foot or so out of the crumbling face of the cliff, or tossing about amongst its degenerate modern allies, the ordinary cockles, and winkles, and scollops of the shore.

Of Biarritz—the actual place itself—I need hardly, I think, speak: partly because it is well known, partly because its salient points are in truth few. There is literally nothing but the rocks and the waves —both good of their kind, but hardly so terrifically imposing, at least in the eyes of a wanderer from the north, as they would seem to be in those of their local admirers. Owing to the constant roll and rush of the ground-swell, which sucks out the contents of every crevice and cranny, the marine zoologist will find the shore but poorly provided with his particular quarry. At one point, however, between the Vieux Port and the perforated rocks of the Atalaï, a number of small hollows, varying from the size of a teacup to a washstand-basin, have been worn, and these will be found to contain a fair sprinkling of the ordinary littoral species. Here, as also in the limestone districts of Cornwall and the west of Ireland, the holes appear to be all due in the first instance to the labours of the purple Echinus, thousands of which still stud the pools, mingling their dark spines with the dainty green and violet tentacles of the Antheas. Once a hole is begun, the daily inrush of the surf, and the constant hurry-scurry of small particles, whirling distractedly round and round, soon succeed in enlarging it, the retiring waters sweeping up and carrying away with them every fragment which they have succeeded in filching from the rocks. All along the *falaise* the waves are evidently gaining fast upon the land; the soft greensand subsiding rapidly into the sea, which in many places is encumbered with fragments, which roll over and over, rattling and groaning with every fresh attack of their tormentor, and which in winter-time are flung up again as projectiles against the cliffs from which they fell. It would be difficult, indeed, to say whether the waves do most harm here by what they rob or by what they bestow. At the little Port des Bateaux, formerly the resort of whalers, returning with their decks laden with the blubber of the huge (and

now nearly extinct) Biscayan whale, the harbour has become so choked with sand that it is with difficulty that even the small smacks used in the sardine fishery are able to avail themselves of its shelter; while, on the other hand, go where you will, you find tokens of ravage and ruin, a helpless shore, and a devouring sea. This is even more strikingly seen about three miles to the south of Biarritz, where the coast is retreating at the rate, it is said, of nearly ten feet a year. Rising out of the midst of the sand, and separated from the present cliff by a distance of over a hundred yards, may be seen a large block of pale green serpentine, streaked and veined with veins of pure white quartz. Forty years ago this block was united to the cliffs, the whole being embedded in a mass of gypsum, which, owing to its greater destructibility, has now almost entirely disappeared, leaving the serpentine to battle single-handed with the waves.

None of these cliffs rise to any great height, averaging generally from about seventy to a hundred feet. Owing, too, to their too-ready destructibility, their forms are, as a rule, somewhat monotonous. There is little of that variety and mystery—those far-reaching promontories, and rocky bays, and narrow inlets, with more rocky bays, and promontories, and inlets beyond—which make up so much of the charm of other shores, luring us perpetually on and on to fresh and fresh surprises which lie beyond. Still, if wanting in these, it has other and hardly inferior gifts of its own. Its sunny shore, and brightly tinted rocks; the azure clearness of its gleaming water, which no amount of sediment seems able to sully—these alone are no small charms in themselves; while the long sweep of waves rolling incessantly in from the uttermost horizon, and the beauty of the mountains, which increases with every step we take to the south, would go far to redeem a shore much flatter and more monotonous than this. In the direction in which we are now going, the first place of any importance we come to is St. Jean de Luz; and at St. Jean de Luz this Biscayan stroll, for the present at all events, must end. It is a quaint and rather pretty old Basque town, dirty certainly, but none the less picturesque for that; and coming to it straight from the glare and modern spruceness of Biarritz, we find no small attraction in its narrow streets and its heavy old Cathedral, its shreds and patches of bygone grandeur, even in the very air of sleepiness and decadence which overhangs it. Glorious views of the mountains are attainable in all directions, and so sheltered as it is from the east and north, it would probably be found to be a far warmer, if in other respects a less luxurious, winter resort than Biarritz; that complete thorough draught which the latter enjoys, and upon which French

writers lay such admiring emphasis, being about the very last thing we are likely to pine for when we take the trouble of tearing up our northern roots and starting south in search of a winter climate.

Even on this persecuted shore it would be difficult to point to a place which has suffered, and is still suffering, more at the hands of the invader than St. Jean de Luz. Look where you will, you see the signs of its triumphant progress. Over and over again ramparts have been flung up against its advance, and over and over again they have been carried, and may now be seen lying about in hopeless ruin, the destroyer quietly appropriating them as a convenient base over which to march to further conquests. The harbour—one of the few safe roadsteads along the whole line of shore—has its entrance so choked with sand, that it is only with difficulty it can be entered at all. Pier after pier has been made and demolished. So, too, with the town itself, one entire quarter of which has been surrendered to the enemy, the houses in the same neighbourhood even now being rapidly undermined. Westward again, at the mouth of the Nivelle, Wellington's fort of Secoa has almost entirely disappeared, broken down under the assaults of a stronger as well as a more insidious assailant than either Soult or Thouvenot. Nor is the cause of all this unusual activity for mischief far to seek ; on the contrary, if we take the trouble to climb up to a height sufficient to enable us to command both the intersecting lines of coast, we shall have it directly under our eyes. It is, in fact, these two shores of France and Spain which, meeting here at right angles, drive the waves downward with such violence towards the point, where, there being of course no exit, they are driven backwards and forwards shuttlecock fashion, now inflicting most damage upon one and now upon the other, according to the set of the prevailing winds. Owing to the perpetual wear and tear, the shore here is even less rich in marine fauna and flora than that of Biarritz ; indeed, to anyone accustomed to the wealth and diversity of other shores, these rocks and rock-pools wear a curiously depopulated and poverty-stricken appearance. Still, at certain spots, particularly where the heaped-up *débris* has formed a sort of natural breakwater, the zoologist may now and then reap a tolerable harvest ; while, for the botanist, few better halting-places are to be found than St. Jean, its near neighbourhood to the mountains making it peculiarly convenient for his purpose. Full particulars, both as to the local plants themselves and as to their habitats, are to be found in M. Phillipe's " Flore des Pyrénées," the best and handiest book with which a botanist intending to visit the region can arm himself. As for the further interest—historical, ethnological, philological—which

attaches to this curious region, and its still more curious people—"an ethnological fossil stranded amongst the nations"—it would be impossible, and, at the end of an article such as this, little short of impertinent, to attempt to enter upon it. Those whom the subject fascinates will find the amplest materials for pursuing it in M. Bladé's "Études ur l'Origine des Basques," which comprises pretty nearly the literature of the subject. Of English books there are also no lack, Mr. Bell Stephen's "Basque Provinces"—a gossipy and not unamusing account of the Carlist war of 1836—being, perhaps, the best known. With the mention of the latter comes naturally the thought of that other, earlier, and greater struggle of which these slopes and *falaise* were also the theatre. Here, within less than a mile of the town, it was that Soult threw up his defences; there, looking southward from any of the neighbouring heights, may be traced the devious course of that little Bidassoa, for the possession of whose banks two great armies fought and two great generals strove to outmanœuvre one another. Every mile of shore indeed, and every crest and defile of these hills, has been the scene of a struggle, renewed not once but over and over again; not a rock, or a valley, or a ridge, but has echoed to the clash of arms. All this belongs, however, to a new departure—one which, if followed, would carry us a very long way from that other and more limited purpose with which we embarked upon this Biscayan stroll.

EMILY LAWLESS.

THE POETS' BIRDS.

I. CROWS AND THEIR COUSINS.

IF all the crow family were black, and if blackbirds were any other colour than they are, I should be inclined to suspect that poets have an aversion to nigritude—

> For black, you know, is the devil's colour.

But when I find that the crows' cousins, "the painted jay" and piebald magpie, are unpopular with the bard, and yet that the blackbird, the most negrofied of fowls, is very popular with them, I confess myself in doubt as to the true causes of this poetic odium.

It is not easy, for instance, to understand why the poets should be so unkind to the Jackdaw. For, out of the poets, it is a popular bird. Its name, perhaps, is against it—for "jackdaw" is not a name that prompts to gravity of treatment, or even to much respect; while "daw" is, if anything, rather worse—but, except for this accident of baptism, the bird has nothing in its disfavour. Some people, I know, have a vague notion that jackdaws are little crows, and some day will be full-sized ones, and later on still, perhaps, grow up to be ravens; and there is so much traditional disrepute attaching to these larger birds of ominous antecedents, that the unfortunate "daw," having the same shade of feather, has to accept the same shade of character. Moreover, it happens by chance that there is a fable in existence about a certain peacock's feather; and such is the human tendency to cherish and respect ill-natured things, that this deplorable incident of individual vanity has been remembered against the whole species, and is being constantly thrown in their faces whenever they venture to appear in respectable society. Whether it is right or not to treat a poor bird thus, simply because it had a coxcomb amongst its ancestors, it is for moralists to decide, and meanwhile it only concerns me to note how curiously unfavourable literary opinion, when expressed in verse, has always been. Cowper dedicates an ode to—

> The bird who by his coat
> And by the hoarseness of his note
> Might be supposed a crow.;

but he is not generous to it, and in his translation of Virgil speaks of a cave where—

> Birds obscene,
> Of ominous note, choughs and daws.

Shakespeare calls it stupid; Thomson speaks of it as a bird of "discordant pipe;" Savage says it is "dissonant;" Shelley mocks at it; and many others pelt it with such epithets as "wrangling," "chattering," and "prating."

Yet numbers of prose writers speak in special admiration of this bird, and more particularly of its note. I myself know no voice in nature more suggestive of long-undisturbed repose, more significant of the statelier forms of peace, or more in harmony with old baronial possessions, than the pleasant clamour of jackdaws up among the chimneys and turrets. Not only to my mind do they enhance the tranquillity of the ancient castle, but they add a solemnity to the minster. The poets are quite wrong when they say the jackdaw's note is dismal; and they go still further wrong when they draw from their first error the inference that, being dismal, it is also "ominous." As a matter of fact, folk-lore has very little indeed about the jackdaw, and what there is, is to its credit. It is a staunch friend of the farmer, and a popular favourite. But the poets take offence, I suppose, at its name, and cannot shake off that undue "ravishment with Antiquity"—which is so conspicuous in their treatment of other birds—sufficiently to forget its having once tried to look smart in a peacock's tail-feather.

The Jay is another bird that the poets do not like. They refer with significant frequency to its "scream" and "screech;" Macaulay selects it (in deference to a tradition) as the confederate of the "carrion kite" in insulting the eagle; Wordsworth, Thomson, Prior, seem to know no more of it than its name; while the rest—except Spenser and Gay, who appear to grudge its being "painted;" and Pope, who thinks it was a "merry songster"—do not seem to know even that. Yet the jay is emphatically a notable bird. It is one of the very few birds of beautiful plumage that is native to England, and yet it is also one of the most retiring. Its love-notes are curiously subdued and soft, as if it did not wish to be overheard, when nearly all other birds are absurdly demonstrative in courtship. They are singularly intelligent, even amongst such an intelligent family of birds, and teach themselves to imitate woodland sounds. Montague says that, during the nesting season, the male bird apparently amuses its mate by introducing into "its tender wooing the bleating of lambs, the mewing of cats, the cries of

hawks, the hooting of owls, and even the neighing of horses;" while Yarrell heard one giving a poultry-yard entertainment, "imitating the calling of the fowls to feed, and all the noises of the fowls themselves, to perfection; while the barking and growling of the house-dog were imitated in a style that could not be distinguished from the original." Moreover, they are the brigands and tyrants of the coppice; for not only do they plunder nests, but they sometimes murder and eat the parents. In prose, therefore, and notably in Natural History, the jay is as conspicuous in character and habits as it is in appearance. It has not, however, taken the fancy of the poets, who misrepresent it as an upstart and a forward one.

Its companionship with the magpie, a bird of very shabby reputation with the poets, tells against the jay; but why it should, seeing how delightful the magpie is in nature, it is difficult for the prosaic to say. Wordsworth, perpetually musing among rural scenes, never speaks unkindly of the bird, for no one who knows what a sense of gladness this pretty merry-andrew lends to the woodland could be harsh to it. Shakespeare says it "sings in dismal discord;" Scott thought it merely a feathered thief; Thomson calls it "harsh;" Chaucer, Pope, Prior, Waller, and others know it as "wanton and wild," an idle gossip, a kind of wife of Bath, or Miller's wife:—

> So have I seen, in black and white,
> A prating thing, a magpie light,
> Majestically stalk;
> A stately, worthless animal,
> That plies the tongue and wags the tail,
> All flutter, pride, and talk;

while Cunningham sums up this class of imputations in the couplet—

> An impudent, presuming pye,
> Malicious, ignorant, and sly.

But Churchill tells us that—

> Fortunes of empires often hung
> On the magician magpie's tongue;

and, indeed, this bird fills a large place in prose, for among country folk Collins's line, that "magpies scatter notes of presage wide," still holds curiously good.

Wordsworth confesses that he is pleased "when two auspicious magpies crossed his way," referring to the common reputation about this "fowl of mystery;" for, all England over, whether it is known as pynot, haggister, or magot-pie, its appearance is accepted as an augury, and generally of ill omen. The Irish declare that the English imported the bird into their country out of malice prepense;

and older legends still say that it lies under Noah's curse, because, when the other birds came of their own accord into the Ark, it alone gave trouble and had to be caught. Magpie-lore is far too extensive to admit of my going into it, but it is worth noting that it all tends more or less directly to the bird's discredit. Yet the country-side holds no more conspicuous ornament than the magpie, nor is there any one bird that gives more gaiety to the scene than it.

Moreover, the very superstitions which reflect upon its character, and which the poets reproduce in their verse, are themselves inaccurate. Thus, one which Halliwell reproduces, to illustrate the popular idea of the magpie's self-conceit, is based upon the error that the magpie's nest is an unfinished structure; whereas, on the contrary, it not only has all that other birds have, but a roof overhead as well. It is, in fact, twice as good as any other large bird's, and the legend is therefore foolish. Says Dallas: "The nest of the magpie is more artificially constructed than that of the other 'crows.' It is usually constructed in high trees, but sometimes in thick hedges. It is large and of an oval form, composed externally of sharp thorny twigs, which form a complete dome over the top, leaving a small opening at one side for the ingress and egress of the bird. The inside is plastered with a layer of mud, and the bottom lined with grass and fibrous roots to form a soft receptacle for the eggs and young. The male and female sit on the eggs alternately." Again, the popular rhyme about magpies and their appearance, generally supposed (from the uncertainty about the actual wording of the doggerel) to be suggestive of sinister prognostication, is really the reverse; for, except a single magpie, any number up to six is *lucky*, and even beyond that, in more than one version, the congregation of pies is auspicious.

Thus :—

One for anger,
Two for mirth,
Three for a wedding,
Four for a birth,
Five for a fiddle,
Six for a dance,
Seven for England,
Eight for France.

It is only when we arrive at the magical number of nine, that the poor Pierides become awkward things to meet. Abroad, it does not suffer under the same proscription as with us, and it receives a fair proportion of the regard to which its exceptional intelligence, its undoubted usefulness to man, and its beauty entitle it. All over Scandinavia, for instance, it is "the bird of *good* luck," the *genius loci*, and therefore a popular *favourite*, a public *protégé*.

About the rooks few poets had any very positive ideas. A great many of them knew the bird personally, of course, for even those who cared least about nature, and lived in cities, had had rooks thrust under their observation at one time or another. They appear, however, to have been struck only with three points—that the rooks "cawed;" that when they flew in any number they formed "a blackening train;" that when you fired into a rookery the birds were in uproar; and that they built nests. For this last performance the rook is repeatedly admired as "busy." The cawing was not so much to the poets' taste. Most of them thought it too "clamorous." Thomson says it is "discordant" (but elsewhere "amusive"); Pope, "croaking;" Cunningham addresses it as "Bird of Discord;" while Longfellow (but he is speaking of American rooks) says its "caw" is "a sound of woe." Cowper and one or two besides are civil to the bird, but the majority tar it with their crow-brush,[1] and so dismiss it. Scott, meaning the rook, says,—

Hoarse into middle air arose
The vespers of the roosting crows;

and Burns talks of—

The blackening train of crows
Winging their way to their repose.

Now, the rook is an admirable fowl. Prior, who calls it "honest," is far more right than Gay, who calls it "thievish." In industry, the farmer has few such friends, or the insect world such foes. Up in the morning, before the dew is off the grass, the rooks are hard at work, disposing of that "first worm" which proverbially falls to the lot of the early bird, and of the winged things of sunshine which, when saturated with moisture, are unable to rise from the ground. As soon as the men

[1] It seems at first sight strange that, with such wandering habits, the phrase "straight as a crow" should be adopted to mark distances in a straight line across the open country; yet, when it is borne in mind how many persons confound the crow with the rook, and even talk of "the crows in a rookery," the suggestion will at once occur to the mind that the term owed its origin to its far gentler and more respectable relation, the rook, whose evening flights are among the most familiar sights of the country, and are invariably performed in a line so straight, that if a whole flock could be tracked through the air on any one evening, it would be found scarcely to deviate from that of the preceding or the following. It is to be feared that this inaccurate application of names has done the rook ill service; yet the two birds are totally distinct. Crows are solitary birds, rarely seen in more than pairs together; rooks are eminently sociable. Crows shun the haunts of men; rooks court the vicinity of his dwellings. Crows are carnivorous; rooks chiefly insectivorous. (*British Birds in their Haunts*, Rev. C. A. Johns.)

are afield the rook goes to them and follows the plough with the eye of an Inquisitor. Like detectives, they are perpetually on the prowl to apprehend some one, and woe to the insect, grub or beetle, whose evil ways are discovered. There is no appeal from a rook. It holds its sessions when it chooses, and they may look for summary procedure who come before this rural justice. In folk-lore, they hold an honourable place, for they are said to connect themselves with the fortunes of families, deserting their elms when disaster overtakes the house; and Cosmo di Medici, visiting England two centuries ago, was especially struck by the pride our peerage took in its rookeries; "for these birds," said he, "are of good omen." It is a pity the poets did not know more about this bird, or they might have been more in accord with our prose writers, who have multiplied their praises of the cheery, homely English rook. Its "pleasing clamour" alone has a literature to itself.

Passing from these instances of the poets' unsympathetic regard, we come to three birds—near relations of the jay, jackdaw, and magpie—which are objects of positive aversion to the poets. These are the chough, the crow, and the raven.

The first of these can be dismissed in a very few words, for the only poets who refer to it call it "ominous" and "obscene," giving the reader the idea that they did not like to have much to do with it. Yet, strangely enough, both fable and superstition are very kind to the chough. In Cornwall, for instance, they transfer the legend of the raven—that King Arthur's spirit entered that bird after death—to its red-legged kinsman.

> For mark yon bird of sable wing,
> Talons and beak all red as blood;
> The spirit of the long-lost king
> Passed in that shape from Camlan's flood.
> And still when loudliest howls the storm,
> And darkliest lowers his native sky,
> The king's fierce soul is in that form,
> The warrior-spirit threatens nigh.

There is surely something of dignity in this tradition that makes the poets' calumniation of "the russet-pated chough" seem out of sympathy with popular sentiment. In fable, again, the only reference to the bird is to its credit, where the peacock, disappointed with its own terminations, suggests to the chough that they should exchange legs; but the chough prefers remaining as it is rather than fly in the face of Nature by swopping its red stockings for some of the gaiety of the Bird of Juno. In the world of Nature, and outside the verses of the bards, the chough is a delightful bird, and its appearance,

demeanour, flight, and habits are all alike prepossessing; while its admirable strength of character, courage, and fidelity in attachment, commend it to an even larger measure of regard.

The crow, I regret to feel, has a terrible score to wipe off, for the whole world has conspired to speak ill of it. In the oldest Vedas will be found the narrative of the crow's Fall from Paradise, and the most ancient of the Cinghalese writings tells us of the Original Sin of the crow. "In wrath for their tale-bearing—for had they not carried abroad the secrets of the Councils of the Gods?—Indra hurled them down through all the hundred stories of his heaven;" and the Pratyasataka tells us that nothing can improve a crow. Both Greece and Rome knew of the transgression that lost this bird Olympus, and deprived the artistic Apollo of his favourite. Modern legend busies itself no less with the trespass that turned the crow's plumage black; scorching this bird, once as beautiful as the Phœnix, into the cinder that it is. Is there not in Norway "the Hill of Bad Spirits," where the souls of wicked men fly about in the likeness of crows? and is there not also in Sweden "the Place of Crows and Devils"? In Thibet there is an evil city of crows, and Hiawatha knew of a land of dead crow-men. All the schoolmen are agreed that they are actually imps; and have we not a long list of learned names to support this point? while the dreary chronicle of their misdeeds is as long as history. Indeed, wherever we look in literature, either prose or verse, we find "the treble-dated bird" the subject of obloquy.

Shakespeare calls it "ribald;" Prior, "foreboding;" Dyer, "lurking;" Churchill and Gay, "strutting;" Dryden, "dastard;" Cowley, "ignoble," and so forth; while the generality simply jeer at its voice or dismiss it as "the carrion crow." Once only does he arrive at honour in poetry, and that is by a ludicrous substitution of crows for ravens in the miracle of the Tishbite's sustenance. Says Green,—

> The honoured prophet
> Did, more than angels, greet the crows that brought him bread and meat.

As a bird of omen—from the time when, as Churchill says,

> Among the Romans not a bird
> Without a prophecy was heard;
> And every crow was to the state
> A sure interpreter of fate,

to the modern day, when the poet asks,

> Is it not ominous in all countries
> When crows or ravens croak on trees?—

the crow has been one of the black-art birds, a thing for witches to make a familiar of, and for man to dread. Yet, in spite of the lamentable facts I have cited above, I should be reluctant to deny this bird every one of the virtues. At any rate, Menu, the great lawgiver of the Hindoos, says "a good wife should be like a crow"—and if any one ought to know what a crow is like, it is a Hindoo. As I have said elsewhere of the Indian crow, they cannot, like young sweeps, be called "innocent blacknesses," for their nigritude is the livery of sin and the badge of crime. "Yet they do not wear their colour with humility or even common decency. On the contrary, they swagger in it, pretending they chose that exact shade for themselves. . . . In the verandahs they parade the reverend sable which they disgrace ; sleek as Chadband, wily as Pecksniff. Their step is grave, and they ever seem on the point of quoting Scripture, while their eyes are wandering towards carnal matters. Like Stiggins, they keep a sharp look-out for tea-time, and hanker after flesh-pots."

Yet this much is also certain, that the crow is not only a pattern to the whole bird world of conjugal fidelity, but a model to them also in that remarkable reserve and modesty which forbids the crow, unlike all other fowls, any exhibition of conjugal tenderness before the public eye.

Moreover, they display in these communities a very remarkable sense of territorial boundaries. They sacrifice to Terminus. Thus one kind of crow keeps to one side of a river, as the Elbe, for instance, and another to the other : Chichester is the "Coconada" [1] of the hooded crow ; Brighton of the carrion crow. Whether the crows are mindful of their brilliant past or not, only the crows can tell us ; but the whimsical philosopher might pretend to detect a pathetic yearning towards the bright days of old in the frequency with which these birds reproduce white plumage. Some, indeed, by hereditary obstinacy have fixed white collars round their necks (as in the Transvaal), while others (as in India) are slily mixing grey with their black. But, besides these established varieties, we find the crow constantly recurring to an albino type, and it was only the British occupation of Cyprus that put a stop to a revolution in crow colour that, if unchecked, might have landed natural history in disastrous consequences. It was then found that many of the Cypriote crows were *piebald* ! "For many reasons, this aberration from a recognised standard was to be deplored—reasons ornithological, moral, and general. Ornithologically, it has been

[1] The city of crows.

hitherto understood that a regulation crow was black, so black that a coal might be reasonably expected to make a white mark on it; and this standard of nigritude has received the approval of men of science and letters from the very earliest times. Indeed, every child that has a Noah's Ark is aware that the blackest fowls in the whole aviary are meant for the crows; and it was perfectly intolerable that the Cypriote bird should, as it were, sap our time-honoured institutions, and, not content with flatly contradicting all our ornithology, should undermine and explode the simple confidence of childhood, scattering distrust of literature in our nurseries, and unsettling all the convictions of our infant schools. The moral effect upon other birds might be very serious, while the confusion that would arise in science if birds were allowed to go about choosing their own colours, is disheartening to contemplate." No; much as I sympathise with this fallen bird (and I cherish it as a grudge against Napoleon's retreating army, that it made soup out of crows), I should regret to see it anything but black—black as coals.

For the raven, a bird of very notable antecedents and considerable honours, the poets express even a more unqualified and unjustifiable detestation. As one of their "stock-in-trade birds" it is perpetually being hauled up—

> To toll
> The sick man's passport in her hollow beak;

or—

> In the shadow of the silent night
> To shake contagion from her sable wing;

and the indignities that have been heaped upon it are enough to have turned any bird to bad ways.

But the raven belongs to my next chapter—the "Birds of Omen"—and its vindication must, therefore, wait a month.

PHIL. ROBINSON.

AN ENGLISH SHIRE.

FOR the reasons which have determined the existence of Sussex as a county of England, and which have given it the exact boundaries that it now possesses, we must go back to the remote geological history of the secondary ages. Its limits and its very existence as a separate shire were predetermined for it by the shape and consistence of the mud or sand which gathered at the bottom of the great Wealden lake, or filled up the hollows of the old inland cretaceous sea. Paradoxical as it sounds to say so, the Celtic kingdom of the Regni, the South Saxon principality of Ælle the Bretwalda, the modern English county of Sussex, have all had their destinies moulded by the geological conformation of the rock upon which they repose. Where human annals see only the handicraft and interaction of human beings—Euskarian and Aryan, Celt and Roman, Englishman and Norman—a closer scrutiny of history may perhaps see the working of still deeper elements—chalk and clay, volcanic upheaval and glacial denudation, barren upland and forest-clad plain. The value and importance of these underlying facts in the comprehension of history has, I believe, been very generally overlooked; and I propose accordingly here to take the single county of Sussex in detail, in order to show that when the geological and geographical factors of the problem are given, all the rest follows as a matter of course. By such detailed treatment alone can one hope to establish the truth of the general principle that human history is at bottom a result of geographical conditions, acting upon the fundamentally identical constitution of man.

In a certain sense, it is quite clear that human life depends mainly upon soil and conformation, to an extent that nobody denies. You cannot have a dense population in Sahara; and you can hardly fail to have one in the fruitful valley of the Nile. The growth of towns in one district rather than another must be governed largely by the existence of rivers or harbours, of coal or metals, of agricultural lowlands or defensible heights. Glasgow could not spring up in inland Leicestershire, nor Manchester in coalless Norfolk. Insular England must naturally be the greatest shipping country in Europe;

while no large foreign trade is possible in any Bohemia except Shakespeare's. So much everybody admits. But it seems to me that these underlying causes have coloured the entire local history of every district to an extent which few people adequately recognise, and that until such recognition becomes more general, our views of history must necessarily be very narrow. We must see not only that something depends upon geographical configuration, not even merely that a great deal depends upon it, but that everything depends upon it. We must unlearn our purely human history, and learn a history of interaction between nature and man instead.

From the great central boss of the chalk system in Salisbury Plain, two long cretaceous horns or projections run out to eastward towards the Channel and the German Sea. These two horns, separated by the deep valley of the Weald, are known as the North and South Downs respectively. The first great spur or ridge passes through the heart of Surrey, and then forms the backbone of Kent, expanding into a fan at its eastward extremity, where it topples over abruptly into the sea in the sheer bluffs which sweep round in a huge arc from the North Foreland in the Isle of Thanet, to Shakespeare's Cliff at Dover. The second or southernmost range, that of the South Downs, parts company from the main boss in Hampshire, and runs eastward in a narrower but bolder line, till the Channel cuts short its progress in the water-worn precipice of Beachy Head. Between these two ranges of Downs lies the low forest region of the Weald, and between the South Downs and the sea stretches a long but very narrow strip of lowland, beginning at Chichester, and ending where the chalk cliffs first meet the shore beside the new Aquarium and Chain Pier at Brighton. Thus the whole of Sussex consists of three well-marked parallel belts: the low coast-line on the south-west, the high chalk Downs in the centre, and the Weald district on the north and north-west. As these three belts determine the whole history and very existence of Sussex as an English shire, I shall make no apology for treating their origin here in some rapid detail.

The oldest geological formation with which we have to deal in Sussex (to any considerable extent) is the Wealden: so that our inquiry need not go any farther back in the history of the world than the later secondary ages. Before that time, and for long æons afterward, the portion of the earth's crust which now forms Sussex had probably never emerged from the bottom of the ocean. Britain was then wholly represented by the primary regions of Wales, Scotland, and Cornwall, forming a small archipelago or group of rocky islands separated at some distance by a wide passage from the

nucleus of the young European continent. But by the Wealden period, the English Channel and the eastern half of England had been considerably elevated above the level of the sea. Great rivers and lakes existed in this new continental region, much like those which now exist in Sweden, Northern Russia, and Canada; and the deposits of sand or mud formed at their bottoms or in their estuaries compose the chief part of the Wealden formation in England. Without going fully into this question (somewhat complicated by frequent changes of level), it will suffice for our present purpose to say that the Wealden consists, in the main, of two great divisions, which form, so to speak, the floor, or lowest story, of the Sussex formations. The first or bottom division is chiefly composed of a rather soft and friable sandstone, which runs through the whole Forest Ridges, and crops out in the grey cliffs of Hastings and Fairlight. The second or upper division is chiefly composed of a thick greasy clay, which forms the soil in the greater part of the Weald, and glides unobtrusively under the sea in the flat shore on either side of Hastings, giving rise to the lowlands of Pevensey Bay and the Romney Marshes. Why the sandstone, which is really the bottom layer, should appear higher than the clay in these places, we shall see a little later.

After the deposition of the gritty or muddy Wealden beds in the lake and *embouchure* of the old continental river, there came a second period of considerable depression, during which the whole of south-eastern England was once more covered by a shallow sea. This sea ran, like an early northern Mediterranean, right across the face of Central Europe; and on its bottom was deposited the soft ooze of globigerina shells and siliceous sponge skeletons which has now hardened into chalk and flint. A great cretaceous sheet thus overlay the Wealden beds and the whole face of Sussex to a depth of at least 600 feet; and if it had not been afterwards worn off in places, as the nursery rhyme says of old Pillicock, it would be there still. I need hardly say that the chalk is yet *en évidence* along the whole range of South Downs, and forms the tall white cliffs between Brighton and Beachy Head.

Finally, during the Tertiary period, another layer of London clay and other soft deposits was spread over the top of the chalk, certainly on the strip between the South Downs and the sea, and probably over the whole district between the Channel and the Thames valley: though, in this case, later denudation has proceeded so far that very few traces of the tertiary formations are preserved anywhere except in the greater hollows.

Such being the original disposition of the strata which compose Sussex, we have next to ask, What are the causes which have produced its existing configuration? If the whole mass had merely been uplifted straight out of the sea, we ought now to find the whole country a flat and level table-land, covered over its entire surface with a uniform coat of tertiary deposits. On digging or boring below these, we ought to come upon the chalk, and below the chalk again, with its cretaceous congeners the greensand or the gault, we ought to meet the Weald clay and the Hastings sand. Wherever a seaward cliff exhibited a section for our observation, we ought to find these same strata all exposed in regular order—the sandstone at the bottom, the clay above it, the broad belt of chalk halfway up, and the tertiary muds and rubbles at the top. But in the county as we actually find it, we get a very different state of things. Here, the surface at sea-level is composed of London clay; there, a great mound of chalk rises into a swelling down; and yonder, once more, a steep escarpment leads us down into a broad lowland of the Weald. The causes which have led to this arrangement of surface and conformation must now be considered with necessary brevity.

The North and South Downs, with all the country between them, form part of a great fold or outward bulge of the strata above enumerated, having its centre about the middle line of the Forest Ridge. Imagine these strata bent or pushed upward by an internal upheaving force acting along that line, and you will get a rough picture of the original circumstances which have led to the existing arrangement of the county. You would then have, instead of a flat table-land, as supposed above, a great curved mountain slope, with its centre on top of the Forest Ridge. This gentle slope would rise from the sea between Chichester and a point south of Beachy, would swell slowly upward till it reached a height of two or three thousand feet at the Surrey border, and would fall again gradually towards the Thames valley at London. On the southern side of the Downs, this is pretty much what we now get, the tertiary strata being preserved in the district near Chichester; though farther east, around Newhaven and Beachy Head, the sea has encroached upon the chalk so as to cut out the great white cliffs which bound the view everywhere along the shore from Brighton to Eastbourne. In the central portion of the boss, however, almost all the highest elevated part has been denuded, by ice- or water-action. Between the North and South Downs, where we ought to find the mountain ridge, we find instead the valley of the Weald. Here the chalk has been quite worn away, giving rise to the steep escarpment on the northern

side of the South Downs, seen from the Devil's Dyke, so that at the foot of the sudden descent we get the Weald clay exposed; while in the very centre of the upheaved tract the clay itself has been cut through, and the Hastings sand appears upon the surface. Moreover, the sand, being upraised by the central force, stands higher than the clay on either side, which forms the trough of the Weald; and thus the Forest Ridge, which abuts upon the sea in the cliffs of Hastings Castle, seems to lie above the clay, under which, however, it really glides on either side. I need hardly add that this rough diagrammatic description is only meant as a general indication of the facts, and that it considerably simplifies the real geological changes probably involved in the sculpture of Sussex. Nevertheless, I believe it pretty accurately represents the main formative points in the ante-human history of the county.

So much by way of preface or introduction. These facts of structure form the data for the reconstruction of the Sussex annals during the human period. Upon them as framework all the subsequent development of the county hangs. And first let us observe how, before the advent of man upon the scene, the shire was already strictly demarcated by its natural boundaries. Along the coast, between Chichester Harbour and Brighton, stretched a long, narrow, level strip of clay and alluvium, suitable for the dwelling-place of an agricultural people. Back of this coastwise belt lay the bare rounded range of the South Downs—good grazing land for sheep, but naturally incapable of cultivation. Two rivers, however, flowed in deep valleys through the Downs, and their basins, with the outlying combes and glens, were also the predestined seats of agricultural communities. The one was the Ouse, passing through the fertile country around Lewes, and falling at last into the English Channel at Seaford, not as now at Newhaven; the other was the Cuckmere river, which has cut itself a deep glen in the chalk hills just beneath the high cliffs of Beachy Head. Beyond the Downs, again, to the north, the country descended abruptly to the deep trough of the Weald, whose cold and sticky clays or porous sandstones are never of any use for purposes of tillage. Hence, as its very name tells us, the Weald has always been a wild and wood-clad region. The Romans knew it as the Silva Anderida, or Forest of Pevensey; the early English as the Andredesweald. Both names are derived from a Celtic root signifying "The Uninhabited." Even in our own day, a large part of this tract is covered by the woodlands of Tolgate Forest, St. Leonard's Forest, and Ashdown Forest; while the remainder is only very scantily laid down in pasture-land or hop-fields, with a considerable

sprinkling of copses, woods, commons, and parks. From its very nature, indeed, the Weald can never be anything else, in its greater portion, than a wild, uncultivated, and wooded region.

Let us note, too, how the really habitable strip of Sussex, from the point of view of an early people, was quite naturally cut off from all other parts of England by obvious limits. This habitable strip consists, of course, of the coastwise belt from Brighton to the Hampshire border (which belt I shall henceforward take the liberty of designating as Sussex Proper), together with the seaward valleys and combes of the South Downs. To the west, the great tidal flats and swamps about Hayling Island cut off Sussex from Hampshire; and before drainage and reclamation had done their work, these marshy districts must have formed a most impassable frontier. From this point, the great woodland region of the Weald, thickly covered with primæval forest, and tenanted by wolves, bears, wild boars, and red deer, swept round in a long curve from the swamps at Bosham and Havant to the corresponding swamps of the opposite end at Pevensey and Hurstmonceux. The belt of savage wooded country, thick with the lairs of wild beasts, which thus ringed round the greater part of the county, shut off the coastwise strip at once from all possibility of communication with the rest of England. So Sussex Proper and the combes of the Downs were naturally predestined to form a single Celtic kingdom, a single Saxon principality, and a single English shire.

It will be observed that this description leaves wholly out of consideration the strip of country about Hastings, Rye, and Winchelsea. It does so intentionally. That strip of country does not belong to Sussex in the same intimate and strictly necessary manner as the rest of the county. It probably once formed the seat of a small independent community by itself; and though there were good and obvious reasons why it should become finally united to Sussex rather than to Kent, it may be regarded as to some extent a debateable island between them. For an island it practically was in early times. At Pevensey Bay, the Weald ran down into the sea by a series of swamps and bogs still artificially drained by dykes and sluices. On the other side, the Romney marshes formed a similar though wider stretch of tidal flats, reclaimed and drained at a far later period, partly through the agency of the long shingle bank thrown up round the low modern spit of Dungeness. Between them, the Hastings cliffs rose high above marsh and sea. In their rear, the Weald forest covered the ridge; so that the Hastings district (still a separate rape or division of the county) formed a sort of smaller

Sussex, divided, like the larger one, from all the rest of England by a semicircular belt of marsh, forest, and marsh once more. These are the main elements out of which the history of the county is made up.

How far such conditions may have acted upon the very earliest human inhabitants of Sussex—the palæolithic savages of the drift—before the last glacial epoch, it is impossible to say, because we know that many of them did not then exist, and that the present configuration of the county is largely due to subsequent agencies. Britain was then united to the continent by a broad belt of land, filling up the bed of the English Channel, and it possessed a climate wholly different from that of the present day ; while the position of the drift and the river gravels shows that the sculpture of the surface was then in many respects unlike the existing distribution of hill and valley. We must confine ourselves, therefore, to the later or recent period (subsequent to the last glaciation of Britain), during which man has employed implements of polished stone, of bronze, and of iron.

The Euskarian neolithic population of Britain—a dark white race like the modern Basques—had settlements in Sussex, at least in the coast district between the Downs and the sea. Here they could obtain in abundance the flints for the manufacture of their polished stone hatchets; while on the alluvial lowlands of Selsea and Shoreham they could grow those cereals upon which they largely depended for their daily bread. Neolithic monuments, indeed, are common along the range of the South Downs, as they are also on the main mass of the chalk in Salisbury Plain ; and at Cissbury Hill, near Worthing, we have remains of one of the largest neolithic camp refuges in Britain. The evidence of tumuli and weapons goes to show that the Euskarian people of Sussex occupied the coast belt and the combes of the Downs from the Chichester marshland to Pevensey, but that they did not spread at all into the Weald. In fact, it is most probable that at this early period Sussex was divided into several little tribes or chieftainships, each of which had its own clearing in the lowland, cut laboriously out of the forest by the aid of its stone axes; while in the centre stood the compact village of wooden huts, surrounded by a stockade, and girt without by the small cultivated plots of the villagers. On the Downs above rose the camp or refuge of the tribe—an earthwork rudely constructed in accordance with the natural lines of the hills—to which the whole body of people, with their women, children, and cattle, retreated in case of hostile invasion from the villagers on either side. It is not likely that any

foreigners from beyond the great forest belt of the Weald would ever come on the war-trail across that dangerous and trackless wilderness; and it is probable, therefore, that the camps or refuges were constructed as places of retreat for the tribes against their immediate neighbours, rather than against alien intruders from without. Hence we may reasonably conclude—as indeed is natural at such an early stage of civilisation—that the whole district was not yet consolidated under a single rule, but that each village still remained independent, and liable to be engaged in hostilities with all others. Even if extended chieftainships over several villages had already been set up, as is perhaps implied by the great tumuli of chiefs and the size of the camps in some parts of Britain, we must suppose them to have been confined for the most part to a single river valley. If so, there may have been petty Euskarian principalities, rude supremacies or chieftainships like those of South Africa, in the Chichester lowlands, in the dale of Arun, in the valleys of the Adur, the Ouse, and the Cuckmere River, and perhaps, too, in the insulated Hastings region, between the Pevensey levels and the Romney marsh. These principalities would then roughly coincide with the modern rapes of Chichester, Arundel, Bramber, Lewes, Pevensey, and Hastings. Each would possess its own group of villages and tilled lowland, its own boundary of forest, and its own camp of refuge on the hill tops. Cissbury almost undoubtedly formed such a camp for the fertile valley of the Adur and the coast strip from Worthing to Brighton. On its summit has been discovered an actual manufactory of stone implements from the copious material supplied by the flint veins in the chalk of which it is composed.

Such a society, left to itself in Sussex, could never have got much further than this. It could not discover or use metals, when it had no metal in its soil except the small quantity of iron to be found in the then inaccessible Weald. It had no copper and no tin, and therefore it could not manufacture bronze. But the geographical position of England generally, within sight of the European continent, made it certain that if ever anywhere else bronze should come to be used, the bronze-weaponed people must ultimately cross over and subjugate the stone-weaponed aborigines of the island. Moreover, bronze was certain to be first hit upon in those countries where tin and copper were most easily workable—that is to say, in Asia. From Asia, the secret of its manufacture spread to the outlying peninsula of Europe, where it was quickly adopted by the Aryan Celts, who had already invaded the outlying continent, armed only with weapons of stone. As soon as they had learnt the use of bronze, certain great changes

and improvements followed naturally—amongst others, an immense advance in the art of boat-building. The Celts of the bronze age soon constructed vessels which enabled them to cross the narrow seas and invade Britain. Their superior weapons gave them at once an enormous advantage over the Euskarian natives, armed only with their polished flint hatchets, and before long they overran the whole island, save only the recesses of Wales and the north of Scotland. From that moment, the bronze age of Britain set in—say some 1,000 or 1,500 years before the Christian era.

The Celts, however, did not exterminate the whole Euskarian people; they were too few in number and too far advanced in civilisation for such a course. They knew that it was better to make them slaves than to destroy them: for the Celts had just reached, but had not yet got beyond, the slave-making stage of culture. To this day, people of mixed Euskarian parentage, and marked by the long skull, dark complexion, and black eyes of the Euskarian type, form a large proportion of the English peasantry; and they are found even in Sussex, which subsequently suffered more than most other parts of Britain from the destructive deluge of Teutonic barbarism in the fifth century. But though the Celts did not exterminate the Euskarians, they completely Celticised them, just as the Teuton is now Teutonising the old population of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. In South Wales and elsewhere, indeed, the aborigines retained their own language and institutions, as Silures and so forth; but in the conquered districts of southern and eastern Britain they learned the tongue of their masters, and came to be counted as Celtic serfs. Thus, at the time when Britain comes forth into the full historic glare of Roman civilisation, we find the country inhabited by a Celtic aristocracy of Aryan type—round-headed, fair-haired, and blue-eyed; together with a *plebs* of Celticised Euskarian or half-caste serfs, retaining, as they still retain, the long skulls and dark complexions of their aboriginal ancestors. This was the ethnical composition of the Sussex population at the date of the first Roman invasions.

Under the bronze-weaponed Celts, a very different type of civilisation became possible. In the first place, a more extended chieftainship resulted from the improved weapons and consequent military power; and all Britain (at least, towards the close of the Celtic domination) became amalgamated into considerable kingdoms, some of which seem to have spread over several modern shires. Sussex, however, enclosed by its barrier of forest, would naturally remain a single little principality of itself, held, at least in later times, by a tribe known to the Romans as Regni. Traces of Celtic occupation are

mainly confined to the Downs and the seaward slope of Sussex Proper; in the broad expanse of the Weald, they are few and far between. The Celts occupied the fertile valleys and alluvial slopes, cut down the woods by the river-sides and on the plains, and built their larger and more regular camps of refuge upon the Downs, for protection against the kindred Cantii beyond the Weald, or the more distantly related Belgæ across the Hayling tidal flats. Of these hill-forts, Hollingbury Castle, near Brighton, may be taken as a typical example. Bronze weapons and other implements of the bronze age are found in great numbers about Lewes in particular (where the isolated height, now crowned by the Norman Castle, must always have commanded the fertile river vale of the Ouse), as well as at Chichester, Bognor, and elsewhere. But the great forest, inhabited by savage beasts and still more terrible fiends, proved a barrier to their northward extension. Even if they had cleared the land, they could not have cultivated it with their existing methods; and so it is only in a few spots near the upper river valleys that we find any traces of outlying Celtic hamlets in the wilderness of the Weald. Some kind of trade, however, must have existed between the Regni and the other tribes of Britain, in order to supply them with the bronze, whose component elements Sussex does not possess. Woolsonbury, Westburton Hill, Clayton Hill, Wilmington, Hangleton Down, Plumpton Plain, and many other places along the coast have yielded large numbers of bronze implements; while the occurrence of the raw metal in lumps, together with the finished weapons, at Worthing and Beachy Head, as well as the discovery of a mould for a socketed celt at Wilmington, shows that the actual foundry work was performed in Sussex itself. A beautiful torque from Hollingbury Castle attests the workmanship of the Sussex founders. No doubt the tin was imported from Cornwall, while the copper was probably brought over from the continent. Glass beads, doubtless of Southern (perhaps Egyptian) manufacture, have also been found in Sussex, with implements of the bronze age.

In the polished stone age, the county had been self-supporting, because of its possession of flint. In the bronze age it was dependent upon other places, through its non-possession of copper or tin. During the former period it may have exported weapons from Cissbury; during the latter it must have imported the material of weapons from Cornwall and Gaul.

Before the Romans came, the Celts of Britain had learned the use of iron. Whether they ever worked the iron of the Weald, however, is uncertain. But as the ores lie near the surface, as wood (to be

made into charcoal) for the smelting was abundant, and as these two facts caused the Weald iron to be extensively employed in later times, it is probable that small clearings would be made in the most accessible spots, and that rude iron-works would be established.

The same geographical causes which made Britain part of the Roman world naturally affected Sussex, as one of its component portions. Even under the Empire, however, the county remained singularly separate. The Romans built two strong fortresses at Anderida and Regnum, Pevensey and Chichester, to guard the two Gwents or lowland plains, where the shore shelves slowly to seaward ; and they ran one of their great roads across the coastwise tract, from Dover to the Portus Magnus (now Porchester), near Portsmouth ; but they left Sussex otherwise very much to its own devices. We know that the Regni were still permitted to keep their native chief, who probably exercised over his tribesmen something the same subordinate authority which a Rájput raja now exercises under the British government. Here, again, we see the natural result of the isolation of Sussex. The Romans ruled directly in the open plains of the Yorkshire Ouse and the Thames, as we ourselves rule in the Bengal Delta, the Doáb, and the Punjáb ; but they left a measure of independence to the native princes of South Wales, of Sussex, and of Cornwall, as we ourselves do to the native rulers in the deserts of Rájputána, the inaccessible mountains of Nipál, and the aboriginal hill districts of Central India.

When the Roman power began to decay, the outlying possessions were the first to be given up. The Romans had enslaved and demoralised the provincial population ; and when they were gone, the great farms tilled by slave labour under the direction of Roman mortgagee-proprietors lay open to the attacks of fresh and warlike barbarians from beyond the sea. How early the fertile east coasts of Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, and East Anglia may have fallen a prey to the Teutonic pirates we cannot say. The wretched legends, indeed, retailed to us by Gildas, Bæda, and the English Chronicle, would have us believe that they were colonised at a later period ; but as they lay directly in the path of the marauders from Sleswick, as they were certainly Teutonised very thoroughly, and as no real records survive, we may well take it for granted that the long-boats of the English, sailing down with the prevalent north-east winds from the wicks of Denmark, came first to shore on these fertile coasts. After they had been conquered and colonised, the Saxon and Jutish freebooters began to look for settlements, on their part, farther south. One horde, led, as the legend veraciously assures us, by Hengest and

Horsa, landed in Thanet; another, composed entirely of Saxons, and under the command of a certain dubious Ælle, came to shore on the spit of Selsea. It was from this last body that the county took its newer name of Suth-Seaxe, Suth Sexe, or Sussex. Let us first frankly narrate the legend, and then see how far it may fairly be rationalised.

In 477, says the English Chronicle—written down, it must be remembered, from traditional sources, four centuries later, at the court of Alfred the West Saxon—in 477, Ælle and his three sons, Cymen, Wlencing, and Cissa, came to Britain in three ships, and landed at the stow that is cleped Cymenes-ora. There that ilk day they slew many Welshmen, and the rest they drave into the wood hight Andredes-leah. In 485, Ælle, fighting the Welsh near Mearcredes Burn, slew many, and the rest he put to flight. In 491, Ælle, with his son Cissa, beset Andredes-ceaster, and slew all that therein were, nor was there after one Welshman left. Such is the whole story, as told in the bald and simple entries of the West Saxon annalist. A more dubious tradition further states that Ælle was also Bretwalda, or overlord, of all the Teutonic tribes in Britain.

And now let us see what we can make of this wholly unhistorical and legendary tale. Whether there ever was a South Saxon king named Ælle we cannot say; but that the earliest English pirate fleet on this coast should have landed near Selsea is likely enough. The marauders would not land near the Romney marshes or the Pevensey flats, where the great fortresses of Lymne and Anderida would block their passage; and they could not beach their keels easily anywhere along the cliff-girt coast between Beachy Head and Brighton; so they would naturally sail along past the marshland and the chalk cliffs till they reached the open champaign shore near Chichester. Cymenes-ora, where they are said to have landed, is now Keynor on the Bill of Selsea; and Selsea itself, as its name (correctly Selsey) clearly shows us, was then an island in the tidal flats. This was just the sort of place which the English pirates loved, for all tradition represents their first settlements as effected on isolated spots like Thanet, Hurst Castle, Holderness, and Bamborough. Thence they would march upon Regnum, the square Roman town at the harbour head, and reduce it by storm, garrisoned as it doubtless was by a handful of semi-Romanised Welshmen or Britons. The town took the English name of Cissanceaster, or Chichester. Moreover, all around the Chichester district, we still find a group of English clan villages, with the characteristic patronymic termination *ing*. Such are East and West Wittering, Donnington, Funtington, Didling, and others. It is *vraisemblable* enough that the little strip of very low

coast between Hayling Island and the Arun may have been the first original South Saxon colony. Nor is it by any means impossible that the names of Keynor and Chichester—Cymenes-ora and Cissan-ceaster—may still enshrine the memory of two among the old South Saxon freebooters.

The tradition of a battle at Mearcredes Burn, when the Welsh were again defeated, may refer to an advance by which, a few years later, the South Saxon pirates pushed eastward along the coast, and occupied the strip of shore as far as Brighton, together with the fertile valley of the Lewes Ouse. In the first-named district we find a large group of English clan villages, including Patching, Poling, Angmering, Goring, Worthing, Tarring, Washington, Lullington, Blatch-ingden, Ovingdean, Rottingdean, and many others. Amongst them is one which has clearly given rise to the name of Ælle's third son, and that is Lancing. Unfortunately for the legend, we must decide that this was really the settlement of an English clan of Lancingas, as Washington was the *tun* or enclosure of the Weasingas, and Beddingham was the *ham* or home of the Beddingas. Around Lewes, in like manner, we find Tarring, Malling, Piddinghoe, Bletchington, and others; while in the valley just to the east we have ten or eleven such names as Lullington, Wilmington, Folking-ton, and Littlington. These districts, I imagine, represent the second advance of the English conquerors.

Finally, fourteen years after the first landing, the South Saxons crossed the Downs and attacked Anderida. The Roman walls of the great fortress were thick and strong, as their remains, built over by the Norman Castle, still show; but they were defended by half-trained Welsh, who could not withstand the English onset. With the fall of Anderida, the native power was broken for ever, "nor was there after one Welshman left." The English tribe of the Hastingas settled at Hastings; and the South Saxons were now supreme from marsh to marsh.

But did they really exterminate the native Celt-Euskarian popu-lation? I venture to say, no. Some, no doubt, especially the men, they slew; but the women and children, as even Mr. Freeman admits, were probably spared in large numbers. Even of the men, many doubtless became slaves to the Saxon lords; while others maintained themselves in isolated bands in the Weald. To this day the Euskarian type of humanity is not uncommon among the Sussex peasantry, and all the rivers still bear the Celtic names of Arun, Adur, Ouse, and Calder. That there was "no Welshman left" is only another way of saying that the armed Welsh resistance ceased.

The Romanised Britons became English churls and serfs—nay, the very name for a serf in ordinary conversation was Weala or Welshman. The population received a new element—the English Saxons—but it was not completely changed. The Weorthingas and Goringas simply became masters of the lands formerly held by Roman owners; and the cabins of their British serfs still clustered around the wooden hall of the English lords.

Nevertheless, Sussex is one of the most thoroughly Teutonised counties in England. The proportion of Saxon blood is very marked: light hair and blue eyes, together with the broad and short English skull, are common even among the peasantry. The number of English clan names noticed by Mr. Kemble in the towns and villages of Sussex is 68 as against 60 in almost equally Teutonic Kent, 48 in Essex, 21 in largely Celtic Dorset, 6 in Cumberland, 2 in Cornwall, and none in Monmouth. The size and number of the hundreds into which the county is divided tell us much the same tale. Each hundred was originally a group of one hundred free English families, settled on the soil, and holding in check the native subject population of Anglicised Celt-Euskarian churls. Now, in Sussex we get 61 hundreds and in Kent 61, as against 13 in Surrey beyond the Weald (where the clan names also sink to 18), and 8 in Hertfordshire. Or, to put it another way, which I borrow from Mr. Isaac Taylor, in Sussex there is one hundred to every 23 square miles; in Kent to every 24; in Dorset to every 30; in Surrey to every 58; in Herts to every 79; in Gloucester to every 97; in Derby to every 162; in Warwick to every 179; and in Lancashire to every 302. In other words, while in Kent, Sussex, and the east the free English inhabitants clustered thickly on the soil, with a relatively small servile population, in Mercia and the west the English population was much more sparsely scattered, with a relatively great servile population. So, as late as the time of Domesday, in Kent and Sussex the slaves mentioned in the great survey (only a small part, probably, of the total) numbered only 10 per cent. of the population, while in Devon and Cornwall they numbered 20 per cent., and in Gloucestershire 33 per cent.

These results are all inevitable. It is obvious that the first attacks must necessarily be made upon the east and south coasts, and that the inland districts and the west must only slowly be conquered afterward. Especially was it easy to found Teutonic kingdoms in the four isolated regions of Lincolnshire, East Anglia, Kent, and Sussex, each of which was cut off from the rest of England in early times by impassable fens, marshes, forests, or rivers. It was

easy here to kill off the Welsh fighting population, to drive the remnants into the Fen Country or the Weald, to enslave the captives, the women, and the children, and to secure the Teutonic colony by a mark or border of woodland, swamp, or hill. On the other hand, Wessex, Northumbria, and Mercia, with a vague and ill-defined internal border, had harder work to fight their way in against a united Welsh resistance; and it was only very slowly that they pushed across the central watershed, to dismember the unconquered remnant of the Britons at last into the three isolated bodies of Damnonia (Cornwall and Devon), Wales Proper, and Strathclyde. That is probably why the earliest settlements were made in these isolated coast regions, and why the inward progress of the other colonies was so relatively slow.

The South Saxons, then, at first occupied the three fertile bits of the county—the coast belt of Sussex Proper, the Valley of the Ouse, and the isolated Hastings district—because these were the best adapted for their strictly agricultural life. In spite of the legend of Ælle, I do not suppose that they were all united from the first under a single principality. It seems far more probable that each little clan settlement was at first wholly independent; that afterwards three little chieftainships grew up in the three fertile strips—typified, perhaps, by the story of Ælle's three sons—and that the whole finally coalesced into a single kingdom of the South Saxons, which is the state in which we find the county in Bæda's time. As ever, its boundaries were marked out for it by nature, for the Weald remained as yet an almost unbroken forest; and the names of Selsea, Pevensey, Winchelsea, Romney, and many others, show by their common insular termination (found in all isles round the British coast, as in Sheppey, Walney, Bardsey, Anglesea, Fursey, Wallasey, and so forth) that the marshland was still wholly undrained, and that a few islands alone stood here and there as masses of dry land out of their desolate and watery expanse. The Hastings district, too, fell more naturally to Sussex than to Kent, because the marshes dividing it from the former were far less formidable than those which severed it from the latter. Most probably the South Saxons intentionally aided nature in cutting off their territory from all other parts of Britain; for every English kingdom loved to surround itself with a distinct mark or border of waste, as a defence against invasion from outside. The Romans had brought Sussex within the great network of their road system; but the South Saxons no doubt took special pains to cut off those parts of the roads which led across their own frontier. At any rate, it is quite clear that Sussex did not largely

participate in the general life of the new England, and that intercourse with the rest of the world was extremely limited.

The South Saxon kings probably lived for the most part at Chichester, though no doubt they had *hams*, after the royal Teutonic fashion generally, in many other parts of their territory; and they moved about from one to the other, with their suite of thegns, eating up in each what food was provided by their serfs for their use, and then moving on to the next. The isolation of Sussex is strikingly shown by its long adherence to the primitive paganism. Missionaries from Rome, under the guidance of Augustine, converted Kent as early as 597. For Kent was the nearest kingdom to the continent; it contained the chief port of entry for continental travellers, Richborough—the Dover of those days—and its king, accustomed to continental connections, had married a Christian Frankish princess from Paris. Hence Kent was naturally the first Teutonic principality to receive the faith. Next came Northumbria, Lindsey, East Anglia, Wessex, and even inland Mercia. But Sussex still held out for Thor and Woden as late as 679, three-quarters of a century after the conversion of Kent, and twenty years after Mercia itself had given way to the new faith. Even when Sussex was finally converted, the manner in which the change took place was characteristic. It was not by missionaries from beyond the Weald in Kent or Surrey, nor from beyond the marsh in Wessex. An Irish monk, Bæda tells us, coming ashore on the open coast near Chichester, established a small monastery at Bosham—even then, no doubt, a royal *ham*, as we know it was under Harold—"a place," says the old historian significantly, "girt round by sea and forest." (It lies just on the mark between Wessex and the South Saxons.) Æthelwealh, the king—a curious name, for it means "noble Welshman" (perhaps he was of mixed blood)—had already been baptized in Mercia, and his wife was the daughter of a Christian ealdorman of the Worcestermen; but the rest of the principality was heathen. The Irish monk effected nothing; but shortly after Wilfrith, the fiery Bishop of York, on one of his usual flying visits to Rome, got shipwrecked off Selsea. With his accustomed vigour, he went ashore, and began a crusade in the heathen land. He was able at once to baptize the "leaders and soldiers"—that is to say, the free military English population; while his attendant priests—Eappa, Padda, Burghelm, and Oiddi (it is pleasant to preserve these little personal touches)—proceeded to baptize the "plebs"—that is to say, the servile Anglicised Celt-Euskarian substratum—up and down the country villages.

It was to Wilfrith, too, that Sussex owed her first cathedral. Æthelwealh made him a present of Selsea, "a place surrounded by the sea on every side save one, where an isthmus about as broad as a stone's-throw connects it with the mainland," and there the ardent bishop founded a regular monastery, in which he himself remained for five years. On the soil were 250 serfs, whom Wilfrith at once set free. After the death of Aldhelm, the West Saxon bishop, in 709, Sussex was made a separate bishopric, with its seat at Selsea; and it was not till after the Norman Conquest that the cathedral was removed to Chichester. It may be noted that all these arrangements were in strict accordance with early English custom. The kings generally gave their bishops a seat near their own chief town, as Cuthbert had his see at Lindisfarne, close to the royal Northumbrian capital of Bamborough; so that the proximity of Selsea to Chichester made it the most natural place for a bishopstool; and, again, it was usual to make over spots in the fens or marshes to the monks, who, by draining and cultivating them, performed a useful secular work. No traces now remain of old Selsea Cathedral, its site having long been swallowed up by incursions of the sea. Bæda has the ordinary number of miracles to record in connection with the monastery.

As time went on, however, the isolation of Sussex became less complete. Æthelwealh had got himself into complications with Wessex by accepting the sovereignty of the Isle of Wight and the Meonwaras about Southampton from the hands of a Mercian conqueror. Perhaps Æthelwealh then repaired the old Roman roads which led from his own *ham* at Chichester to Portsmouth in Wessex, and broke down the mark, so as to connect his old and his new dominions with one another. At any rate, shortly after, Cædwalla, the West Saxon, an ætheling at large on the look-out for a kingdom, attacked him suddenly with his host of thegns from this unexpected quarter, killed the King himself, and harried the South Saxons from marsh to marsh. Two South Saxon thegns expelled him for a time, and made themselves masters of the country. But afterwards, Cædwalla, becoming King of the West Saxons, recovered Sussex once more, and handed it on to his successor, Ini. Hence the South Saxons had no bishopric of their own during this period, but were included in the see of the West Saxons at Winchester.

During the hundred years of the Mercian supremacy, coincident, roughly speaking, with the eighth century, we hear little of Sussex; but it seems to have shaken off the yoke of Wessex, and to have been in subjection to the great Mercian over-lords alone. It had its own under-kings and its own bishops. Early in the ninth century,

however, when Ecgberht the West Saxon succeeded in throwing off the Mercian yoke, the other Saxon States of South Britain willingly joined him against the Anglian oppressors. "The men of Kent and Surrey, Sussex and Essex, gladly submitted to King Ecgberht." When the royal house of the South Saxons died out, Sussex still retained a sort of separate existence within the West Saxon State, as Wales does in the England of our own day. Æthelwulf made his son under-king of Kent, Essex, Surrey, and Sussex; and so, during the troublous times of the Danish invasion, when all Southern England became one in its resistance to the heathen, those old principalities gradually sank into the position of provinces or shires.

From the period of union with the general West Saxon Kingdom (which grew slowly into the Kingdom of England under Eadgar and Cnut), the markland of the Weald seems to have been gradually encroached upon from the south. Most of the names in that district are distinctly "Anglo-Saxon" in type; by which I mean that they were imposed before the Norman Conquest, and belong to the stage of the language then in use. Even during the Roman period, settlements for iron-mining existed in the Weald, and these clearings would of course be occupied by the English colonists at a comparatively early time. Just at the foot of the Downs, too, on the north side, we find a few clan settlements on the edge of the Weald, which must date from the first period of English colonisation. Such are Poynings, Didling, Ditchling, Chillington, and Chiltington. Farther in, however, the clan names grow rarer; and where we find them they are not *hams* or *tuns*, regular communities of Saxon settlers, but they show, by their forestine terminations of *hurst*, *ley*, *den*, and *field*, that they were mere outlying shelters of hunters or swineherds in the trackless forest. Such are Billinghurst, Warminghurst, Itchingfield, and Ardingley. On the Cuckmere river, the villages in the combes bear names like Jevington and Lullington; but in the upper valley of the little stream, where it flows through the Weald, we find instead Chiddingley and Hellingley. Most of the Weald villages, however, bear still more woodland titles—Midhurst, Farnhurst, Nuthurst, Maplehurst, and Lamberhurst; Cuckfield, Mayfield, Rotherfield, Hartfield, Heathfield, and Wivelsfield; Crawley, Cowfold, Loxwood, Linchmere, and Marden. *Hams* and *tons*, the sure signs of early English colonisation, are almost wholly lacking; in their place we get abundance of such names as Coneyhurst Common, Water Down Forest, Hayward's Heath, Milland Marsh, and Bell's Oak Green. To this day even, the greater part of the Weald is down in park, copse, heath, forest, common, or marshland. Throughout the whole

expanse of the woodland region in Sussex, with the outlying portions in Kent, Surrey, and Hants, Mr. Isaac Taylor has collected no fewer than 299 local names with the significant forest terminations in *hurst*, *den*, *ley*, *holt*, and *field*. These facts show that, during the later "Anglo-Saxon" period, the Weald was being slowly colonised in a few favourable spots. Its use as a mark was now gone, and it might be safely employed for the peaceful purposes of the archer and the swineherd. Names referring to pasture and the wild beasts are therefore common.

To the same time must doubtless be assigned the exact delimitation of the Sussex frontiers. During the early periods, the Kentings, the Suthrige, and the West Saxons would all extend on their side as far as the Weald, which would be treated as a sort of neutral zone. But when the woodland itself began to be occupied, a demarcation would naturally be made between the neighbouring provinces. The boundary follows the most obvious course. It starts on the east from the old mouth of the Rother (now diverted to Rye New Harbour), known as the Kent Ditch, in what was then the central and most impassable part of the marshland. It runs along the Rother to its bifurcation, and then makes for the heaven-water-parting or dividing back of the Forest Ridge, beside two or three lesser streams. Then it passes along the crest of the ridge from Tunbridge Wells, past East Grinstead and Crawley, till it strikes the Hampshire border. There it follows the line between the two watersheds to the sea, which it reaches at Emsworth. There is, however, one long insulated spur of Hampshire running down from Haslemere to Graffham (in apparent defiance of geographical features), whose origin and meaning I do not understand.

With the Norman Conquest, the history of Sussex, and of England generally, for the most part ceases abruptly; all the rest is mere personal gossip about Prince Edward and the battle of Lewes, or about George IV. and the Brighton Pavilion. Not, of course, that there is not real national history here as elsewhere; but it is hard to disentangle from the puerile personalities of historians generally. Nevertheless, some brief attempt to reconstruct the main facts in the subsequent history of Sussex must still be undertaken. The part which Sussex bore passively in the actual Conquest is itself typical of the new relations. England was getting drawn into the general run of European civilisation, and the old isolation of Sussex was beginning to be broken down. Lying so near the Continent, Sussex was naturally the landing-place for an army coming from Normandy or Ponthieu. William's fleet came ashore on the low coast at Pevensey.

Naturally he turned towards Hastings, whence a road now led through the Weald to London. On the tall cliffs he threw up an earthwork, and then marched towards the great town. Harold's army met him on the heights of Senlac, part of the solitary ridge between the marshes, by which alone London could be reached. Harold fell on the spot now marked by the ruined high altar of Battle Abbey—a national monument at present in the inhospitable keeping of an English duke. Once the native army was routed, William marched on resistlessly to London, and Sussex and England were at his feet.

The new feudal organisation of the county is doubtless shadowed forth in the existing rapes. Of these there are six, called respectively after Chichester, Arundel, Bramber, Lewes, Pevensey, and Hastings. It will be noticed at once that these were the seats of the new bishopric and of the five great early castles. In one form or another, more or less modernised, Arundel Castle, Bramber Castle, Lewes Castle, Pevensey Castle, and Hastings Castle all survive to our own day. In accordance with their ordinary policy of removing cathedrals from villages to chief towns, and so concentrating the civil and ecclesiastical government, the Normans brought the bishopstool from Selsea to Chichester. The six rapes are fairly coincident—Chichester with the marsh district; Arundel with the dale of Arun; Bramber with the dale of Adur; Lewes with the western dale of Ouse; Pevensey with the eastern dale of Ouse; and Hastings with the insulated region between the marshes. In other words, Sussex seems to have been cut up into six natural divisions along the seashore; while to each division was assigned all the Weald back of its own shore strip as far as the border. Thus the rapes consist of six long longitudinal belts, each with a short sea front and a long stretch back into the Weald.

Increased intercourse with the Continent brought the Cinque Ports into importance; and, as premier Cinque Port, Hastings grew to be one of the chief towns in Sussex. The constant French wars made them prominent in mediæval history. As trade grew up, other commercial harbours gave rise to considerable mercantile towns. Rye and Winchelsea, at the mouth of the Rother, were great ports of entry from France as late as the days of Elizabeth. Seaford, at the mouth of the Ouse, was also an important harbour till 1570, when a terrible storm changed the course of the stream to the town called from that fact Newhaven. Lewes was likewise a port, as the estuary of the Ouse was navigable from the mouth up to the town. Brighthelmstone was still a village; but Old Shoreham on the Adur

was a considerable place. Arundel Haven and Chichester Harbour recall the old mercantile importance of their respective neighbourhoods. The only other places of any note in mediæval Sussex were Steyning, under the walls of Bramber Castle; Hurstmonceux, which the Conqueror bestowed upon the lord of Eu; Battle, where he planted his great expiatory abbey; and Hurst Pierpont, which also dates from William's own time. The sole important part of the county was still the strip along the coast between the Weald and the sea.

During the Plantagenet period, England became a wool-exporting country, like Australia at the present day; and therefore the wool-growing parts of the island rose quickly into great importance. Sussex, with its large expanse of chalk downs, naturally formed one of the best wool-producing tracts; and in the reign of Edward III., Chichester was made one of the "staples" to which the wool trade was confined by statute. Sussex Proper and the Lewes valley were now among the most thickly populated regions of England.

The Weald, too, was beginning to have its turn. English iron was getting to be in request for the cannon, armour, and arms required in the French wars; and nowhere was iron more easily procured, side by side with the fuel for smelting it, than in the Sussex Weald. From the days of the Edwards to the early part of the eighteenth century, the woods of the Weald were cut down in quantities for the iron works. During this time, several small towns began to spring up in the old forest region, of which the chief are Midhurst, Petworth, Billinghurst, Horsham, Cuckfield, and East Grinstead. Many of the deserted smelting-places may still be seen, with their invariable accompaniment of a pond or dam. The wood supply began to fail as early as Elizabeth's reign, but iron was still smelted in 1760. From that time onward, the competition of Sheffield and Birmingham—where iron was prepared by the "new method" with coal—blew out the Sussex furnaces, and the Weald relapsed once more into a wild heather-clad and wood-covered region, now thickly interspersed with parks and country seats, of which Petworth, Cowdrey, and Ashburnham are the best known.

Modern times, of course, have brought their changes. With the northward revolution caused by steam and coal, Sussex, like the rest of southern England, has fallen back to a purely agricultural life. The sea has blocked up the harbours of Rye, Winchelsea, Seaford, and Lewes. Man's hand has drained the marshes of the Rother, of Pevensey, and of Selsea Bill; and railways have broken down the isolation of Sussex from the remainder of the country. Still, as of

old, the natural configuration continues to produce its necessary effects. Even now there are no towns of any size in the Weald: few, save Lewes, Arundel, and Chichester, anywhere but on the coast. The Downs are given up to sheep-farming: the Weald to game and pleasure-grounds: the shore to holiday-making. The proximity to London is now the chief cause of Sussex prosperity. In the old coaching days, Brighton was a foregone conclusion. Sixty miles by road from town, it was the nearest accessible spot by the seaside. As soon as people began to think of annual holidays, Brighton must necessarily attract them. Hence George IV. and the Pavilion. The railroad has done more. It has made Brighton into a suburb, and raised its population to over 100,000. At the same time, the South Coast line has begotten watering-places at Worthing, Bognor, and Littlehampton. In the other direction, it has created Eastbourne. Those who do not love chalk (as the Georges did) choose rather the more broken and wooded country round Hastings and St. Leonards, where the Weald sandstone runs down to the sea. The difference between the rounded Downs and saucer-shaped combes of the chalk, and the deep glens traversing the soft friable strata of the Wealden, is well seen in passing from Beachy Head to Eccles-bourne and Fairlight. Shoreham is kept half alive by the Brighton coal trade: Newhaven struggles on as a port for Dieppe. But as a whole, the county is now one vast seaside resort from end to end, so that to-day the flat coasts at Selsea, Pevensey, and Rye are alone left out in the cold. The iron trade and the wool trade have long since gone north to the coal districts. Brighton and Hastings sum up in themselves all that is vital in the Sussex of 1881.

GRANT ALLEN.

RECURRENT IDEAS IN HEINE.

THE circle of original ideas is really very limited. It must frequently have happened to every one who essays literature in any serious way, to find to his chagrin, just after the excogitation of a passage or even a sentence that looked particularly fine, that some "old master" had given tongue to the very same thought in the most effective manner. There, on the dim page of that old book, your "original idea" stares at you, as if with a consciousness of its own power of conviction. The sinking of the heart and sense of blank depression, as if it were quite impossible henceforth to feel the earlier exulting thrill of self-satisfaction over anything of one's own, is an experience for which one need not be envied. But the literary spirit is generally buoyant, and the natural reflection, which is well calculated to restore confidence, soon comes to the rescue: "Well, after all, what is originality? and who is original?" The most creative minds have commonly been the most appropriative, as well as the boldest in self-repetition. Not to speak of Shakespeare, think of such writers as Sterne, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Sir Thomas Browne of Norwich, among English authors; and Schiller and Jean Paul among German. When reduced to its barest proportions, their stock of really great ideas is not extensive; their peculiarity and claim to distinctive position results rather from their wise and economical application of them. In literature, as in other things, reserve is a valuable capital. "Pity the man who tries to say everything," may be set down as its prevailing axiom.

Of all recent writers, it might appear as though Heine was the least of a borrower or self-repeater. His mind seems so fertile, so spontaneous. And yet he repeats a few favourite ideas with a deal of iteration. One of these is the thought of the likeness between the sea and his soul. In prose and verse alike he follows up the similitude. He dwells upon it, he recurs to it, resets it as a jeweller a fine stone, looks at it at this side and that side, in shadow and in full light.

My heart, like to the ocean,
Hath storm and ebb and flow;

And many a lovely pearl
Lurks in its depths below.[1]

Then, in No. 7 of "Die Nordsee," we have at the opening these two stanzas :—

The sea hath its pearls,
And the heaven hath its stars ;
But my heart, O my heart !
My heart hath its love.

Great is the sea and the heaven,
But greater still is my heart,
And lovely as pearls and starlets
Glances and shines my love.[2]

And as exhibiting forcibly the hold which this idea of likeness between his soul and the sea had taken upon him, we find him at least twice reinforcing his thought by quoting the following from W. Müller :—

Eine schöne Welt is da versunken,
Ihre Trümmer bleiben unten stehn,
Lassen sich als goldne Himmelsfunken
Oft im Spiegel meiner Träume sehn.

And in the prose note to Ramsgate in the Nachlass we have, as we have many similar lines elsewhere,—

O, dass ich wär' das wilde Meer,
Und du der Felsen drüber her.

Even in his lighter moods and in his younger days Heine seems to have been absorbed in this idea of the sea as a mirror and interpreter of the soul, with which a poet must make actual acquaintance before he could realise the best that was in him. This is the point of view from which we are compelled to read this rather laughable anecdote, which, however, has its own bearing on the point with which we are now concerned. We read in Devrient's Mendelssohn that on one

---

[1] Mein Herz, gleicht ganz dem Meere,
Hat Sturm und Ebb' und Fluth ;
Und manche schöne Perle
In seiner Tiefe ruht.

[2] Das Meer hat seine Perlen,
Der Himmel seine Sterne,
Aber mein Herz, mein Herz,
Mein Herz hat seine Liebe.

Gross ist das Meer und der Himmel,
Doch grösser ist mein Herz,
Und schöner als Perlen und Sterne,
Leuchtet und strahlt meine Liebe.

occasion, when the young people of the house made some enthusiastic remark about Jean Paul, Heine drawled out, "What of Jean Paul? he never saw the ocean." Fanny, with ready wit, retorted, "Certainly not, he had no uncle Solomon to pay his expenses." Rather a hit, indeed; for Heine had already had more than one quarrel with his rich uncle Solomon, the banker, about the expenses of several little trips when Heinrich had "seen the sea." In one of his most passionate prose pieces, in which he seeks to justify the hold which political questions had on his mind, modifying the development of the genius of the poet, we have the following :—

> Till far in the night I stood by the sea and wept. I was not ashamed of those tears. Achilles also wept by the sea, and the silver-footed mother was obliged to rise out of the waves to comfort him. I also heard a voice in the water, but it was not comforting, though more stirring, commanding, and world-wise.
>
> For the sea knows all! the stars in the night trust to it the most hidden secrets of the heavens; in its depths lie, with fabulous sunken riches, the ancient sayings of the earth; on all coasts it listens with a thousand curious wave-ears, and the rivers that flow down to it bring all the news that they have gathered far inland, and the prattle of the little brooks and mountain springs. When the sea has revealed to one its secrets, and whispered to one's heart the great world-redemption word, then farewell rest! farewell still dreams! farewell novels and comedies which I began so eagerly, but now must continue with difficulty!
>
> Since then the golden angel-tints have dried upon my palette, and there remains only a loud liquid red that looks like blood, and with which red lions are painted. Yes; on my next book there will be a red lion, which the esteemed public, after the above confessions, will please excuse.

It is perhaps hardly needful to refer to Heine's love-disappointment as furnishing the chief material of his passionate love-songs. The editors of his recently published letters to Herr Kolb in the *Deutsches Montags-Blatt* say: "His love-disappointment was his poetry; his adventures became famous as travel-pictures, and in his collected works he gave us not only his creations, but himself." To illustrate this point fully, we should have to reprint one-half of his songs which are the imaginative utterance of his early blighted love. It is the one note in such pieces as—

> In meiner Brust, da sitzt ein Weh,

and—

> Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen,
> Mach' ich die kleinen Lieder;

or in—

> Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,

with its wonderful and oft-quoted closing stanza,—

> It is the old, old story,
> That still is ever new,

And aye when one goes through it,
It breaks the heart in two.[1]

There is another piece, so characteristic and expressive in this light, that we must give a translation of it,

UND WÜSSTEN'S DIE BLUMEN, DIE KLEINEN.

Oh, did the flowers but know
How deep is the wound in my heart,
They would with me go weeping
To heal my sorrowful smart.

If the nightingales but knew
How sad and sick I stray,
To cheer me they would pour
Their ever-quickening lay.

And if my sore, sore woe
The golden stars could see,
They would come down from their high place
And comfort speak to me.

Ah! these can know it not,
But one my grief may know—
'Tis she who broke my heart,
And brought me all this woe.[2]

It is still the same in the exquisite—

Mein Herz, mein Herz ist traurig,

or in—

Wir träumte wieder der alte Traum,

---

[1] Es ist ein' alte Geschichte
Doch bleibt sie immer neu,
Und wem sie just passieret,
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

[2] Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen,
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
Sie würden mit mir weinen
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüssten's die Nachtigallen,
Wie ich so traurig und krank,
Sie liessen fröhlich erschallen
Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüssten sie mein Wehe,
Die goldnen Sternelein,
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Die alle können's nicht wissen,
Nur eine kennt meinen Schmerz:
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

and, indeed, in scores of others ; but we cannot pass from this point without quoting one further morsel, which for grace and subtle suggestiveness is perhaps not surpassed in any literature :—

Say, where is the lovely maiden,
That thou once besung so well,
As the magic flame that played in
Thy fond heart did glow and swell ?

All the flames are now extinguished,
And my heart is dull and cold ;
And this booklet, like an urn,
The ashes of my love doth hold.[1]

There is another element which has a bearing on this more direct than might appear at first sight—his confession of solitude, which is very characteristic. In spite of his raillery, his wild fun, his reactionary need for society, he was solitary ; notwithstanding his perverse way of joking, he acknowledges the awfulness of this solitude in many ways. It often recurs, but this is perhaps one of the most striking expressions of it :—

I will cite you a passage from the "Chronicle of Limburg." This chronicle is very interesting for those who desire information about the manners and customs of the middle ages in Germany. It describes, like a *Journal des Modes*, the costumes both of men and women as they came out at the time. It gives also notices of the songs that were piped and sung each year, and the first lines of many a love ditty of the day are there preserved. Thus, in speaking of A.D. 1480, it mentions that in that year, through the whole of Germany, songs were piped and sung sweeter and more lovely than all the measures hitherto known in German lands, and that old and young—especially the ladies—went into such raptures over them, that they were heard to sing them from morning to night. Now, these songs (the Chronicle goes on to say) were written by a young clerk who was affected with leprosy, and who dwelt in a secret hermitage apart from all the world. You know, dear reader, what a frightful malady this leprosy was in the middle ages ; and how the poor creatures who fell under this incurable evil were driven forth from all society, and allowed to come near no human creature. Dead-alive they wandered forth, wrapt up from head to foot, the hood drawn over the face, and carrying in the hand a kind of rattle, called the Lazarus-clapper, announcing their presence by it, so that every one might get out of their

---

[1] Sag, wo ist dein schönes Liebchen,
Das du einst so schön besungen,
Als die zaubermächt'gen Flammen
Wunderbar dein Herz durchdrungen ?

Jene Flammen sind erloschen,
Und mein Herz ist kalt und trübe,
Und dies Büchlein ist die Urne,
Mit der Asche meiner Liebe.

way in time. This poor clerk, of whose fame as poet and songster this "Chronicle of Limburg" has spoken, was just such a leper, and he sat desolate in the solitude of his sorrow, while all Germany, joyful and exultant, sang and piped his songs. Many a time in the mournful visions of my nights I see before me the poor clerk of "The Chronicle of Limburg," my brother in Apollo, and his sad suffering eyes stare strangely at me from under his hood; but at the same moment he seems to vanish, and clanging through the distance, like the echo of a dream, I hear the sharp rattle of the Lazarus-clapper.

Another idea that often occurs in Heine is the palm as a symbol of the ideal, which alone can meet the unsatisfied aspirations of the soul. His love for the palm, indeed, may be regarded as indicative of his race. He is in this thoroughly Jew-like—Oriental. He is as one who hath dreamed sweet dreams under the palm at noonday, and the impression of delight never fades from the imagination. "Under the palm" is for him reconciliation—repose; distance is annihilated; the Orient, with its rich colour and glow, is no longer unattainable, since it is easily reached through the doorway of dreams. "Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam" is perhaps the most effective utterance of this aspiration:—

There sleeps a lonely fir tree
'Mid the cold of a northern height,
And the ice and snow around it
Cast a coverlet of white.

Of a palm it still is dreaming
Afar in the orient land,
That on a burning hill-side
Doth lone and silent stand.[1]

That is all. The two points—the cold reality and the warm sunny ideal—are brought into association, and the imagination confesses that it is sufficient.

At the close of that exquisite lyric titled "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges," in which he summons his love to the land of the sun—where the lotus waits the coming of its sisterling, and the timid

[1] Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam
Im Norden auf kahler Höh',
Ihn schläfert; mit weisser Decke,
Umhüllen ihn Eis und Schnee.

Er träumt von einer Palme,
Die fern im Morgenland
Einsam und schweigend trauert,
Auf brennender Felsenwand,

gazelle, light of foot, bounds through the trees—for the full fruition of the love-dream we have this stanza :—

There will we, softly sinking
  Beneath the palm-tree's shade,
Of love and sweet peace drinking,
  Dream dreams that will not fade.[1]

And in that pathetic posthumous piece, which doubtless was written near the close, and not published till thirteen years after Heine's death, we have the same suggestion of the palm which had haunted him in his earlier days :—

Where will end my weary journey—
  What last resting-place be mine?
Under tropic palm-trees' shadow—
  Under lindens by the Rhine?

Shall I lie in some far desert,
  Laid to rest by stranger hand?
Shall I sleep upon a barren
  Sea-shore, underneath the sand?

What care I? since God's fair heaven
  Will be o'er me there as here;
And the stars, like death-lamps swaying,
  Through the night will shine as clear.[2]

And this is but a versified edition of what he had already given with such touching grace in prose, in the fourth book of "Das Buch le Grand" :—

The great pulse of nature finds a response in my breast, and when I shout for joy, I am answered by a thousandfold echo. I hear a thousand nightingales; spring hath sent them to waken the earth from her morning slumber, and the earth trembles for joy; her flowers are the hymns with which, in her inspiration, she greets the sun. The sun moves all too slowly, and I yearn to whip her fire-horses to a wilder career. But when he sinks hissing into the sea, and night arises with her longing eye, oh, then voluptuous joy quivers through me; the evening breezes play about my beating heart like fondling maidens, and the stars beckon me, and I arise and soar forth over the little earth and the little thoughts of man.

But a day will come when the fire in my veins will be burnt out; then winter will dwell in my breast; her white flakes will cluster sparsely round my forehead,

---

[1] Dort wollen wir niedersinken
Unter dem Palmenbaum,
Und Lieb' und Ruhe trinken,
Und träumen seligen Traum.

[2] In this case I have availed myself of the admirable version of my friend Mr. J. Snodgrass, jun. It appears in his "Wit, Wisdom, and Pathos from the Writings of Heinrich Heine."

and his mists bedim my eyes. In mouldy tombs my friends are lying; I alone am left behind, like a solitary stalk forgotten by the reaper. A new race has blossomed into life, with new wishes and new thoughts. Full of surprise, I hear new names and new songs; the old ones are forgotten, and I too am forgotten, honoured by few, despised by many, but loved by none! And rosy-cheeked children run to me and press into my trembling hands the old harp, and say unto me with laughter, "Thou hast been long time silent, lazy greybeard; sing again to us the songs of the dreams of thy youth." Then I take the harp, and old joys and old sorrows re-awaken; the mists are dissolved, tears flow once more from my dead eyes, it is spring-time again in my heart; I see again the blue stream, and the marble palaces, and the fair matron and maiden faces; and I sing a song of the flowers of Brenta. It will be my last song; the stars look upon me as in the nights of my youth; the enamoured moonlight again kisses my cheeks; the spirit choir of the dead nightingales warbles from out the distance; sleep-drunk, my eyelids close, my soul dies away with the tones of my harp; sweet odours are exhaled from the flowers of Brenta.

A tree will overshadow my grave. I had wished a palm, but it grows not in our cold north. Let it be a linden, and of summer evenings lovers will sit and caress beneath it. The greenfinch, listening from amid the swaying branches, is silent, and my linden murmurs in sympathetic manner over the heads of the lovers who are so happy that they have not time even to read the writing on my white gravestone. But afterwards, when the lover has lost his maiden, then will he to the well-known linden and sigh and weep, and look long and often upon the gravestone, and read thereon the writing—"He loved the flowers of Brenta."

And Heine either could borrow an idea boldly, or else, sometimes, he was original too late. In Mr. Snodgrass's admirable volume, we find him giving, at p. 209, the axiom, "Against stupidity the gods themselves combat in vain" ("Gegen die Dummheit kämpfen die Götter selbst vergebens"); but if Heine was not then consciously quoting without acknowledgment, how chagrined he—even he—must have been, on turning over, some day, the pages of Schiller's "Jungfrau von Orleans," to come on this line in one of the speeches of Talbot: "Mit der Dummheit kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens." Verily, 'tis hard to be original; and from this little coincidence the honest struggler in literature may indeed take heart.

ALEX. H. JAPP.

NIGHTMARE.

ONE of the most disagreeable sensations to which the flesh is heir is popularly styled nightmare. Indeed, there are few persons who have not, at some time or other, experienced that terrible feeling of suffocation or oppression which has rendered them absolutely powerless, when apparently awake, to resist the attack of some malevolent spectre or threatening foe, or to escape from some imminent danger. In spite of every effort and struggle, the victims of such delusive fancies have been obliged to remain completely passive—even their very tongue, for the time being, refusing to assist them in their cry for help. Thus, by way of illustration, it may be remembered how a patient of Galen felt the cold sensation of a marble statue having been put into bed with him, and how Conrad Gesner fancied that he had been stung in the left breast by a serpent. It is impossible, moreover, to say how many of those weird and thrilling ghost-stories which credulous mortals would have us credit may be attributed to the same cause—the dreamer when in this condition imagining himself not asleep, a delusion which even on awaking he oftentimes cannot discard. It is not surprising, therefore, that this highly unpleasant disturber of our night's slumbers should have been invested with a most extensive folk-lore, and given rise both in this and other countries to a variety of curious traditions, a brief survey of which it is proposed to give in the present paper.

In the first place, then, it may be noted that many of the superstitious beliefs attached to nightmare are distinct survivals of those primitive efforts which were made by our early forefathers to account for the various phenomena which confronted them in their daily life. Fully cognisant of the difficulties with which these were beset, they nevertheless assigned theories for their elucidation; and however unscientific and childish these may appear to us in this advanced age, yet it must be remembered that knowledge was then limited, and man had not reached that state of civilisation which, by a gradual process of evolution, has unveiled to us at the present day the meaning of many of those problems which relate to human life. In dealing, therefore, with the origin and history of those eccentric

notions and odd legends with which nightmare has been surrounded, we must recognise them as so many attempts made from time to time to unravel and explain the cause of this nocturnal intruder.

Referring to the term nightmare, it must not be supposed that it has any reference to the horse, the *mare* meaning spirit, elf, or nymph.[1] Thus, in Germany, the nightmare, or "night-hag," is popularly known as the "alp," *i.e.* elf. Among, too, its provincial names is "mahrt," or "mahr," different forms of a word which has no relation whatever to the equine species,[2] but is identical with the Sanscrit marut. We may also compare the expression with the Anglo-Saxon "wudumœre" (wood-mare), which is equivalent to "echo." Indeed, as soon as we recognise the true meaning of nightmare as meaning a "night-spirit," or "night-elf," we have the key to the right interpretation of many of those otherwise obscure superstitions and legends which in such large numbers have interwoven themselves around this curious phenomenon. Thus the once popular theory, to account for this painful derangement oftentimes of the digestive organs, was founded on the notion that certain female demons were in the habit of coming at night-time and tormenting men and women by crouching on their chests and stopping their respiration.[3] As, too, these fiends were supposed to be gifted with supernatural qualities—being able, like Proteus of old, to change themselves in an instant into various forms—they eluded the recognition of their victims, and in their disguised shape practised with comparative ease their mischievous tricks.[4] Hence, however anxious any one might be to discover and frustrate the influence of such an unwelcome trespasser, it was generally of little avail, as the unfortunate sufferer was nearly always overmatched by the insidious craftiness of his midnight foe. It is, too, interesting to note that at the present day in many parts of Germany we find this explanation given to account for the nightmare; and, as we shall have occasion to show, the peasantry still practise sundry charms and incantations to ward off any interference on the part of these imaginary beings.

Among these, one of the forms in which the nightmare has been supposed to make its way at night into the chamber of slumber is in that of a cat. Thus, we are told of a joiner in Bühl who was much plagued with the nightmare, and night after night was subjected to the most unmerciful treatment at its hands. At last, however, he

[1] See Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, 1873, ii. 189.
[2] Kelly's *Indo-European Folk-Lore*, 1863, 240.
[3] Fiske's *Myths and Myth-makers*, 1873, 91.
[4] See Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, 1849, iii. 279–280.

saw his foe secretly steal into his room in the form of a cat, about midnight. Having stopped up, first of all, the hole through which it had made its entry, he next proceeded to catch the animal, and to make its capture a complete certainty he nailed it by one paw to the floor. On awaking, however, in the morning, much to his surprise and alarm, he discovered in the place of the cat a beautiful young woman with a nail driven through her hand. Attracted by her charms, he married her, and in process of time they had three children. One day, however, he uncovered the hole which he had stopped up, when, much to his dismay and consternation, she instantly resumed the shape of a cat, and escaped through it never to return again. Stories, indeed, of this kind are very extensive, and under various forms are found scattered here and there in different parts of the Continent.[1] The cat, also, it may be remembered, has from time immemorial been one of the most favourite forms which the witch tribe is fond of assuming.[2] On this account, in years gone by, it was subjected to every kind of ill-treatment at the hands of the ignorant and superstitious classes; and among the cruel usages to which it was exposed may be mentioned the following, which is alluded to by Shakespeare in "Much Ado About Nothing" (act i. sc. 1), where Benedick says:—

> Hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me.

It appears that the poor animal was enclosed in a cask with a quantity of soot, suspended on a line, and the person who was clever enough to knock out the bottom of the cask as he ran under it, and yet escape its contents, was considered the hero of the game. Referring, however, to the many stories in which witches have disguised themselves as cats to carry out their fiendish designs, may be noticed the following one:—A woodman out working in the forest has his dinner every day stolen by a cat, when at last, exasperated at the continued repetition of the theft, he lies in wait for the aggressor, and succeeds in cutting off his paw, when, lo, on his return home, he finds his wife minus a hand.[3] Again, an honest Yorkshireman, who fed pigs, often lost his young ones. On applying to a certain wise woman, he was informed that they were bewitched by an old woman who had lived near. The owner of the pigs, remembering that he had often seen a cat prowling about his yard, decided that this was the old woman in disguise. He accordingly watched for her, and as soon

[1] See Thorpe's *Northern Mythology*, 1851, ii. 32–35.
[2] See Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, 1849, iii. 7, 38–39.
[3] Sternberg's *Dialect and Folk-Lore of Northamptonshire*, 1879, 206.

as she made her appearance flung at her a poker with all his might. The cat instantly disappeared, but, curiously enough, the poor old woman in question that night fell and broke her leg. This was considered as conclusive that she was the witch who had simulated the form of a cat. To quote one further example, we are told that witches are adepts in the art of brewing, and therefore fond of tasting what their neighbours brew. On these occasions they generally masquerade as cats, and what they steal they consume on the spot. There was a countryman whose beer was all drunk up by night whenever he brewed, so that he finally resolved for once to sit up all night and watch. As he was standing by his brewing-pan, a number of cats made their appearance, and calling them to him he said, "Come, puss, puss, come, warm you a bit." Thereupon they formed themselves in a circle round the fire as if to warm themselves. After a time he asked them if the water was hot. "Just on the boil," they replied. And as he spoke he dipped his long-handled pail into the wort and soused the whole company with it. They all vanished at once, but on the following day his wife had a terribly scalded face, which was of itself sufficient evidence to convince him who it was that had always drunk his beer.[1] This story is widely prevalent, and is current among the Flemish-speaking natives of Belgium. In the majority of these stories the sequel is much the same as in that of the joiner of Bühl; the injury done to the witch-animal being apparent on the witch resuming again her accustomed form. Thus, to give a further example, in a village near Riesenburg, in East Prussia, there was a girl who, unknown to herself, was every night transformed into a black cat. In the morning she generally felt exhausted as after a heavy dream; but the fact was that in her transformed state she was in the habit of visiting her betrothed lover, whom she scratched and tormented. One night, however, he caught the cat and tied it up in a sack, in which on the following morning he found, instead of the cat, his lady-love.

Again, the nightmare is also supposed to make its appearance occasionally in the form of a toad; which is one reason, no doubt, why there is such a deep antipathy to this harmless animal. Thus one of our master bards has likened the evil spirit, it may be remembered, to a toad, as a semblance of all that is devilish and disagreeable:—

> Him they found,
> Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
> Assaying with all his devilish art to reach
> The organs of her fancy.

[1] Thorpe's *Northern Mythology*, iii. 32.

It stands, too, as one of the horrible ingredients of the witches' cauldron in "Macbeth":—

> Toad that, under coldest stone,
> Days and nights hast thirty-one;
> Sweltered venom sleeping got,
> Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

Among the tales also told of witches assuming the form of a toad we may quote the following.[1] Towards the close of the sixteenth century, a peasant residing in West Flanders had a quarrel with the landlady of the ale-house in which he had been drinking, when at last she uttered this threat: "For this thou shalt not reach home to-night, or I'll never come back." Accordingly, when he went down to the canal and got into his boat, he could not, in spite of all his exertions, move it from the shore. In his difficulties he called to three soldiers who chanced to be passing, and asked them to come and help him. They did so, but to no purpose, until one of them proposed to throw out some things which were lying at the bottom of the boat. As soon as these had been removed, they discovered an enormous toad, with eyes like glowing coals, which one of the soldiers lost no time in stabbing through the body and flinging into the water. They now tried again to remove the boat, and as it glided off without any further trouble the peasant was so pleased that he took the soldiers back to the ale-house for some refreshment. On asking, however, for the landlady, they were told that she was at the point of death, from wounds which could not be accounted for, as she had not left the house. The peasant then hastened to the magistrate, to whom he related the whole affair, from which it was clearly evident that the toad was no other than the hostess, who had assumed the form of that reptile for the purpose of preventing the man from returning home.

Sometimes, too, the nightmare appears as a mouse or a weasel, yet never as a horse or a mare.[2] Curious to say, an absurd blunder has been perpetrated by Fuseli, the Royal Academician, in his celebrated picture of the "Nightmare," in which he represents the fiend in equine form bestriding his unhappy victim.[3] But one, however, of the most popular notions is that it is a demon or fiend, who takes advantage of the hours of darkness, when special licence is supposed to be given to beings of the ghostly world to take their walks abroad—to ride through benighted districts, in order either to throttle some snoring peasant, or to make itself actually present in

[1] Thorpe's *Northern Mythology*, iii. 278.
[2] Kelly's *Indo-European Folk-Lore*, 240.
[3] Hardwick's *Traditions, Superstitions, and Folk-Lore*, 1872, 185.

his dreams, and thereby intensify their grim reality.[1] Indeed, this idea is found even among savage tribes, and may be traced back to a very remote period. Thus, by way of example, we are told how the North American Indians, after a night of debauchery and excessive feasting, are said to be visited by nocturnal visitors of a not very agreeable kind, who with threatening gestures scare their sleeping victims. Again, the Caribs, when subjected to hideous dreams, often on awakening have declared that the demon Maboya has ill-treated and beaten them in their sleep, affirming that they could even still feel the effects of his rough treatment. Hence, in the early days of Christianity, the idea found favour in many eyes that the demon of nightmare was one of the means which Satan employed for molesting and seducing human souls.[2] Persons, therefore, whose slumbers had been broken by impure and unholy dreams were believed to have been unconsciously under the influence of Satan's sway, and to have indulged in sinful desires and inclinations. Among the many tales which illustrate the theory of the nightmare as being a demon, we may briefly relate a Netherlandish one which is a fair example of others of a similar kind. Two young men were in love with the same lady. One of them being tormented every night by a nightmare, sought advice from his rival, who took advantage of his act of confidence, and gave him the subjoined piece of treacherous advice: "Hold a sharp knife with the point towards your breast, and you'll never see the Mara again." His comrade thanked him, but on retiring to rest he thought it as well to be on the safe side, and so held the knife handle downwards. Consequently, when at midnight the Mara made her accustomed visit, instead of forcing the knife into his breast she cut herself badly, and escaped from the room making a terrible noise.[3] The legend unfortunately does not tell us the issue of this tragic affair, but we can only hope that the young man revenged himself on his false and malicious rival by promptly marrying the young lady.

Again, closely associated with the nightmare may be noticed another variety of this nocturnal demon known as the vampire. Inasmuch as certain patients, remarks Mr. Tylor,[4] are seen becoming day by day thin, weak, and bloodless, without any apparent cause, it has been suggested that there are a certain class of demons which eat out the souls or hearts or suck the blood of their victims. These

[1] See Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, ii. 189.
[2] See Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, 1839, 127.
[3] Fiske's *Myths and Myth-makers*, 93.
[4] *Primitive Culture*, ii. 191–192.

cruel beings, according to certain primitive theories, "come by night to men, sit upon their breasts, and suck their blood; while others affirm it is only children's blood they suck, they being to grown people mere nightmares." The Polynesians, it would seem, had a similar idea, believing that departed souls quitted their graves to creep by night into neighbouring houses, where they devoured the heart and entrails of the sleepers, who were supposed to die from the effects.[1] Another explanation, whereby the mysterious nature of the nightmare has been accounted for, is that given in Germany. Thus, when seven boys or girls are born in succession, one among them is said to be a nightmare, who visits those sleeping and in various ways oppresses and torments them. Mr. Thorpe[2] relates a German tradition which tells how a man chose such a nightmare for his wife without knowing it. He soon, however, discovered that, when he was asleep, she was in the habit of disappearing from his room. One night, therefore, he kept awake for some time in order to watch her movements—having previously taken the precaution of bolting the door. His patience was at last rewarded, for he saw her rise from the bed, and, making her way to the door, slip through the hole for the strap by which the latch was lifted up. After being absent some time she returned by the way she went. On the following day he stopped up the opening in the door, and thus, as he thought, had succeeded in breaking his wife of going on these midnight wanderings, seeing that she did not leave him again. When a considerable time had elapsed, the man drew out the peg, in order to use the latch again; but on the following morning his wife was missing, and, much to his distress, she never returned again. In the same way, too, the nightmare in the form of a beautiful damsel occasionally becomes the wife of some one to whom she takes a violent fancy—vanishing on being recognised. There is a well-known monkish tale of a pious knight who, whilst journeying one day through the forest, found a charming lady tied to a tree, her back covered with gashes, the result of a severe flogging which she had received from some bandits. Of course, says Mr. Fiske,[3] who relates this romantic tale, he took her home to his castle and married her. For a time they were exceedingly happy, and nothing marred the serenity of their home. In accordance with his accustomed rule, the knight went to mass every Sunday, and was greatly annoyed when he found that his wife

[1] J. R. Forster, *Observations during Voyage round World*, 543. See Hardwick's *Traditions, Superstitions, and Folk-Lore*, 1872, 232.

[2] *Northern Mythology*, iii. 29. [3] *Myths and Myth-makers*, 94.

would never stay to assist in the *Credo*, but walked out of the church just as the choir struck up. This conduct went on for some time, when one Sunday he was so angry at what he considered his wife's irreverence that, just as she was rising to leave the church, he seized her by the arm and demanded an explanation. In an instant a change came over her, and her dark eyes gleamed with weird, unearthly beauty. All eyes were quickly on the knight and his lady; and, on the former shouting, "In God's name, tell me what thou art," the bodily form of the latter "melted away, and was seen no more, whilst, with a cry of anguish and of terror, an evil spirit of monstrous form rose from the ground, clave the chapel roof asunder, and disappeared in the air." On the Continent we find numerous stories of the same kind, but the one just quoted is a fair specimen, containing a good illustration of the supernatural element.

These, then, are some of the principal myths and traditions which, in the course of years, have gradually interwoven themselves round the Mara or nightmare—the leading idea being that of a fiend who, clothed in various forms, sits upon the sleeper's bosom and hinders respiration. Many of these legends, too, have evidently come down to us from a very early period, and may be considered as indisputable relics of Aryan mythology, having taken their rise at a time when our primitive ancestors were accustomed to attribute the then inexplicable phenomena of life that surrounded them to supernatural causes. Although, indeed, happily we no longer labour under the disadvantages of undeveloped knowledge, nor live in an age when we can barely catch glimpses of those truths which science, after long and patient research, has evolved for us from the twilight of the world's dark ignorance and made palpable to all, yet the records of primitive culture still survive in our midst, and only too often we find superstition peeping up where we should least expect to find it. Thus, at the present day in Germany it is difficult to persuade the peasant that the imaginary phantom which disturbs his rest is almost purely the result of indigestion, and not, as he fancies, in any way attributable to supernatural causes. Before speaking of some of the charms practised for counteracting the nightmare, we may just note in passing that it has been suggested that the term "nightmare" in some instances may have been applied to a witch transformed into a mare by means of a magic bridle, and ridden, says Mr. Hardwick,[1] with great violence by the very party at whose bedside she had previously metamorphosed into a steed, on the back of which she had galloped to the witches' revel. If the man-

[1] *Traditions, Superstitions, and Folk-Lore*, 185.

horse contrived to slip off the bridle, and throw it over the witch's head, she immediately became transformed into a mare, and was frequently, according to popular belief, subjected to much harsh usage. Referring, also, to the origin of the nightmare, it is supposed to be descended from the Aryan "Maruts," the "Couriers of the Air," who rode the winds in the "wild hunt," "headed by Odin or the renowned spectre horseman of mediæval legends." Mr. Kelly[1] remarks:—"These riders, in all other respects identical with the Mahrts, are in some parts of Germany called Walriderske, *i.e.* Valkyrs. In some of the tales told of them, they still retain their old divine nature; in others they are brought down to the common level of mere earthly witches. If they ride now in stables, without locomotion, it is because they swept of old through the air on their divine coursers. Now they steal by night to the beds of hinds and churls, but there was a time when they descended from Valhalla to conceive, in the embrace of a mortal, the demi-god whom they afterwards accompanied to the battlefield, to bear him thence to the hall of Odin."

Among the charms in use as a preservative against nightmare may be mentioned the coal-rake. Not very long ago, at the West Riding Court, at Bradford, in a case of a husband and wife having quarrelled, the woman stated that the reason why she kept a coal-rake in her bedroom was that she suffered from nightmare, and had been informed that the rake would keep it away. Lluellin (1679), referring to the power of coral over the nightmare, has the following:

> Some the nightmare hath prest,
> With that weight on their breast,
> No returnes of their breath can passe;
> But to us the tale is addle,
> We can take off our saddle,
> And turn out the nightmare to grasse.

Hence, it has been suggested, arose the popularity for children to wear coral beads, a practice which extensively prevails even at the present day. Aubrey, in his "Miscellanies," mentions a charm which is perhaps nowadays as popular as in his time. He says: "To hinder the nightmare, they hang in a string a flint with a hole in it by the manger, but best of all, they say, hung about their necks, and a flint will do that hath not a hole in it. It is to prevent the nightmare, viz. the hag, from riding their horses, who will sometimes sweat at night. The flint thus hung does hinder it." In Lancashire the peasantry fancy that the nightmare appears in the form of a dog, and in order to frustrate its influence they place their shoes under

[1] Kelly's *Indo-European Folk-Lore*, 241.

the bed, with the toe upwards, on retiring to rest. Herrick, again, in his "Hesperides," gives the following advice :—

> Hang up hooks and shears to scare
> Hence the hag that rides the mare.
> Till they be all over wet
> With the mire and the sweat ;
> This observed, the manes shall be
> Of your horses all knot-free.

The mistletoe is a popular charm, and when hung over the bed is said to ward off the nightmare. Hence, in certain parts of Germany, one of the popular names for this plant is "marreutaken," *i.e.* "mare-branches." Alluding to German superstitions on this point, we are told that a powerful remedy against the pressure of the nightmare is to cross the arms and legs before going to sleep. Thunderstones are also considered a good remedy, and some persons place them at their doors. A piece of German folk-lore further tells us that in the pines, branches are often found quite curled together, having almost the appearance of nests.[1] When it rains, persons should be careful not to pass under such branches, for whoever is touched with a raindrop from one of these nests will, in the course of the night, be oppressed with the nightmare. Once more : In days gone it appears that there were numerous incantations addressed to saints, much used by the superstitious, an allusion to which we find in Cartwright's play of "The Ordinary" (act iii. sc. 1) :—

> Saint Francis, and Saint Benedight,
> Blesse this house from wicked wight,
> From the Nightmare and the Goblin,
> That is hight good fellow Robin.
> Keep it from all evil spirits,
> Fayries, weezels, rats, and ferrets,
> From Curfew time
> To the next prime.

This was, no doubt, intended to be satirical—a parody on those which were genuine. Should, however, any of these charms or incantations fail in the desired effect, as a last resource the sign of the cross was generally considered efficacious. Lastly, according to a German idea which is not unknown in our own country, the nightmare creeps up the body of the sleeper. The weight is first felt on the feet, then on the stomach, and finally on the breast, when the sufferer, completely overpowered, can no longer move a limb.

T. F. THISELTON DYER.

[1] See Thorpe's *Northern Mythology*, iii. 154.

THE LIBRARY.

NO room in the most gorgeous of houses, whose ceilings are painted by Verrio and the furniture shaped by the skilful hands of Sheraton and Chippendale, is half so dear to the scholar as the library, albeit it may be given over to the moth and spider, and hung with the faded leather hangings of our grandsires. In the library he converses with his own kith and kin. It need not be a large room; perhaps in some respects it is better if small. When Socrates was asked why he had built himself so small a house, he replied, "Small as it is, I wish I could fill it with friends." But a library has generally an awkward fashion, after twenty years have somewhat dimmed its master's eye and left their snows on his hair, of requiring enlargement. Like an eastern monarch, it is apt to destroy its nearest neighbours as pretenders to the throne; so a passage is taken in, or a store-room added, and filled with shelves; and in another ten years perhaps, if its possessor be spared to see it, or, if not, should he leave a son blessed with his own tastes, there certainly comes a time when the groaning shelves, in spite of all devices of weeding out and transplanting their flowers of literature, must absolutely be removed elsewhere from a place which has become too strait for their contents. And then the book-lover is brought face to face with the question of a new library, and may please himself and incorporate into his design the newest theories of the Library Association. Happy he who can build his own library! His felicity is only augmented should he possess a large collection of rarities, chosen by himself, to place in it!

The Greek *βιβλιοθήκη*, like our word library, possessed the double sense of a place where books were kept as well as the books themselves. The collections of Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, and Pisistratus (to whom we owe the codifying, so to speak, of Homer), were celebrated in the Greek world. It is curious to find that in Athens, during its palmy days, private persons, if votaries of the Muses, had their own libraries. Cicero, Lucullus, and the scholars of their age at Rome also prided themselves on their private libraries, and bibliomaniacs existed in sufficient numbers for Seneca

to satirise them in the later days of the republic. These bibliophiles were many of them as ignorant of their treasures as the modern "new man" who furnishes a library at so much per yard, and the still more vacuous Crœsus who ordered his bookseller to send him "a copy of the next book which Mr. Shakespeare published." Busts and ornaments naturally rendered the Roman libraries attractive to their owners. A library, or rather what we should call a book-closet, was found in Herculaneum. It was so small that a person by stretching out his arms could touch either side of it. Cases containing books in rolls, and numbered, ran round the room.[1] It is often considered surprising that many copies of well-known books existed, and could be procured from the Sosii of the day at most reasonable rates; but Romans, of any literary pretensions, had slaves at work in their villas employed as copyists, and Merivale shows that numerous copies of a book could be made from dictation at a speedy rate and very low expense. This consideration lessens the marvellous character of the enormous library of the Ptolemies at Alexandria, or that of Eumenes. Very different to the copying-room of a Roman villa in its silence and the earnestness of the scribes was the *scriptorium* of the monasteries. The usual errors of 'itacisms' and the like were still repeated in the copies of MSS. made in these establishments, but they were now due to the copyist's defective glance rather than his faulty ear. Much as we should like to linger among the purple and golden floriated missals in these *scriptoria*, where the lamp of literature burnt dimly amid surrounding darkness, it is to the modern library rather that we must address ourselves.

Of libraries in private houses at present, as distinguished from mere book-rooms, most scholars must retain pleasing recollections. Some few are eminent either for their own charms, or from the intrinsic interest of the books which they enshrine. Here is one, for instance, belonging to a learned Q.C., but only containing books of general literature, his working collection being at his rooms in the Temple. Oak cases, six feet high, run round the moderate-sized room, each filled with richly bound treasures. The lawyer will have none of his friends in a ragged coat. We, on the contrary, frequently respect a good book the more because it wears an old brown calf cover, while several special favourites in our shelves are maimed veterans and dilapidated, worm-eaten pensioners. Nor could we do much work in such a library as this. Its arrangement is altogether too formal, and the books are marshalled too neatly. The back garden haunted by cats would still less predispose us to woo the

[1] Dr. Allen, in *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*, sub voc. 'Bibliotheca.'

Muses. Compare with it another which memory recalls ; a lengthy room looking upon a brilliant flower-garden, a terrace set with urns closing the pleasaunce, and then wild hills losing themselves in the purple west where the sun has just bidden farewell to Selkirkshire. The walls of this library are painted a subdued red colour. Shelves run round it littered, order in disorder, with a perfectly chosen collection of books for such a rural situation. A glance shows Mr. Van Voorst's series of the natural history of the kingdom, White of Selborne, Thoreau, Jefferies, the *Ibis* ; on this side are Ruskin's books, Tennyson, Carlyle, Shelley, the best of modern poetry and criticism ; Aldines and Elzevirs repose in that glass case. Folios run round the room on the lower shelves—the *Chronicle of Nuremberg*, *Ship of Fools*, *Hypnerotomachia*—such are some titles which at once catch the eye. And there are low tables and snug chairs, and wax-lights by the huge fireplace, and its mantel-shelf of carved black oak running up to the ceiling. Let us light the candles, close our eyes, take out a book at random (any one in this room will suit), and be sublimely happy. Most persons who use this library have tastes for natural history and the wild sports of our island strongly developed ; what more appropriate than to find the best books on the country, therefore, in its shelves? Here is a library of a very different stamp ; that of a poet, not unknown to fame. On the sixth or seventh story, under the fantastic tiles of a quaint modern Elizabethan house in a London Square, is a small room hung with a few excellent etchings of Dürer and the Little Masters. A huge Venetian chest occupies one side of the little snuggery, and an old carved oak coffer stands under a few shelves full of blue china. This is the poet's library, here

> apis Matinæ
> More modoque
> Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
> Plurimum,

he puts together his masterpieces. But where are the books? you ask. The owner of this curious book-room leaves his friends sitting by the old-fashioned table drinking Rhenish wine in Venetian goblets, and opens the oak-chest. It contains one or two of the classics, some Icelandic sagas, and a few curiosities of literature, but what gems are these! Here is a volume bound in crimson morocco, with the bees of De Thou stamped on the cover ; then comes one in faded green, with the letters C T on the side, showing that it belonged to the ill-fated Marie Antoinette ; and here, again, is a small folio bearing the arms of a yet more famous character, Madame de Pompadour.

Each book, in a word, carries a history in the binding or the stamps on it. Many of them are intrinsically valuable, but are rendered ten times more so by their associations. There is no reason why a dweller near the great Library at Bloomsbury should spend his substance and encumber his shelves with the ordinary works of reference, and those books which "no library should be without," as the booksellers say; therefore our friend wisely buys but little of modern literature, collecting a few volumes of a kind which must always gladden a book-lover, and which can easily be enshrined and preserved from the housemaid's sacrilegious touch in his coffer. How different is this modest yet most interesting library from that of the late President Routh, which first filled every sitting-room in the Master's Lodge at Magdalen, then ascended to the bedrooms, and finally overflowed from them, and permeated the passages, a noble collection worthy of that *helluo librorum*, its owner, who possessed 200 books not to be found in the Bodleian.

Speaking of books with an association reminds us of that most destructive craze of the present day, the collection of book-plates. We grieve to say that both a French and an English amateur have written so-called "Guides" to this infatuation. When a volume is picked up containing an interesting book-plate, the real book-lover prizes it all the more. It has reposed in such and such a library, and furnished smiles or touched the sacred spring of tears in such and such a character. But deliberately to cut out this distinctive mark and then fling aside the volume as useless, while many pains are spent in gumming the book-plate into an album, is a crime of the deepest dye in the republic of books. The childish practice can scarcely be stigmatized adequately by the valuer of books, inasmuch as it greatly depreciates a volume in the eyes of all posterity to be treated in this insensate manner. Far better let the eager collector of book-plates, if he has passed the age when postage-stamps give pleasure, devote his energies, as *Punch* suggested, to a collection of luggage-labels. This might please the *ex-libris* maniac (to use the hateful euphemism for book-plate stealers), and would injure no one. As it is, his baleful amusement is destructive, selfish, senile, nay anile, in its stupid recklessness. Truly, there is no end to the aberrations of the collecting mania. The tide may turn ere long, and a collection of the handles of porcelain cups or the marks in the bottom of china be highly esteemed by those who once cut out book-plates from their homes. A book-lover's malison is said!

While lingering over libraries of a distinctive character at the present day it is impossible to avoid a glance at the libraries of our

forefathers. Sir Roger de Coverley's, for instance, must have been somewhat meagre. Doubtless it contained the works of many a painful divine, with the dust of half a century reposing on them, save the few volumes in regular use with his chaplain. But then, what treasures of black-letter literature were probably thrust into some cupboard next spurs and corkscrews! The "Boke of St. Albans," and, perhaps, two or three Caxtons, with the First Folio of Shakespeare (1623), and, it might be, the first edition of "Comus" (1637), in a small quarto, with the now rare black-letter folio of Sir T. More's "Workes." Then the good knight would certainly have possessed Turberville's "Book of Falconrie," 1611, also in black-letter; and Jacques de Fouilloux on "Venerie," together with Cardan, Agrippa, and Paracelsus, which had descended to him from an ancestor who had once dabbled in mysticism and alchemy. Old-fashioned libraries of this kind were mostly dispersed at the beginning of this century, when the great book-collectors had somewhat apprised executors of their value. Another kind of library, not uncommon thirty years ago in many an old hall under its ancestral elms, consisted of a large collection of last-century romances which no one by any chance looked into in the present century, but which precluded the necessity of papering the room which held them. This so-called library was only used for smoking in and for holding guns and fishing-rods. Many an old country parson's library is still a curiosity of meagreness. It contains a few antiquated commentaries and several volumes of sermons, with a haphazard modern collection of agricultural, angling, shooting, or hunting books, according to the taste of its owner. The whole library may be worth a ten-pound note; but the room is useful to hold the parson's boots and fishing-tackle, and apples or onions may frequently be seen drying on the floor before the window. Few conditions of life are more deplorable than to be a scholar and a book-lover at a retired country parsonage not too richly endowed with glebe and tithes. There is probably no good county library within thirty miles of cross-roads; and even then impecuniosity prevents the parson from subscribing. The Cathedral library, it is true, is open to him, but it too may be half a county away, and opens its doors for a couple of hours, it may be, on the most awkward day of all the six for the country parson to visit it, while the regulations for the return of books are vexatious. Then, too, the books he most wishes for are sure to be conspicuously absent from its catalogue. Gradually he leaves it in disgust to the custodian and his moths and book-worms. Cambridge men are fortunately able to supply themselves with books from the University Library, which with commendable liberality

allows country members to borrow them and to keep them for a reasonable time. But the authorities of the Bodleian grant no such privilege to the non-resident M.A.s of the sister University. It was said, we know not with what reason, that the late librarian, Mr. Cox, was strenuously opposed to lending books to non-resident members; if so, a wise measure of reform in this point, coming from the new librarian, would be eagerly accepted by the expatriated scholars of the University, and would be more practically useful than that constant remodelling of examination statutes which seems to be the hobby of modern reformers. No one in his senses would wish black-letter rarities or copies of scarce books to be trusted to the tender mercies of railway porters and, worse still, country carriers; but a very large proportion of ordinary working books, particularly when duplicates are either already possessed or could readily be acquired, might well be utilised for transmission to members of the University sequestered in country rectories and the like. If abused, which is very unlikely, the privilege could easily be recalled. As it is, many faithful sons of Oxford are tempted to murmur at their Alma Mater for first imbuing them with a keen thirst for knowledge, and then hindering them from slaking it at the sacred spring of the Bodleian. Another misery of the country resident may be named, though it is clearly inseparable from the position of his parish: his difficulty of obtaining scarce or valuable books is extreme, even when he is blessed with a sufficient number of sesterces to tempt the Columns. The catalogue or sale list arrives at breakfast-time, and the bibliophile marks two or three books which might form the gems of his little library if only they were secured. So he writes, or even telegraphs at once, only to receive too often in due time the disappointing answer, "books already sold." Those who are on the spot, in book-buying as in everything else, possess an immeasurable advantage over the dweller in rural shades. It is true that he may find sermons in stones and books in the running brooks, and Wordsworth comforts him with the aphorism that "one impulse from the vernal wood" is worth a myriad of books. The eager seeker after Elzevirs or Aldines is not to be consoled in this guise. If he does enjoy the beauties of nature, he also knows full well what manifold disabilities he labours under compared with his town brother. Could Cracherode ever have brought together his glorious library, a gift worthy the nation's acceptance, had he not been free every morning to make the circuit of the booksellers' shops in Fleet Street? What likelihood would he have had of obtaining his Tyndall's New Testament on vellum, which had belonged to Anne Boleyn, or the Edinburgh

Terence, and a large-paper Cebes, which he carried in the two pockets of his coat in the last visit which he ever paid to Payne the bookseller's shop, had he resided on his estate in Hertfordshire—on which grew a remarkable chestnut tree, all only known to him by an etching—instead of in Queen's Square?

But the library of the middle-class, say of a well-to-do tradesman in a provincial town, is perhaps more deplorable than the average country parson's. On the top of a small chiffonier, in which his spirits and tobacco are kept, lie half a score of volumes and a few crumpled newspapers. Among the former, besides a cheap County Directory, are perhaps a shilling copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a Ready-Reckoner, a couple of Dickens's novels, and an odd volume of South's Sermons. In any case, the intellectual fare is sufficiently meagre and unappetising. It may be replied that the owner of this collection of books belongs to a mechanics' institute, and in all probability obtains through it a varied choice of literature. At too many of these institutions we fear the newspaper table is more attractive than the shelves, to most readers; while, save in recent or rate-established libraries, the shelves themselves contain literary fodder of a more or less musty character, sweepings from neighbouring squires' libraries, the popular books of ten years ago purchased at a large reduction from Mudie, and the like; and when there are standard books, these are too often in wretched editions. Descending a step lower, the library of the well-to-do daily labourer of the country possesses a marked individuality. A folio copy of an illustrated Bible, taken in parts, each embellished with a couple of engravings of a very portentous character, occupies, fitly enough, the place of honour under the corner cupboard of china. It has cost its possessor three times its value, each part having been purchased at full price and with ready money from the enterprising booksellers' agents who still perambulate country districts, and the book having then been expensively bound by the highest attainable talent at the neighbouring town with a solidity and absence of taste amazing to any one unacquainted with the Philistinism of country booksellers. Next it invariably comes a translation of Josephus in one volume, with vile engravings, and print which would necessitate an immediate visit to an oculist were any ordinary book-lover to read a page of it. Josephus has fallen upon evil days, and, being somewhat discredited by scholars, has curiously enough been chosen by the booksellers as the most valuable of authorities, to be reprinted in many forms and shapes, and be implicitly accepted by every cottager as a faithful commentator on and expounder of Biblical history. Thus he perhaps,

amongst all profane authors, comes nearest the ideal of Comtist felicity; being regarded by an enormous *clientèle* as the most valuable of the classics, and an inspired author only just, if at all, inferior to the writers of the Bible. Beside Josephus lies a pile of books in old brown calf bindings, more or less tattered. Inspection shows them to be an old spelling-book, a manual of family prayer, Old Moore's Almanac, a "Pious Parishioner," and perhaps a treatise on farriery with one of its covers torn off. It is useless for the most ardent book-collector to look for rarities on the tradesman's shelf of tawdry gilt cloth and magenta-coloured volumes. In the modest russet-clad handful of books belonging to the cottager, a curious book may sometimes be picked up, which has descended from father to son for some generations, or been obtained at the sale of a deceased clergyman's effects. Mr. Blades tells a story of this kind in his "Enemies of Books:" [1] how, in 1844, a wandering pedlar bought for waste-paper, at a penny a pound, no less a treasure than a copy of "The Boke of St. Albans." It had been turned out of the library at Thonock Hall along with rubbish, and, after some further vicissitudes, at length found its way to the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville.

Circumstances, if not fashion, have completely altered the idea of a library since the beginning of the century. Then it meant a well-chosen collection, more or less bulky and numerous, of standard literature, together with as many copies of rare books, especially black-letter volumes, as the purse of its owner could command. The library (or rather libraries) of Heber were of this character, and so, although much smaller in dimensions, was the excellent collection of Sir Walter Scott, which still furnishes one of the chief attractions of Abbotsford. This conception has gradually been modified; partly because black-letter tomes, and rarities of all kinds, have in these latter days become much rarer and more costly, owing to the more general diffusion of wealth and the excessive competition of American bibliophiles; partly because the necessity for such a complete list of standard authorities has vanished with the greater facilities for enjoying public libraries, and especially for working in the splendid reading-room of the national collection. Historic libraries, the pride of a county, such as those at Althorpe and Blenheim, together, in a lower degree, with smaller ancestral collections, are of course still kept up; [2] but as a general rule, the book-lover contents himself with a small but perfect library in its way of

[1] p. 48.

[2] Since these words were written, the dispersal of the Sunderland Collection has begun.

ordinary working books, histories, dictionaries, and the like; while for any book which is only occasionally required, he resorts to some institution or standard library. "In our modern times, as the industrious Bibliophile Jacob says, the fashion of book-collecting has changed; from the vast hall that it was, the library of the amateur has shrunk to a closet—to a mere book-case. Nothing but a neat article of furniture is needed now, where a great gallery or a long suite of rooms was once required. The book has become, as it were, a jewel, and is kept in a kind of jewel-case."[1] Pursuing this metaphor, the modern book-lover preserves his gems in an old oak chest, a quaint escritoire, in a few shelves, it may be, surrounded by the ordinary rank and file of a literary man's library. Mr. Lang recommends that these more precious and beautifully-bound treasures should be kept in a case with closely-fitting glass doors. The fashionable jeweller in "Lothair," who was so solicitous about the welfare of the countess's pearls, and used to rub them in the sunshine, and lay them to absorb it on a bank fronting south, could scarcely exceed this amateur's carefulness about these books of gem-like interest in their owner's eyes. "The shelves should be lined with velvet or chamois leather, that the delicate edges of the books may not suffer from contact with the wood. A leather lining, fitted to the back of the case, will also help to keep out humidity. Most writers recommend that the book-cases should be made of wood close in the grain, such as well-seasoned oak, or, for smaller tabernacles of literature, of mahogany, satin-wood lined with cedar, ebony, and so forth. These close-grained woods are less easily penetrated by insects, and it is fancied that book-worms dislike the aromatic scent of cedar, sandal-wood, and Russia leather."[2] But the scholar who not only prizes but also uses books must still be able to apply to himself Southey's lines:

> My days among the dead are past;
> Around me I behold,
> Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
> The mighty minds of old.

For such an one Mr. Lang has also sound advice; "in the open oak cases for modern authors and for books with common modern papers and bindings, in the closed *armoire* for books of rarity and price, he will find, we think, the most useful mode of arranging his treasures." In short, until late years a library meant a large room for holding many books, now it is more frequently a small room with a shrine devoted to a few rare books. In this method the march of

[1] *The Library*, by A. Lang, 1881 (Macmillan), p. 32.

[2] Ibid. p. 35.

civilisation enables a vast number of impecunious scholars, by pursuing that fascinating chase known as book-hunting, to enjoy in their measure all the transports that shake the soul of a millionaire bibliophile, such as the late Baron James de Rothschild, on whose shelves repose the choicest MSS. of Quaritch, the oldest monuments of the printing press which could be brought together by the diligent quest of a little army of agents from the dingy book-stalls of France and Germany. If book-collecting were useful for nothing else but to add to the sense of human happiness, this later development of the science, which brings its joys within the reach of all, is highly to be commended. "What an immense amount of calm renovation and mental enjoyment do those who are not book-lovers miss! Even a millionaire will add a hundred per cent. to his daily pleasures if he becomes a bibliophile, while to the man of business with a taste for books, who through the day has struggled with the battle of life with all its irritating rebuffs and anxieties, what a blessed season of pleasurable repose opens upon him as he enters his sanctum, where every article wafts to him a welcome, and every book is a personal friend." [1]

Turning once more to the room in which these choicest spoils of time are to rest, minute directions for its size and aspect are to be found by those who care for such details. We frankly confess ourselves of the number who love to see a fine collection of books suitably housed. And yet the subterranean library of the late Duke of Portland at Welbeck is not much to our mind, albeit 236 feet in length. Here a man could literally be buried in books. With Lord Bacon, our library should form part of a "princely palace," wherein would be a fair court, with turrets, stately galleries, "three or five fine cupolas," "fine coloured windows of several works," and "all three sides a double house, with thorough lights on the sides," that there may be rooms from the sun, both for forenoon and afternoon. "At both corners of the further side, by way of return, let there be two delicate or rich cabinets, daintily paved, richly hanged, glazed with crystalline glass, and a rich cupola in the midst, and all other elegancy that can be thought upon." [2] Somewhere amid this veritable Palace of Art, room should be found for the Library, with "inbowed windows, pretty retiring places for conferences, and which keep off both wind and sun." In it, according to one of our poets as fond of a library as was Southey—

[1] Blades, *The Enemies of Books*, p. 10.
[2] Lord Bacon's *Essay on Building*.

Selected shelves shall claim thy studious hours,
There shall thy ranging mind be fed on flowers;
There, while the shaded lamp's mild lustre streams,
Read ancient books, or dream-inspiring dreams;
And, when a sage's bust arrests thee there,
Pause, and his features with his thoughts compare;
Ah, most that art my grateful rapture calls,
Which breathes a soul into the silent walls![1]

In accordance with the above platform of a princely library, may be mentioned that at Newstead, which (if memory serves aright), looks, as here indicated, upon a fair court with a fountain in the centre. It is itself a long low room, well lit with "inbowed windows," where reading tables are placed, and in which perfect privacy can be found, while the great and good of the past are arranged in shelves all round, running up to the height of six feet from the floor. Busts and paintings fill up the space reaching to the ceiling, or at least should do so in our ideal library, while a few arms, a Japanese cabinet, an old English oak chest, and the like, will give homeliness and comfort, which may be still further secured by Persian rugs and the skins of feline monsters thrown on the polished oak floor, with abundance of candles, and writing materials disposed aptly in the deep window-spaces. Your bed-chamber, and also your library, says Vitruvius, should have an eastern aspect; *usus enim matutinum postulat lumen.* Not so the picture gallery, which requires a north light, *uti colores in ope, propter constantiam luminis, immutata permaneant qualitate.*"[2] Mr. Lang, indeed, thinks[3] directions about the aspect of a library antiquated, seeing that its owner now requires, or rather keeps, few but select books. To us, however, whether the apartment be small or large, a proper care for the greater preservation and more convenient use of its contents appears anything but useless. We do not agree, therefore, with him when he writes—"the adviser who would offer suggestions to the amateur, need scarcely write with Naudé and the old authorities about the size and due position of the library. He need hardly warn the builder to make the *salle* face the east, 'because the eastern winds, being warm and dry of their nature, greatly temper the air, fortify the senses, make subtle the humours,

[1] Rogers, *An Epistle to a Friend.* He quotes on the last two lines above: "Postea vero quam Tyrannis mihi libros disposuit, mens addita videtur meis ædibus."—CICERO.

[2] Rogers, *ut supra.*

[3] See *The Library*, p. 32. Macmillan, 1881. In a review of this book in the pages of *Notes and Queries* (6th S. iii. p. 499) the writer proceeds, "a library," Mr. Lang says, "may look east, west, or south"; we are tempted to add, "but it ought to look *north.*"

purify the spirits, preserve a healthy disposition of the whole body, and, to say all in one word, are most wholesome and salubrious.'" Nor are we minded to laugh at the counsels of Isidorus, quoted by the same writer, about the introduction of panels of green marble in order to refresh the eye. No minutiæ are below the notice of the scholar who is to spend most of his time in the library.

Among libraries interesting from associations, Abbotsford holds a high place, and yet, in spite of its valuable contents and the good work which its constructor did in it, it always strikes us as too circumscribed and gloomy. There should be room for fancy and invention to expand in a library, although straitness may better befit that inmost core, the working-room or cabinet, where its owner does most of his real literary work. We have lately seen a charming library built by the greatest architect of the day for a country house, whose owner is certainly not insensible to the delights of books. It stands on a broad terrace overlooking a flower garden, and so suffering the eye to glide over a fair expanse of meadow to a hill rising opposite, topped with a few bent pines; and it looks towards the sunset, which is after all perhaps the best English translation of the librarian of Mazarin's precise directions about the virtues of the east. These are calculated for another meridian than the bleak eastern outlook in England. The room itself is seventy feet long by twenty-five, and twenty-five feet to the wall-plate. It is lit by three huge oriel windows. A light cast-iron gallery runs round the other three sides, and gives admittance at the back to a delightful *sanctum sanctorum*, lighted with one small window, in which is inserted some fine old stained glass picked up on the Continent. When the books which are to fill this model room are in their places, and the railing of the gallery is furnished with moveable desks on which to rest books of reference, the ideal exemplar of a goodly library will have been translated into a reality, so far as relates to the shell which encloses so goodly a kernel.

Dismissing the books, which will vary infinitely according as the owner of such a princely room collects black-letter copies, tall folios, topography, classics, or simply rare and curious volumes, a few words may be devoted to the subject of binding. Here, as in everything else, the practice of the ancients will furnish a hint. The *umbilici* of their papyri were painted or ornamented with carving; the titles of these books written in ink of a red colour, and the rolls of papyrus kept in parchment cases stained of a yellow or purple colour. Gilding and colour are, we hold, essential to the back of a well-bound book. What style of binding is more useful

and at the same time more chaste than the dark yellow calf and gilt backs so dear to our grandfathers? Uniformity, however, we deprecate. Let here a cheerful glow of crimson morocco and gold brighten the backs of a favourite Plato, while Jeremy Taylor reposes next him in sombre theological calf. Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus* deserves a coat of white vellum with red edges, while a few *incunabula* may be suffered to reign in proud state in their own dusky calf. We quite agree with M. Ambrose Firmin Didot, who would clothe the Iliad in a full suit of red morocco and the Odyssey in one of blue, because the old Greek rhapsodists wore a scarlet cloak when they recited the Wrath of Achilles, a blue one when they sang the Return of Ulysses.[1] Here we should desiderate two or three such Groliers as delighted Cracherode—say for choice that special first edition of Homer which had belonged to Thuanus—while the neighbour shelf should rejoice, like another Atlas, to upbear the world of tasteful ornament which Roger Payne had bestowed upon a handful of choice volumes. These varying colours and styles of binding have each of them a history dear to their owner. He does not merely learn wisdom in an austere fashion by reading the insides of his books, but their outsides greet him as old friends; this one acquired at a celebrated auction, that one picked up on the *quais* of Paris, and yet another rescued from a marine store at Wapping; and all invite him by their grateful looks to enter upon closer companionship. He is no true lover of books who suffers his volumes to remain in yellow paper and blue boards. Would he like to see his wife, the very apple of his eye, go about a dowdy? And do not his books lie very near the heart of the true book-lover? For the same reason, he would think that he richly deserved the six months' hard labour which London magistrates deal out to brutal husbands who kick and jump upon their wives, could he bring himself to double up the backs of his books, set the leg of his chair upon their open pages to keep his place, tear out the fly-leaves to light his pipe, or simply throw them in a corner to save the trouble of putting them orderly on their shelves. The book-thief himself is a fine character compared with the detestable morals of such monsters. Yet how many men have to look sadly at some treasure thus maltreated by Grangerite, book-ghoul, or book-plate stealer! "As good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in

[1] Lang, *The Library*, p. 68.

the eye."[1] Let the collector's books then be both well dressed and well treated, that they may smile pleasantly from their several nooks at their master as he enters his library.

Every book-lover possesses some gem dear above his other treasures. Thus, her Most Gracious Majesty's library at Windsor contains the Mentz Psalter, the first book printed with a date, and that of 1457; the Althorpe library enshrines the celebrated Boccaccio, the object of such competition at the Roxburghe sale; and the like. Conceive the felicity of Steevens, who owned the Second Folio of Shakespeare, with autograph notes and alterations in the scenes made by Charles II.; or (to come nearer our own day) the satisfaction of David Laing when he acquired Queen Mary's Psalter! These are some of the raptures only known to lovers of a library. Against the foes who would by secret or violent means rob such book-lovers of their choicest possessions, Mr. Blades has written his amusing little volume "The Enemies of Books." Right craftily does he warn his readers of the wiles of book-worms and moths, the injuries wrought by damp and fire, and—worst, perhaps, of all—the thefts of housemaids. So strongly does he insist on the careful preservation of books from the destructive propensities of these harpies, that we had opined no maligner of the unappreciative race of womankind could exceed his invectives. Due regard to truth, however, compels us to declare that Mr. Lang is still more plain-spoken with regard to the sex, and in our opinion is amply justified in his diatribes, ungallant though they be. It is sadly true that too many women value a book solely for its binding. A worthless novel in a gaudy red cover, begilt with sprawling roses, far outweighs the sacredness of some small but stout treatise of the 17th century in that ragged leather covering so dear to the collector. We have known such precious little tomes dismissed to back settlements, burnt, sold for an old song, ruthlessly mangled, torn up and flung aside as useless frippery with all manner of contumely and insult by the womankind of some unsuspecting book-lover who had not placed his library under lock and key when that miserable craze for cleaning infatuates most women at the spring full moons. Then they rage worse than Mænads and Bacchantes among a scholar's books and papers. Dust and spiders are trifles compared with the invasion of housemaids' buckets and brushes. We would infinitely rather see these fell foes of books aided by book-worms to boot in our shelves than have the books they contain turned over to the tender mercies of cleaning. "Broadly speaking," says Mr. Lang,[2]

[1] Milton, *Areopagitica.*

[2] *The Library*, p. 61

"women detest the books which the collector desires and admires. First, they don't understand them; second, they are jealous of their mysterious charms; third, books cost money; and it really is a hard thing for a lady to see money expended on what seems a dingy old binding, or yellow paper scored with crabbed characters. Thus many married men are reduced to collecting Elzevirs, which go readily into the pocket, for you cannot smuggle a folio volume easily."

This and our other citations from Mr. Lang's charming little volume render much encomium of it unnecessary. It must not be regarded as an exhaustive guide to the building and furnishing of a library; indeed, the author seems somewhat to scorn these minutiæ. But for enthusiasm, knowledge, and happy anecdote the book is unrivalled among its kind. Where Lowndes and Dibdin are dull, it is pleasant and sparkling, a grateful book for the veteran book-collector, an indispensable one to the beginner. Mr. Austin Dobson's chapter on modern illustrated English books which is appended is excellent, and is illustrated with some of the dainty woodcuts which he commends. Perhaps these authors will think the highest praise of their work to be that every bibliophile, after reading it to the last page with delight, it may safely be asserted, will accord it a permanent place in the apartment from which it derives its name.

M. G. WATKINS.

MACCHIAVELLI'S "GOLDEN ASS."

THE Church of Santa Croce, says Byron in one of his letters, contains much illustrious nothing. There, in the Westminster Abbey of Italy, in the good society of Michael Angelo, Galileo, and Alfieri, lie the particles which have relapsed to chaos of the sublime Nicolo Macchiavelli. Doubt clings about him like a garment, and begins with the spelling of his name. Its orthography, like that of Shakespeare, is unsettled. Byron may be right in spelling it Niccolo Machiavelli, but he is certainly wrong in finding fault with his monument for containing no information about the time of his death. The *Obiit Anno A.P.V. MDXXVII.* is distinct. It was erected, according to one authority, by the Grand Duke Leopold ; according to another, by a certain Lord Nassau-Clavering Count Cowper. Such are the contradictions clustering about a man whose fate it seems was to be misunderstood. For two centuries and a half he was thought unworthy of any lapidary notice whose sepulchre now bears the line—

Tanto nomini nullum par elogium.

Up to the present period, nevertheless, that name has been oppressed by the weight of a popular *anathema maranatha*, and the able and devoted patriot, whose sweetest dream was the unity and liberty of his country, has been stigmatised as the laureate of cruelty and falsehood. It was, as Moore says, ever thus. Even in the age of Elizabeth we find two of his greatest contemporaries speaking of him in opposite terms. With Shakespeare he is all that is bad. The great poet but reflects the popular verdict when, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," mine host of the Garter Inn uses his name as the synonym of subtlety and fraud ; or again, when, in the third part of Henry VI., Gloucester talks of setting the murderous Machiavel to school. Bacon, on the other hand, thinks him worthy of all thanks and praise, and in his *De Augmentis* chronicles the debt due to him from mankind as one of those who have openly, and without dissimulation, shown us not what men ought to do, but what they do. With the character of Macchiavelli this paper is not concerned. Whether he wrote with the finger of Satan, as a church dignitary,

with more indignation than intelligence, affirmed, it does not consider; it is occupied only with one of his works.

Some sort of biography is, however, *de rigueur*, whether its author be regarded as a man or an artist, as a diplomatist or a poet. It is well to make it as short as may be. Nicolo Macchiavelli, or Macchiavegli, as his name was originally, perhaps—for in this matter of spelling all is uncertain—spelt, was born in Florence in 1469, and there "his earth returned to whence it rose." He is supposed to have died of despair or poison. This matter, like many another circumstance in his life's story, is, as Milton says, a "covered field," in which his biographers delight to combat. He was married, probably, from his novel of "Belphegor," unhappily, but this too is not sure, and had five children. He was of middle height, and his complexion was dark and adust as that of the hero of Cervantes. He was secretary of the ten magistrates of liberty and peace in the little republic of Florence for fifteen years, and so is commonly called the Florentine Secretary. He wrote official letters, registered the decrees of the executive, and was despatched on some five-and-twenty diplomatic matters, of which he has given a full account in his "Legations." He held, in fact, the supreme power in his native town. On the return of the Medici he was banished, and possibly tortured—another bone for biography. Certainly, he says in a letter to one of his friends, that it is a miracle he is alive, and that it is only God and his innocence that have saved him. He complains of the ills of imprisonment, but speaks in no explicit terms of torture. Compulsory leisure bore to him literary fruit, as it bore to Milton. The evil wind of exile, if it be an evil wind, blew him the good, if it be a good, of an immortal fame. His political labours left him little leisure for literary composition. He had written nothing, save a few poems and the "Legations." But in the first year of his banishment he composed for the world that celebrated work with which his name is chiefly associated, a work so often quoted and so seldom read, the celebrated "Prince," which has been held now a satire against tyrants, and now a manual of tyranny. The same year also produced his "Treatise on the Art of War." In the next he wrote his "Discourses on Livy," which, with "The Prince," form his two political *chefs d'œuvre*. These prove his right to the title of an illustrious statesman, as his Florentine histories to that of an eminent historian. But Nicolo Macchiavelli was an universal genius. He possessed an extraordinary flexibility of talent. Besides his works on politics, history, diplomacy, and war, he wrote several capital comedies, and a philosophic tale, not unworthy of Boccaccio, and admitted a model

of Italian prose. He also wrote some poems, among which that of the "Golden Ass" is pre-eminent. It lies among them, however, neglected and forgotten. Those of the Italian critics who have noticed it, have spoken of it, almost without exception, in terms of fervent praise. Macaulay calls it "not altogether destitute of merit," allows it considerable ingenuity in its allegory and some vivid colouring in its descriptions, but there an end. To damn with faint praise, just hint a fault and hesitate dislike, was not the exclusive province of Addison. Macchiavelli cannot, indeed, be placed as a poet in the first rank either with Dante or with Ariosto. Like Cervantes or Muhammad, he was fond of poetry, and sought by study to become a poet. But poetry is a gift of the gods. This truth in the case of the Arabic legislator is recognised in a Surat of the Koran—"We have not taught him poetry, neither does it suit him." Still, the "Golden Ass" has sometimes poetic charms, and many times charms of another category.

In the last canto of the "Orlando Furioso," the poet of Ferrara congratulates himself on the happy conclusion of his work. I am, he says, if my chart be correct, hard by my harbour, and must soon pay my vows upon the shore. He imagines with ingenuous modesty a scene of general satisfaction. Fair ladies and brave men crowd the landing-place to welcome his return. On every available jut or coigne of vantage is perched some prince or poet to do him honour. Here is the beautiful Ippolita Sforza, to whom Bandello dedicated his first novel, and there is the learned and ill-fated Julia Gonzaga. Here is the divine poet, the scourge of kings, Pietro Aretino, and there Jacobo Sannazar, who brought down the muses from the high mountain to the sandy plain. He speaks of a Nicolo Tiepoli, and a Nicolo Amaino, more remarkable, both of them, from the regard of Ariosto than for their own rhymes, but never a word says he about Nicolo Macchiavelli. The Florentine secretary seems to have taken umbrage at the omission. In a letter to Lodovico Alamanni, written a little before the Christmas of 1517, we read: "I have seen Ariosto's poem, and think it a beautiful work throughout, and in some parts an admirable one. Commend me to the author, if he be in Rome, and tell him my sole regret is, that having mentioned so many poets, he has left me out as a ——, and that he has done for me in his 'Orlando' what I will not do for him in my 'Ass.'" The blank, *hiatus valde deflendus*, in this epistle is due to the delicate and amiable care of some worthy Bowdler, whose conscientious scruples led him to efface for the welfare of posterity whatever in the collected MSS. of Macchiavelli seemed to his omniscient judgment

free or irreligious, sarcastic or impure. The good man did his work so effectually, by scratching out with a knife, as to make the unhappy letters look like a Gruyère cheese, and to set all hope of restoring their text at an infinite distance. What Macchiavelli did for Ariosto in the "Ass," it is not easy to determine. He may have intended to say something about him in those chapters of the poem which were unhappily never written, or he may have forgotten all about his promise, like Ginguené, who, after considering the other works of our author, tells his readers he will speak elsewhere of the "Golden Ass," but never does so. However, the letter gives at least some sort of a clue to the date of the composition of the poem. It was certainly written after what is called his disgrace, and was his disillusion, *dans les sentiers déserts de San-Casciano*, where, as De Musset says in his *Vœux Stériles*, the sound of his footsteps echoes still under the burning skies.

The "Golden Ass" is evidently built after the model of Dante's "Inferno." It corresponds with it in form, and matter, and end. It is composed in Dante's tercets, Macchiavelli's favourite verse. Its style is energetic and rough, as the style of Dante; its situations are often parallel to the situations of Dante, and the words not infrequently are Dante's own words. It is indeed humble as the Divine Comedy is sublime. The first colloquy of Dante after his speech to Virgil, his guide, is with the fair Francesca. Macchiavelli's first conversation after a talk with his guide is with a filthy pig. The "Ass" has therefore been regarded as a parody of the "Inferno." Macchiavelli, indeed, had censured Dante for calling the language of his poem Curial instead of Florentine, and differed from him widely in his view of the respect owing to their common country. Perhaps there is not enough of the poem to determine its true nature. It is a mere fragment of eight cantos or chapters, as the author calls them; only a prelude to the fuller music which might have been. There is no trace in it of any transformation of the author into an ass. It has, therefore, little except in name to do with the works of Lucian and Apuleius, with which it has nevertheless been compared by some of that large class of critics who are able, probably by what Professor Tyndall calls a scientific use of the imagination, to write criticisms of pages they have never read. It is not Addison alone who can evolve out of his inner consciousness a very confident and discriminative character of Spenser without having read a line of him. The "Golden Ass" bears, as far as it goes, rather a relation to the Homeric tale of "Circe." The author proposes to sing the pain and sorrow he suffered under the

form of an ass, but as an ass he never appears. There is no more mention of him in that character than of Orlando in the first seven books of Ariosto's famous song, or of the Fairy Queen in Spenser's poem. He will not ask Apollo to accompany him with the lyre for two reasons—first, that he would obtain nothing by his request; and second, that the accompaniment of a bray would spoil the harmony of the instrument. The strong force of mind and complete indifference to public opinion which ever distinguished him makes him say that he cares little for praise or blame, open or concealed, and confess his intention of sprinkling some of the poison of satire at a time when its proper objects are so numerous—a heavy and despiteful time, when, without needing the eyes of Argus, one may see evil much sooner than good. Heaven itself shall not prevent his braying in such an hour.

The season of the poem is spring, the days when Dian begins her hunt. The poet finds himself in a wild wood at nightfall. Fear and darkness prevent his going farther, when he hears suddenly the harsh blast of a horn, and sees a sudden light. Soon a beautiful lady appears, with golden dishevelled hair, surrounded by a countless crowd of brutes of many kinds. The lady, with a simper, bids him good-evening as familiarly as though she had seen him a thousand times. She is one of the handmaidens of Circe, who, before Jove held his state, was compelled to abandon her ancient nest, and fled in avoidance of all human consort to this umbrageous wood. Here, hating mortals, and by them in turn hated, fed with the heavy sighs of this mighty drove, every beast of which was once a man, she holds her sad and solitary reign. This is all the description in the poem of Homer's "Circe," that fair-haired daughter of the sun, in the vestibule of whose house stood lions wagging their tails, and strong-taloned wolves, while the goddess within sang with her silver voice, sitting before her loom. Macchiavelli, as will be seen, sets the servant in the place of the mistress, of whom there is no more mention. Some of the herd look at the poet as though to show him they too had once been men, and lick his feet for very sympathy of sorrow. Lest his human shape should be seen, Macchiavelli crawls on all-fours beneath the shoulders of a stag and of a bear, and so, like Ulysses in the Cyclops' cave, follows the footsteps of her he calls—as Tristram Shandy called Fortune—his Duchess. After wading through a wet ditch, which his guide passes by means of a bridge, he comes to a lofty palace. His Duchess then stables her herd, and, taking him by the hand, leads him into her private room, where she kindles a large fire to dry his dripping

clothes. He tells her she has saved his life, and that in her face he sees his supreme good. The Duchess replies that no one in ancient or modern times has ever suffered more ingratitude or greater hardship than Nicolo Macchiavelli. This, however, is not his own fault, but that of fortune. There is nothing in the world that remains constant. All things are like heaven, now dark, now clear ; all like the moon and stars, for ever moving without repose. Hence come peace and war, and the enmities of those in the same city. Happy times will return, wherein the poet may rejoice to tell the story of his past sufferings, but before these times Providence will have him, for his own good, changed into the form of a brute. Hitherto all things have been more or less gloomy ; but after this comes a sudden change of style. Instead of a lurid Rembrandt, we have a smiling landscape of Lorraine, or rather a homely interior of Ostade. A cloth is spread on a table by the fireside, and a loaf, a fowl, a ready-dressed salad, and a decanter of excellent wine are produced from a convenient cupboard ; for, says the Duchess, not without reason, to the poet, after kissing him ten times with open arms, if your constitution is not of steel, you will need a little refreshment. The poet having partaken, to borrow a flower from the occasional reporter, of refreshment, falls to describing the beauty of his hostess, to do which he is compelled after all to call on the aid of the Muses ; and that lyre of Apollo, which he refused to ask for in the beginning of his poem, might have been useful in this emergency. Her hair is golden like a star's rays. Each eye is a flash of fire, extinguishing all mortal sight. No other hand than that of Jove could have fashioned her mouth. All the gods of heaven must have joined to frame her eyebrows. Her tongue quivers like a serpent between her lips and teeth. Her words make the grass grow and arrest the wind. For the rest of the description, and the concluding conversation of the night, Macchiavelli himself had some doubts about mentioning it. In these matters, he says, truth generally makes war against those who speak it. Still, the idea that a pleasure unrecorded is only half a pleasure, induces him to write some of the finest and most Dantesque verses in the poem, verses more passionate than those of Ariosto, equally gracious and sweet with those of Tibullus and Ovid, verses which, harmonising with the barbarous notions of modesty and imperfect ideas of delicacy of his age, cannot of course be now quoted. The cold night wanes, star after star pales and goes out, and the field of heaven is white when the Duchess leaves the poet to look after her drove. Alone, his mind reverts to past events, not yet hidden by the veil of time. In a word, he forgets both joys and sorrows in a political diatribe. The

cause of the changing fortune of states and kingdoms is the fact that the powerful are never satisfied with their power—Venice is an example. It had been better for St. Mark had he kept his back and tail under water. Athens and Sparta are other examples. They prepared their own ruin by that of others. Empires which begin in Ninus the divine, end in the effeminate Sardanapalus. Valour begets ease, ease disorder, disorder valour, and so on in a perpetual cycle. It has been, it is, and it always will be the case that evil grows out of good, and good out of evil. Macchiavelli is so fond of this axiom, that he has twice inserted it in this one poem. In the mean time the East blackens, and the sound of the distant horn announces the Duchess's return home. The remainder of the "Golden Ass" is a flagrant imitation of the "Inferno." The Duchess takes Nicolo by the hand as Virgil Dante, for Circe's meretricious handmaiden can hardly be compared with the modest celestial Beatrice, and by the aid of a dark lantern,

Che a suo piacere il lume scopre e tura,

discovers a long corridor, like that of a convent dormitory, at the end of which is the beasts' common-room. Over its entrance is a figure in marble of the Abbot of Gaeta, with a garland on his head, riding like a triumphant Hannibal on a mighty elephant. There is little doubt that the author alluded to one Baraballo, a common tale of the time, for his *métromanie*, to whom the festive Leo X. accorded, about a couple of years before the probable date of the poem, a mock ceremonial procession, in honour of his verse, through the streets of Rome. "His figure," says the Duchess, "is placed here to show the sort of people inside. Among them you will find many you knew well in the past." Coupling with this sentence the fact that Baraballo is also carved in wood on the door of one of the inner chambers of the Vatican, the reader may form his own conclusions as to the sort of beasts now offered in this ancient menagerie to the author's view. They are in number over two thousand. Among them is a prudent well-born cat, who allowed by negligence his prey to escape him; a wolf not to be taken by any net; a dog barking at the moon; a lion who has in his folly drawn his own teeth and claws, an operation probably of some little difficulty; a giraffe, an animal then lately introduced, bending his long neck to one and all; a snoring bear; a short-sighted blood-hound; a snow-white goose; some hundred owls; an ermine, who would allow none to look at him far less touch him, sitting by the side of a lark; a peacock letting the world slide while he admires the glory of his tail; and an ass not able to bear his own saddle, like a cucumber in August. But the greatest

part of the beasts are a mixture between a rabbit and a goat. A couple of stanzas are here omitted in all editions, probably owing to the exertions of some great man who had suffered from their sting. To this satire of Macchiavelli's on his contemporaries, contemporary malice lent a charm it no longer possesses. With the factions of the Medici its main interest, and indeed intelligibility, is gone. But, as Voltaire said, he who possessed the key to this apocalypse would be the master of the secret history of Florence of that time. With a sigh the poet sees how many a man, who appeared to him a Fabius or a Cato, is here the merest silly sheep. But he turns and beholds a fat hog over three hundred pounds in weight, whose face is streaked with mud and dung. Him, too, he claims in sorrow as an old acquaintance, and into his mouth is put, half in jest, half in earnest, the most remarkable and piquant idea in the poem, an able development of the paradox, that brutes are better off than men.

In Plutarch's commentary about the comparative skill of land animals and water animals, all brutes are credited with reason and intelligence, but weak and turbid as the sight of a dull and mist-affected eye. In a conversation by the same author, between Ulysses, Circe, and Gryllus, the goddess, after twitting the Cephallenian king with his silly preference of an old woman and misery to herself and immortality, allows him to offer Gryllus an opportunity of regaining his human form. The good Gryllus, however, is so far from wishing to become a man, that he censures Ulysses for not becoming a pig. That cunning hero he compares to a peevish child, who refuses to be made whole by medicine. "I," says Gryllus, "have tried both existences, and ought to know which is the better." He then shows that man is far inferior to the beast in the three cardinal virtues, prudence, and justice, and fortitude. Gryllus, for example, spurns as common stone that gold and silver for which men commit all wickedness, and Gryllus sleeps more sweetly, when full of food, on a heap of soft deep dung, than on a bed rich with purple tapestry and stiff brocade. "Away, then," he concludes, "and leave me to a life affluent in means, nor seek to persuade me to become again a man, than whom no animal is more prone to misery." The conversation is unhappily unfinished, but, so far as it goes, Gryllus decidedly has the best of it. Some of the arguments of the metamorphosed Greek the fat and filthy hog repeats to Macchiavelli in this poem, and adds more of his own. Has man, he asks, the eye of the eagle? or the nose or ear of the dog? Is he provided with any natural defence? Does he not begin his life in tears, which no pig does; and what is that life in length,

compared to the life of the stag, the rook, or the goose? True, man has head and speech, but has he not also ambition and avarice? One pig injures not another, but man is robbed, clubbed to death, and crucified by man. "How then," concludes this wise pig, "should I desire to become again a man, being free of all the miseries I endured in my human form? Believe me, however rich, and happy, an divine man's state may seem, I live far happier in this mud, wherein I bathe and wallow at my ease." Such is the strange conclusion of the unfinished "Golden Ass." It becomes silent, like Herodotus, just when our curiosity is most excited. With the moral philosophy of the last chapter we may well compare that part of Pope's Essay on Man, in which he places instinct, which Addison called the immediate education of Providence, above reason; the volunteer instinct which needs no pope nor council, and must go right above the pressed reason, which does unwilling work and may go wrong. Fénelon and La Fontaine have also given some excellent sentences on this subject. The fabulist has extended the canvas of his predecessors. No pig appears, but Ulysses, the representative of human wisdom, offers enfranchisement to a lion, a bear, and a wolf. They all with one accord begin to make excuse. "Shall I, the king of the woods, become a citizen of Ithaca?" answers the lion. "Am I so ugly in the eyes of my mistress; and who made you a judge of shape?" replies the bear. But the best response by far is that of the wolf, who, being charged with the slaughter of divers muttons, says sarcastically, "Should I then love carnage less were I a man? No, all things considered, I maintain

> "Que scélérat pour scélérat,
> Il veut mieux être un loup qu'un homme."

The good Archbishop of Cambray, for his part, confesses that men would indeed be worse off than beasts if they were not sustained by the only true religion. Man's sublime hopes are not shared, in the opinion of the archbishop, by beasts. He claims a sole exclusive heaven for man, an immortality in which no part or lot is to be allowed to any lion, or pig, or wolf, or bear. The archbishop's pig, a pious pig, an animal evidently not altogether lost, confesses the seductions of a Christian after-life, but laughs to open scorn the pagan elysium of Greece and Rome. In other respects he differs little from the pig of Macchiavelli. His French education leads him, however, to attach greater importance to externals. His figure, he confesses, may be loathsome, but then he has no vanity leading him to look into a glass. Nay, he prefers even a muddy pool. He needs no barber; he is clothed without a tailor, and fed without a cook.

He cares not, like Diogenes, a fig for his fatherland; every country where an acorn can be found is his native country. On being reminded that pigs must die, he wishes to know if men are immortal?

The Circe of Gelli was written after Macchiavelli's work. It was often reprinted in the 16th century, and is remarkable for its natural simplicity of style. It is composed of ten dialogues, in every one of which Ulysses endeavours to persuade some animal to accept of Circe's offer of restoration to a human shape. In the first dialogue he engages with an oyster and a mole, in the next with a serpent; then with a hare, a goat, a hind, a bear, a horse, a dog, a calf, and an elephant. He is only successful in his last encounter. Only the elephant consents to become again a man. As for the oyster, the proposal disgusts him. His great pride is in his house. He can move it at pleasure, it needs no repair, and he pays no rent. He speaks with some terror lest the sea-crabs, seeing his shell open, should seize the opportunity to throw in a small stone, and thus prevent it shutting, for certain nefarious ends of their own. When Ulysses reproaches him with his little power of locomotion, he inquires why he should wish to move, when he has nothing to move for? In short, he would sooner die than change his state. Ulysses determines to let him remain in his misery as a just reward for his folly, and turns to the mole, to whom he sets forth the advantages of sight. "I," answers the mole, "for my part, have no need nor desire to see." Then, says the wisest of the Greeks in a pet, you ought to have, and turns to the serpent. Finding him equally ungrateful, and stopping his ears to his kind offers, Ulysses accuses Circe of having given the beast a voice indeed, but no brains. The women are no whit better than the men. The graceful hind is delighted at the notion of being able to talk again, but deems even that delight too dearly bought by the ills of human existence. She laments the injustice with which her sex is treated, and, beginning with Milton's assertion that women were "intended first, not after made occasionally," utters more metaphysics than ladies happily are wont to utter. Much of Gelli's matter is derived from Plutarch, but his introduction of the feminine element is original and peculiar. Spenser may have seen this work. The reader will remember how Sir Guyon's Palmer in the "Fairy Queen," after the overthrow of the Bower of Bliss and the defeat of Acrasia, is roundly abused by Gryll for his retransformation. Nor can the present age of scientific wonders, advanced civilisation, and moral, political, and educational reform produce any alteration in Gryll's mind, who, in Peacock's "Gryll Grange," regards all these as so many changes for the worse, and is still in no mood to feel conviction of our superior greatness.

We have a proverb, that you may bring a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink. This proverb, with an unimportant variation, dates at least from the days of Macchiavelli. Speaking of the obstinacy of his satire, he excuses it in the beginning of his poem with his imagined form of an ass, of which kind of brutes, he says, one was brought by all the folk of Siena to its fountain Branda to make him drink, and after much difficulty they managed to get half a drop into his mouth. This fountain of Branda is apparently taken from Dante, who represents Master Adam, the coiner, parched with the thirst of dropsy, and yet wishing rather to see in hell as partners of his pain the sad souls of those that had urged him to his crime than to drink of its clear and abundant waters. There are, it has been already affirmed, passages in the "Ass" which are verbal transcripts of passages in the Divine Comedy. Dante, in his eloquent apostrophe in the "Purgatorio," occasioned by the meeting of Virgil with his compatriot Sordello, says, in detestation of the unnatural quarrels of his people, that one man gnaws another among those who are enclosed by the same moat and the same walls. Macchiavelli introduces this very expression when he attributes the quarrels of people so situated to that necessary mutation and revolution in the nature of things which makes the heavens now dark, now clear. For such a coincidence as this the reader is prepared by the opening lines of the poem, wherein Macchiavelli's entry into the rough rank forest in fear and darkness of course recalls the commencement of the "Inferno." How he got into the wood neither poet is able to tell :

I' non so ben ridir com' io v' entrai,

says Dante, and says Macchiavelli—

Io non vi so ben dir com' io v' entrai.

There is, however, this difference in the time, that though both singers sang in the darkness, the darkness of Nicolo is that which precedes the night, but the darkness of the Alighieri that which prevents the dawn.

The "Golden Ass" is not without many beauties. It is philosophical in its observations on man's misfortunes and the ruin of states; it is poetical in its description of Circe's handmaiden; it is not seldom moral, and on two occasions distinctly religious; it is replete with common sense. We are always, Macchiavelli says, most inclined to believe those who promise us good; hence the credit of physicians, though we often deprive ourselves of good by believing them. When he adds, however, that this, out of the seven liberal professions, is the only one which feeds and lives on the ill of others, his opinions seem not so correct. The ill of others is certainly also

the support of the soldier and the lawyer. The advice given him in his calamity deserves attention. When evil comes—and come it will so long as the world lasts—gulp it down at once like a dose of medicine; he who rolls it on his tongue to taste it is a fool. Some of the religious turns surprise the reader who has been taught to look at the author as little less than an Atheist. My opinion is, he says in the fifth chapter, that the causes of the greatness of states, and what maintains them exalted and powerful, are fastings, alms, and prayers. And a little further on he tells us that prayers are certainly necessary; that he who denies the people their ceremonies and devotions is more than half a fool; that from these is the harvest of union and good order, and that on good order depends our good and happy fortune. Nor is this merely a poetical flourish. In his "Discourses on the First Decade of Livy" he devotes a whole chapter to the importance of religious practices in the preservation of a state, and instances the near ruin of Italy as the result of their neglect. He has similarly supported his poetry and his prose by a chapter in "The Prince," in which he considers Fortune to have given only one half of our actions to our own management, reserving the direction of the other half for herself. Those who assert that Macchiavelli was the inventor and exponent of the maxim that language was given us to conceal our thoughts, can receive nothing in earnest from that author. But was this maxim, which has ever been urged against him, any of his? Robert South, preaching in Westminster Abbey, in 1676, on the text, "For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God," takes occasion to cast his stone at the "great patron and corypheus of politic sages, Nicolas Machiavel," as one of those declaring that speech was given to the ordinary sort of men whereby to communicate their mind, but to wise men whereby to conceal it. The turn of phrase has been attributed to Talleyrand, and may be found in many authors. Dr. Young, in one of his "Satires on the Love of Fame," speaks of the noontide masquerade of court and town,

> Where nature's end of language is declined,
> And men talk only to conceal the mind.

Goldsmith made a backbone for one of his "Essays on the Bee" out of the similar thesis, which he held supported by reason, that the true use of speech was not so much to express our wants as to conceal them. Finally, Voltaire, in his Dialogue between "La Poularde et le Chapon," makes the unhappy capon speak of mankind generally as using their thoughts to authorise their injustice, and their words to disguise their thoughts.

JAMES MEW.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Sensational Electricity.

THE giant gooseberries and petroleum explosions of the silly season seem lately to have been superseded by electrical marvels. One of our daily papers lately informed us that by means of "a small objective lens fixed up in a position commanding the stage of no matter what theatre, and connected by an electric wire with a diminutive white glass plate," which may be set up in any drawing-room at any distance from the playhouse, "a perfect picture of the stage, its scenery, actors, and so forth, faithful in colour and absolutely reproducing the whole performance, will become visible on the glass plate." This with the aid of a telephone will "enable its owner to spend his evenings at the opera in dressing-gown and slippers." The writer, whose ideas of social existence are all superfine and exclusively derived from Park Lane, May Fair, and ten-thousand-a-year experiences, remarks that "to those—*and their name is legion*—who detest premature dinner, hurried dressing, and a couple of hours cabbing there and back," this sort of thing, this—ah—this enjoyment of the opera "within hail of his *lait de poule et bonnet de nuit*" will—ah—be quite too utterly charming.

The instrument which is to convey all this felicity to the luxurious legions is called a "dioscope." I have been looking for the prospectus of a Joint-Stock Dioscope Company, Limited, capital £800,000, in five-shilling shares, but the postman has not yet delivered one here.

A Simple Electrical Machine.

AS a domestic electrical experiment, few are simpler or more demonstrative than that of first drying and warming a piece of paper, then smartly stroking it with india-rubber and placing it against a wall, to which it electrically adheres. Electric sparks may thus be obtained in the dark, and a variety of other experiments performed. When the wind is from the east and dry, a small Leyden jar may be charged by using a long strip of paper, equal in width to

the outer coating, and drawing this repeatedly, when excited, along the outside of the jar.

An improvement on this simple electrical material has recently been made by Wiedemann. He takes Swedish filtering-paper (procurable wherever chemical apparatus is sold), steeps it in a mixture of equal volumes of nitric and sulphuric acid, then washes with abundance of water, and dries it—the same process as making gun-cotton, into which the fibres of the paper are thus converted.

It is stated that with this gun-cotton paper nearly all the stock experiments of the static electrical machine may be performed by laying a sheet of it on waxed paper for insulation and rubbing it briskly.

This was announced in the *Comptes rendus* of the French Academy about the beginning of the year, but I have heard no more of it since. As Christmas holidays are coming, I recommend it to my juvenile readers, who may possibly be able to improve upon the original suggestion by coating a fig-box, or other wooden cylinder, with a non-conducting surface of gutta-percha varnish, or shellac, or wax, then covering this with the prepared paper, and mounting it like an ordinary old-fashioned electrical machine; or by making an electrophorus of this material.

Count Rumford on "Fired Gunpowder."

MOST people assume, as a matter of course, that an explosion is an instantaneous action. This, however, is by no means the case. We all know well enough that the explosion of a long train of gunpowder is a work of time, as we can easily see that it is due to a succession of small explosions; one grain firing the next, and so on progressively. But we are apt to regard the firing of a gun as an instantaneous action. This is also a mistake. If it were instantaneous, our gun-barrels would have what the American improvers of English call "a bad time." If the charge of powder exploded instantaneously, and its whole expansive force were exerted all at once before the ball commenced moving, the bursting of the barrel would be almost inevitable. As it is, the grain of powder nearest to the touch-hole is fired first, the flaming gases ejected by that explosion fire the next, then others and others, and so on with the whole charge. This travelling of the action must, of course, take some time, though very little; but there is another element of duration of greater magnitude, and of more practical importance, inasmuch as it is capable of regulation.

Count Rumford investigated the subject in 1793. His experiments on the upliſting and metal-tearing power of small quantities of powder led him to further inquiries in order to explain how any fire-arms could resist such force.

He charged muskets with powder made up of a mixture of grains of various sizes, from the finest in use to grain the size of peas, and fired these charges against screens of very thin paper, placed one behind the other, and twelve inches apart. The large grains were blown out like shot and struck the screen, some passing through as many as five screens in succession. The grains were collected unconsumed, though evidently burned outside, and extinguished by their projection into the cold air. In some cases they set fire to the screens as they passed through them.

By dropping a piece of red-hot iron into the barrel of a horse-pistol and then upon this one of the large grains, it was projected by its own explosion, and seen burning in the air by the train of light left behind. These and other experiments proved that the rapidity of the explosion must vary inversely with the size of the grains, other conditions being equal.

This principle was not fairly appreciated at the time, but is now systematically applied in practical gunnery. Were it not, the projection of the great masses now thrown from our huge guns would be practically impossible. If all the force of the charge were developed before the great shot had started, the metal of the powder-chamber would be torn, as it was in Rumford's experiments.

I quote one of these as an example. An iron cylinder $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches diameter and $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches long, with a bore of only $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, leaving $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch, or five times its diameter, of solid iron of the best quality all around, was charged with 24 grains of powder, and firmly plugged. The space occupied by the powder was but one-tenth of a cubic inch. On firing this by means of a red-hot ball applied to the closed end of the cylinder, "it burst the barrel asunder, notwithstanding its enormous strength, and with such a loud report as to alarm the whole neighbourhood." He tells us that "it is impossible to describe the surprise of those who were spectators of the phenomenon. They literally turned pale with affright and astonishment, and it was some time before they could recover themselves."

By testing the tenacity of the iron used, and by other experiments in which a loose plug lifted great weights, Rumford concluded that the explosive force exerted was equal to 54,750 atmospheres, or 277 tons to the square inch. The Woolwich experiments with the crusher-gauge inside the 81-ton gun, charged with 220 lbs. to 250 lbs. of

powder, indicated but one-tenth of this, viz., 27 to 28 tons per square inch. My next Notes may help to explain these great discrepancies.

Modern Artillery Gunpowder.

A FEW years ago, when the 81-ton gun was a novelty, Dr. Abel invited the Fellows of the Chemical Society to witness a general demonstration of the scientific achievements of Woolwich Arsenal. When we assembled by the side of the monster cannon, most of us—though we ought to have known better—anticipated a stunning shock to our ear-drums, and many ears were plugged by fingers.

The explosion was magnificent; it was awful, but not deafening; it was not a bang, but a roar. I have fired many a soap-bubble charged with the mixed gases obtained by voltaic decomposition of water, and have been insensible to other sounds some few minutes afterwards, but nothing of this kind followed the discharge of the great gun. The subsequent gun-cotton experiments made on the same day were far more startling.

The reason of this is not difficult to understand. The great chamber of the great gun is filled with compressed gases, which, by their elastic outstriving, push the ball forwards. It leaves the muzzle, and then comes the outpouring of the gas, which, by its expansion in free air, produces the sound wave. But some time is occupied in the ejection of all this gas, and hence the prolonged roaring character of the explosion, so different from the crack of a pistol, or the still sharper crack of the water gases, dynamite, gun-cotton, or the fulminates.

The achievements of modern artillery are largely due to unacknowledged adoption of the principles established by Rumford, as stated in my last Note. Instead of using ordinary gunpowder in grains, the great 81-ton guns are fired with powder made into solid cubes of 1½-inches diameter, or corresponding prisms. These are equivalent to grains about the size of a hen's egg.

A grain of ordinary powder fires at once with a puff, a 1½-inch cube with a protracted fizz; and if the size of the cube or prism is properly adjusted to the length of the bore, the duration of this fizz, under the conditions of firing, should correspond to the time occupied by the projectile in travelling along the bore and clearly out of it. It is thus started with a comparatively moderate force, and its velocity is continuously accelerated by the continuously increasing development *of expanding* gases. An enormous velocity

is thus attained when it reaches the muzzle, with a minimum strain upon the gun at any one moment.

Here we may discover an explanation of one of the causes of the discrepancy between Rumford's results and those obtained at Woolwich. In the latter, the expansive force of the outstraining gases was acting within an expanding chamber, one of its walls being the moving projectile. In Rumford's, all the walls were rigidly closed, and the powder being heated by means of the red-hot ball applied outside, the temperature of the whole was raised simultaneously until it reached 600°, the explosion point, and then came the sudden instantaneous strain.

Propagation of Gaseous Explosions.

THE preceding Notes were suggested by a paper recently communicated to the French Institute by MM. Mallard and Le Chatelier. A little reflection must lead us to the inference that even when a mixture of explosive gases is fired by applying a light to one part of the chamber containing them, the travelling of the explosion throughout must occupy *some* time.

These gentlemen have worked upon the difficult experimental problem of measuring that time, or the velocity of explosive transmission. They admit their inability to do this accurately, but claim to approximate within ten per cent.

With mixtures of hydrogen and oxygen, they obtained a maximum velocity of 59 feet per second ; with hydrogen and air, 14½ feet per second ; with coal gas and air, 3¾ feet per second. This maximum was obtained when the proportion of hydrogen was about ten per cent. in excess of the theoretical quantity demanded for combination with the oxygen ; while an excess of oxygen lowered considerably the velocity of explosion. This they attribute to the superior conductivity of hydrogen for heat.

When the gaseous mixtures are heated, the velocity of propagation is increased. Within certain limits, the velocity is not affected by the diameter of the tube in which the experiments are made ; but if the tube is very narrow, the friction of its sides has a sensible retarding influence. If the tube is very small, the flame is extinguished. A mixture of coal gas and air in their most explosive proportions is extinguished in a tube of one-eighth of an inch diameter, but a mixture of pure hydrogen and pure oxygen is not extinguished until the tube is reduced to one-thirtieth of an inch diameter,

The Bursting of Water-pipes.

In a country like England, where the obstinate natives persist in the practice of burning their fuel in a hole made in the wall, with a shaft rising perpendicularly above it, in order that the greatest possible quantity of the heat of combustion shall be devoted to warming the clouds, and the smallest possible amount shall be radiated from only one side of the fire into the apartment, anything like a severe frost becomes a national calamity.

Last winter, though far less severe than an average winter in Germany or the United States, is made miserably memorable by the domestic calamities connected with the bursting of water-pipes, and is recorded in the household accounts of expenditure for mending the same, and repairing the damage done by the general house- and furniture-soaking.

If English houses were equally warmed *throughout*, as they are in other countries where domestic civilisation has made some progress, the freezing of any water-pipe inside would be impossible in any weather, and all outside water-conveyance can be made underground. But as the domestic fetish of the Englishman and Englishwoman, the hole-in-the-wall "cheerful" fireplace, must be worshipped; as the fire-worshippers must continue to scorch their noses while their backs are matriculating for lumbago; as the cheerfulness of the fetish must be maintained, and its devotees must demonstrate that cheerfulness by staring vacantly at the glowing coals which roast everything and everybody at one side of the room, while the rest of the house is at the mercy of the outside fluctuations of temperature; as all this must go on for a generation or so longer, in spite of Kyrle societies and smoke-abatement exhibitions—some adaptation of water-pipes to our existing domestic barbarism is very desirable.

A very little geometry is required for understanding that if a pipe of circular section be flattened in any degree, its internal capacity must be proportionately lessened; and conversely, that a pipe thus flattened, or made of elliptical section, may have its internal capacity enlarged by simply squeezing it out towards the circular shape. Lead being flexible, a leaden pipe made of elliptical section and filled with freezing water will swell out towards circular shape, and thus allow room for the expanded ice without bursting.

It is proposed that such pipes be made and used, and I think the idea an excellent one, though plumbers are not likely to favour it; but their disapproval should be a strong recommendation to the

householder who has to pay for mending ordinary pipes. I am told that a patent has been secured, but do not know by whom, and as I am going to suggest an infringement, he is entitled to any advertisement this Note may afford.

I recommend all householders to save their existing pipes by simply flattening them with a mallet, taking care to place behind the part which is struck a flat piece of wood, where the pipe rests upon rough brick work. The freezing will simply reverse the work of the mallet, and lead of good quality will bear this double bending.

If freezing water were a rigid solid, the transverse expansion of the cylinder of ice within the tube would be proportionate to its diameter, and thus the elliptical form would be maintained; but freezing water is not a solid, it exerts an equal expansive pressure in all directions; and the walls of the pipe being equally pressed, will give way in the direction of least resistance.

Slow Combustion of Fire-Damp.

A NEW method of dealing with fire-damp in mines has been devised by Herr Guido Körnet, of Saxony. An oil lamp has its wick, or wicks, covered with caps made of asbestos, the fibres of which are plated with a coating of platinum and palladium. These are raised to a red heat; while they prevent the flame from effective communication with any combustible gas that may surround them.

In this condition they are placed in the mine containing gas in a state of explosive mixture. According to the published accounts, these glowing caps effect a slow combustion of the gas as it comes in contact with them, and this goes on quietly without risk of explosion.

The quantity thus slowly burned is considerable, and experiments are in progress by which the practical efficacy of this method of getting rid of one of the miner's enemies will be tested.

The action of these platinized fibres is analogous to what occurs in the old experiment of "the lamp without flame." Such lamps are still to be bought of chemical-instrument makers. A piece of spongy or finely divided platinum stands over the wick of a spirit-lamp. The lamp is lighted and the platinum made red-hot, then the flame is extinguished, and the platinum continues glowing, its heat being supplied by the slow combustion of the vapour given off by the wick.

If a coil of platinum wire is made red-hot, and suspended above

some ether contained in the hollow of a tall ale glass, or other similar narrow vessel, it continues red-hot till all the ether has evaporated.

Electric Tides.

ACCORDING to Mr. Adams, of the Postal Telegraph Department, the telegraph circuits indicate the existence of tidal fluctuations of the currents of electricity which our telegraphic system has shown to be continually flowing in the earth.

Mr. Adams has observed variations in the strength of these which follow the variations in the moon's position in relation to the earth, as the fluctuations of the waters do.

The subject is worthy of further investigation in connection with the fluctuations of the force and direction of the earth's magnetism, which have been for some time past among the objects of careful study in the magnetic observatories established in different parts of the civilised world.

"True as the needle to the pole" is rather an equivocal description of the constancy of a sailor's love, seeing that the needle varies considerably, and that even its variation is inconstant. If it were true to the north or any other pole, the old theory which ascribes its direction to the distribution of iron in the earth's interior might stand, but when we find it at one time pointing considerably east of north, then gradually approaching and finally reaching due north, then going beyond and getting far to the west, and now turning back towards the north again, we must look for some other exciting cause.

As a freely suspended magnetized needle arranges itself at right angles to an electric current, the North and South direction of the compass needle may be explained by E. and W. currents of electricity circulating in the earth, and these by solar radiation; but here again the inconstancy of the sailor's love-emblem baffles the theorist, and he asks for more facts concerning these earth currents.

Snow-clearing in London.

ACCORDING to the old Warwickshire myth, the Dun Cow commenced her career as a beneficent as well as a gigantic animal; she filled the pails of all who came to milk her, until a malignant witch brought a pail of which the bottom was a sieve. The good cow did her best to fill it, but in vain; and finally was driven mad by the continuous failure of her frantic efforts.

I was reminded of the Dun Cow last winter when I saw the scavengers shovelling the deep snow into carts and carrying it far away to mysterious places of deposit. An easy multiplication of the area of London streets in square yards, by the weight of snow six inches deep lying on each yard, gives a total of $8\frac{3}{4}$ millions of tons as the total quantity to be removed.

As each cart holds about half a ton of snow when filled, a thousand carts, each carrying away $17\frac{1}{2}$ loads daily, would be occupied just 1,000 days—rather more than three working years—in thus removing a single heavy snowfall.

It would be well if the multifarious governing bodies of London would go over some arithmetic of this sort *before* we have another snowstorm, and also study the construction of the Norwegian snow plough, which is simply a heavy wooden sledge or frame shaped like the letter A with an eye at the apex of the triangle, to which eye is attached a hook connected with horse-gear when it is required for use. It sinks in the snow by its own weight, and as the horses pull it along it wedges away the snow on each side, making two long ridges and a clear way in the middle of the road, the width of which can be regulated by the span of the plough.

Hundreds of miles of road are thus cleared in Norway every winter, each peasant proprietor clearing that portion which runs through his own estate.

The cost of a few hundreds of these for London would amount to but a fraction of what is paid even for shovelling the snow from the middle to the side of the road; and if the work began when only a few inches of snow had fallen, a pair of horses could clear a narrow street at a hand gallop, or two pairs could do the like for a wide one, leaving a ridge in the middle to divide the up and down traffic.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

"Mary Stuart."

POETRY being the form of literature in which England boasts of standing foremost among nations, it is always pleasant to see her right vindicated to the position she claims. With the appearance of Mr. Swinburne's drama of "Mary Stuart," English literature is enriched with the finest trilogy that has been written, or at least preserved, since the days of Pericles. I cannot in this place undertake a criticism of the great work Mr. Swinburne has accomplished. Readers of the last portion of the trilogy will, however, do well to note the supreme skill with which the poet weaves into the story the letter from Mary to Elizabeth, in which the charges of unchastity brought by the Countess of Shrewsbury against the "virgin queen" are formulated. Whether this letter, which is still preserved at Hatfield, and is quoted by Mr. Froude, was ever delivered, remains doubtful. Using the privilege of the dramatist, Mr. Swinburne has represented it as preserved by Mary Beaton, who has received from Mary orders for its destruction. When the reluctance of Elizabeth to sign the death-warrant cannot otherwise be overcome, this letter, traitorously yielded up by Mary Beaton, is shown her by Davison. After Elizabeth has once seen it, the doom of Mary is sealed. That Elizabeth read this document, which is wholly in the handwriting of Mary, and was found among the papers of Lord Burghley, is conceivable enough, and I will even say is probable; where the dramatist is shown is in the manner in which Mr. Swinburne makes Mary Beaton betray her trust and revenge the death of Chastelard by surrendering a document certain to work the ruin of Mary, to whom his death is due. We must go back to the great days of the drama to find an instance of treatment so large and so imaginative as Mr. Swinburne here displays.

A Slip of Modern Criticism.

IGNORANT, apparently, that any such letter as that to which I have alluded is in existence, a critic in an influential literary and political journal has fallen into the amusing error of censuring Mr.

Swinburne for the strong expressions he employs, in what is to some extent a mere paraphrase of Mary's words. Strong enough, though in no sense unfit for quotation, are the portions of the letter Mr. Swinburne puts into verse. In other portions, however, feminine venom and boldness of speech, backed up by the knowledge a woman alone can possess or employ of what will sting a rival to madness, nerve the Queen of Scots to bring accusations with which Mr. Swinburne will not soil his pages. It may with perfect justice be said of "Mary Stuart" that the characters, apart from their dramatic value, have a truth rarely found in history. The play, indeed, might almost be used as a text-book in English schools, as Scott's "Quentin Durward" has, it is said, been employed in the French Lycées. In every respect Mr. Swinburne's work is noble accomplishment.

Fires in Theatres.

AT length the comforting assurances of the London managers that fires at theatres are not dangerous to the playgoer, and that instances of the destruction of a theatre while a performance is going on are unknown, are held up to derision, and a theatre with the chief part of the audience has been destroyed by fire. With the harrowing details of the burning of the Ring Theatre, Vienna, I will not concern myself. I will only, as one whose acquaintance with theatres is close, draw the lesson of the calamity. In spite of all that is urged by those whose fortunes are at stake, there is not one theatre in London in which a calamity such as has shocked civilisation might not occur. What is the use of a fireproof screen between the stage and the auditorium, when the man or men who have to work it are never on the spot? I have already mentioned my personal experience at a West End theatre, at which I found that the door intended to be used in case of fire was, when I essayed it, locked, and the man in charge of it was absent. When, by complaint, I got the door unfastened, it opened inwardly, and so was a mere death-trap. The approaches to the gallery are inadequate in most theatres with which I am familiar. It is high time that the system of turning shops and private houses into theatres should be prohibited. No theatre ought to be allowed to exist which is not open on all four sides, and does not stand as a separate risk, with no other building under the same roof or in any way contiguous. Entrances should then be made wide enough for six people to walk abreast. Until arrangements like these are made, such horrors as that at the Ring Theatre will always be possible.

There are at least a dozen theatres in London that should be compulsorily closed. These remarks are not uttered under the emotion caused by an exceptional calamity. Again and again, where no instance of contemporary sacrifice of life furnished a text, I preached the same sermon to the same heedless ears. So strange creatures are men, that the horror of a calamity impresses them little if the probabilities seem remote. Had the fire occurred in London instead of in Vienna, the underground theatres of London, and the houses with lobbies through which a stout man can scarcely walk, and in which two stout men cannot pass each other, would, after a few days, be as full as before.

The Sunderland Library.

FAR beyond the wildest estimate formed by myself or by any judge, amateur or expert, will be the amount realised by the sale of the Sunderland Library. There can now be no doubt that the entire collection will fetch over sixty thousand pounds, or double the amount at which it was offered by private contract. What is most striking, moreover, is, that the books are all bought for England and America, and that the great French booksellers who have come over have had to return empty-handed. Virtually, what is rarest in the first part of the collection has now been transferred to Mr. Quaritch, who is the hero of the first fight. Indomitable in energy and resolution, Mr. Quaritch allowed no single work of high importance to be carried out of the country. I may however say that, in spite of the excessive prices obtained for the more important books, it was possible now and then to pick up a coveted lot at a price under rather than over the market value. There came at times a lull in the proceedings. The great champions who had borne the brunt of the fight retired wearied for a space, and a few prizes came to solace those who had been compelled to stand without the lists waiting for an opportunity. It would throw a little discredit upon English and French scholarship to mention one or two rarities that were allowed to go for as many pence as they were worth pounds. Such cases, I am bound to state, were few. Meanwhile, bibliographical works will have to be rewritten from the standpoint of the Sunderland sale.

"Chancing It."

FROM personal experience I can supply an instance of the manner in which Englishmen are ready to face risks, or, as

the majority of them would say, "to chance it." A few years ago I had occasion to return, as I have often returned, from France by way of St. Malo and Southampton. The night was menacing, and the agent of the London and South-Western Railway Company insisted upon burdening a ship, already far too deeply laden, with a deck-load that rendered absolutely impossible in case of rough weather the task of navigating the vessel. A round-robin was sent to the captain by the whole of the passengers, and was met by him with the statement that he was powerless, and liked as little as any of us the risk to life which the unscrupulous conduct of the agent involved. An objection on his part to take in further cargo would only, he told us, lead to his dismissal and the appointment of a less scrupulous man. The conditions, he owned, were dangerous. Amidst the loudly expressed disapproval of those on shore, the agent excepted, the ship put forth. I was curious to see how many of our malcontents had accepted the advice of the captain to wait for another journey or try the Le Havre route. Not one. Every man—the passengers were all masculine—determined to "chance it." This is the frame of mind in which people who think at all now go to theatres.

Mr. Buchanan's New Novel.

An apology handsomely paid becomes almost an obligation. Something like this is said, I think, in one of Lord Lytton's plays, but I do not recall which. An instance of this truth is afforded in the dedication to Mr. Buchanan's powerful romance, "God and the Man." This is so short, that I do not hesitate to quote it. Thus it runs :

To an old Enemy.

I would have snatch'd a bay-leaf from thy brow,
  Wronging the chaplet on an honoured head ;
In peace and charity I bring thee now
  A lily-flower instead.

Pure as thy purpose, blameless as thy song,
  Sweet as thy spirit, may this offering be ;
Forget the bitter blame that did thee wrong,
  And take the gift from me!

If for the word "charity" "penitence" were substituted, the dedication would be all that could be desired. Many readers of the *Gentleman's Magazine* will be able to fit these verses with a full application ; I hold it unwise, however, to rake up the embers of past hostility.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1882.

DUST: A NOVEL.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Only the actions of the Just
Smell sweet and blossom in the Dust.

CHAPTER VI.

THE great banking house of Bendibow Brothers, like many other great things, had a modest beginning. At the beginning of the eighteenth century there was a certain Mr. Abraham Bendibow in London, who kept a goldsmith's shop in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel, and supplemented the profits of that business by lending money at remunerative interest, on the security of certain kinds of personal property. To his customers and casual acquaintances he was merely a commonplace, keen, cautious, hard-headed, and hard-hearted man of business; and, perhaps, till as lately as the second decade of the century, this might have fairly represented his own opinion of himself. Nevertheless, there lurked in his character, in addition to the qualities above-mentioned, two others which are by no means commonplace, namely, imagination and enterprise. They might have lurked there unsuspected till the day of his death, but for the intervention of circumstances—to make use of a convenient word of which nobody has ever explained the real meaning. But, in 1711, that ingenious nobleman, the Earl of Oxford, being animated by a praiseworthy desire to relieve a night-mare of half-a-score million sterling or so of indebtedness which was then oppressing the Government, hit upon that famous scheme which has since entered into history under the name of the South-Sea Bubble. The scheme attracted Bendibow's attention, and he studied

it for some time in his usual undemonstrative but thoroughgoing manner. Whenever occasion offered he discussed it, in an accidental and indifferent way, with all kinds of people. At the end of two or three years he probably understood more about the affair than any other man in London. Whether he believed that it was a substance or a bubble will never be known to anyone except himself. All that can be affirmed is that he minded his own business, and imparted his opinion to no one. The opinion gradually gained ground that he shared the views of Sir Robert Walpole, who, in the House of Commons, was almost the only opposer of the South-Sea scheme. So matters went on until the year 1720.

It was at this period that the excitement and convulsion began. The stock had risen to 330. Abraham Bendibow sat in his shop, and preserved an unruffled demeanour. The stock fell to below 300; but Abraham kept his strong-box locked, and went about his business as usual. Stock mounted again to 340; but nobody perceived any change in Mr. Bendibow. For all anyone could see, he might never have heard of the South-Sea scheme in his life. And yet a great fortune was even then in his grasp, had he chosen to stretch out his hand to take it.

Weeks and months passed away, and the stock kept on rising. Often it would tremble and fall, but after each descent it climbed higher than before. It became the one absorbing topic of conversation with everybody except Abraham Bendibow, who composedly professed to have no concern in the matter: it was not for small tradesmen like him to meddle with such large enterprises. And, meanwhile, the stock rose and rose, and rose higher still, until men lost their heads, and other men made colossal fortunes, and everybody expected to secure at least ten thousand a-year. One day the stock touched 890, and then people held their breath and turned pale, and the most sanguine said in their hearts that this was supernatural and could not last.

On that day Abraham Bendibow went into his private room, and locked the door; and, taking pen and paper, he made a calculation. After having made it, he sat for a long time gazing at the little array of figures in seeming abstraction. Then he leaned back in his chair, with one hand in the pocket of his small-clothes, while with the other he slowly rubbed his chin at intervals. By degrees he began to breathe more quickly, and his eyes became restless. He arose from his chair and paced up and down the room. "Eight hundred and ninety," he kept muttering to himself, over and over again. The strong-box stood in the corner of the room, and towards this Mr.

Bendibow often looked. Once he approached it, and laid his hand upon the lid; then he turned away from it with an abrupt movement, compressing his lips and shaking his head. He resumed his pacing up and down the room, his head bent down in deep and troubled thought. At last an idea seemed to strike him. He unlocked and opened the door of the room, and called in a harsh, peremptory tone,

"Jacob!"

A young man appeared, about twenty years of age. In features he resembled the other, but his face was not so broad, nor was his air so commanding. Mr. Bendibow motioned to him with his head to enter. He then seated himself in his chair, and eyed Jacob for a while in silence. Jacob stood with his head stretched forward, and slowly chafing the back of one hand with the palm of the other, while his countenance wore an expression of deferential inquiry.

"Jacob," said the elder, "what is doing out-doors to-day—eh?"

"The same as usual, father," answered Jacob tentatively, as being in some doubt what the question might portend. "There is plenty of excitement: same as usual."

"Excitement; on what account?"

"Well, sir, the stocks: terrible speculation: madness—nothing less. There was a fellow, sir, this very morning, got out a prospectus of a company for prosecuting a certain undertaking not at present to be revealed: capital one million, in ten thousand shares of one hundred each: deposit two pounds, entitling to one hundred per annum per share: particulars next week, and balance of subscription week after next. Frightful, upon my soul, sir!"

"Has anybody bitten?"

"A good many have been bitten," returned Jacob, with a dry giggle. "Three thousand pounds were subscribed in three hours; and then the fellow decamped. Madness, upon my life!"

"You would not advise having anything to do with such speculations—eh, Jacob?"

"Me? Bless my soul, not I indeed!" exclaimed Jacob with energy.

"Why not?"

"In the first place, because you have expressed disapproval of it, father," replied the virtuous Jacob. "And I may flatter myself I have inherited something of your sound judgment."

"So, you have never speculated at all—eh, Jacob? Never at all, eh? Never bought a shilling's-worth of stock of any kind in your life—eh? The truth, Jacob!"

The last words were pronounced in so stern a tone that Jacob changed colour, turning his eyes first to one side of his father's point-blank gaze, and then to the other. At last, however, their glances met, and then Jacob said: "I might not be able to swear to a shilling or so, neither——"

"Nor to a guinea: nor to ten, nor to fifty—eh, Jacob?"

"Not more than fifty; upon my soul, sir," said Jacob, laying his hands upon his heart in earnest deprecation. "Not a penny, sir; upon my word of honour!"

"What of the fifty, then—eh?"

"It was in South-Sea: I bought at 400," said Jacob, in a low voice.

"At 400? And what is it to-day?"

"Eight hundred and ninety it was this morning," said Jacob, uttering the words with great distinctness.

"Was this morning? Do you mean it has fallen since?"

"It has indeed, sir. They've all been selling like demons; and it's below eight hundred at this moment."

"What have you done—eh?"

"Sold out the first thing, sir, at four hundred and ninety per cent. clear profit," replied Jacob, something of complacency mingling with the anxious deference of his tone.

"Therefore, instead of fifty pounds, you now have three hundred or so?"

"Two hundred and ninety-five, sir," said the youth modestly.

"Jacob, you are a fool!"

"Sir?"

"You have thrown your money away. You are a fool! You are timid! You have neither the genius, the steadiness, nor the daring to manage and to multiply a great fortune. Were you like myself, Jacob, you or your children might have a hand in controlling the destinies of England, and thus of the world. You have behaved like a pettifogger and a coward, Jacob. I do not ask you to be honest. No man is honest when he is sure that dishonesty will enrich him. But, whatever you are, I ask you to be that thing with all your soul. Be great, or be nothing! Only fools and cowards palter about morality! I tell you that success is the only morality." Here Mr. Bendibow, who had spoken with calmness, though by no means without emphasis, checked himself, and, putting his hand in his pocket, drew forth a key, which he handed to his son. "Open the strong-box," he said, "and take out the papers you will find in it."

Jacob did as he was bid. But his first glance at the papers

made him start and stare in a bewildered manner at the unmoved countenance of his father. He then reverted to the papers; but, after a close inspection of them, he seemed only more bewildered than before.

"This is South-Sea stock, sir," he said at length.

"Well, Jacob?" said Mr. Bendibow composedly.

"Nigh on fifteen thousand pounds worth at par, sir."

"Yes, Jacob."

"I see how it is—you have been buying for some one!" broke out Jacob energetically.

"Evidently, Jacob."

There was a pause. "On commission, of course?" hazarded Jacob.

"No commission at all, Jacob."

Jacob's jaws relaxed. "No commission? Whom did you buy for, sir?"

"For myself, Jacob."

Jacob dropped the papers on the table, and leaned against it dizzily: his breath forsook him. Finally, Mr. Bendibow said: "Jacob, you are even more a fool than I took you for."

"But how . . . . when did you buy, sir?" faltered Jacob.

"Eight or nine years ago," Mr. Bendibow replied.

"Then . . . . why, then you must have got it at under two hundred?"

"Eighty to a hundred and twenty," said Mr. Bendibow curtly.

There was another pause. Jacob moistened his lips and passed his hand over his forehead. Suddenly he screamed out, "But you haven't sold, sir!"

"Well, Jacob?"

"If you'd sold this morning you'd have been worth a hundred and thirty-five thousand sterling—one hundred and thirty-five thousand!"

"Very nearly, Jacob."

"And stock is falling: you've lost fifteen thousand since ten o'clock!" shouted Jacob, now quite beside himself. He seized the papers again, and made for the door. There he was stopped by an iron grasp on his arm, and Mr. Bendibow said, in a voice as uncompromising as his grasp, "Stay where you are."

"But it's not too late, sir: we'll clear a hundred thousand yet," pleaded Jacob in agony.

"Be silent, and hear what I say to you. When I bought this stock, and paid fifteen thousand pounds for it, I made up my mind

either to lose all or to win ten times my stake. I made up my mind that my fortune should be either one hundred and fifty thousand sterling, or nothing. Through nine years I have held to my purpose. Until this hour no one has known that I have risked a penny. Men have made fortunes: I have seen it, and held to my purpose, and held my tongue. Men have gone mad with success or failure; I am the same to-day that I was ten years ago. This morning, stock reached eight hundred and ninety; a thousand fools like you sold, and now it is falling, and will fall yet more. But it is my belief that it will rise again. It will rise to one thousand. When it touches one thousand, I sell; not before, and not afterwards. I shall win one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. With that money I shall found a banking-house. It will be known as the banking-house of Bendibow and Son. If you and your children were men like myself, the house of Bendibow and Son would become one of the great Powers of Europe. Where now we have ten thousand, in a century we should have a million. But you are not such a man as I am. Your children and your great-grandchildren will not be such men as I am. But I have done what I could. I have written down in a book the rules which you are to obey—you, and all your descendants. If you disobey them, my curse will be upon you, and you will fail. I am not young; and no man knows the day when he shall die: therefore I have called you, Jacob, and made this known to you now; because a day or a month hence might be too late. You are not such a man as I am; but any man can obey; and if you obey the rules that I have written, you will not fail. Let those rules be written upon your heart, and upon the hearts of your children's children, even unto the latest generation. There is no power in this world so great as a great fortune, greatly used; but a fool may lose that power in a day."

Mr. Bendibow had spoken these words standing erect, and with his eyes fixed steadfastly upon his son: and his tone was stern, solemn, and impressive. He now said, in another tone: "Put the papers back in the strong-box, Jacob, and do not speak of them again, either to me or to any other person, until stock is at one thousand. Come to me then, not before: now go."

"But, father, what if stock never reaches one thousand?" suggested Jacob timidly.

"Then I shall have lost fifteen thousand pounds," returned Mr. Bendibow, composedly resuming his seat in his chair.

Jacob said no more, but replaced the papers in the strong-box, nded the key to his father, and left the room, a different man from

what he was when he entered it. He could not be an original great man, but he could appreciate and reverence original greatness; and, being instructed, could faithfully carry out the behests of that greatness. Doubtless his father, who had the insight into human nature which generally characterises men of his sort, had perceived this, and had shaped his conduct accordingly. Nor is it impossible—the greatest of men being but men, after all—that Mr. Bendibow may have taken his son into his confidence as much to guard against his own human weakness as to provide against the contingency of his death or incapacity. Proudly though he asserted the staunchness of his purpose, he had that day felt the tug of temptation, and may have been unwilling to risk the strain unaided again. Be that as it may, it is certain that the confidence came none too soon. When the evening meal was ready, Mr. Bendibow did not appear: his customary punctuality made the delay seem extraordinary; so, after waiting half-an-hour, Jacob went to summon him. He knocked at the door, but no response came. At last he made bold to open the door; and there sat Abraham Bendibow in his chair, with the key of the strong-box in his hand, looking, in the dusk, very much as he had looked when Jacob left him three hours before. But Abraham Bendibow was dead.

All his affairs were found to be in order; and, among the other contents of the strong-box, was the book of rules of which he had spoken to Jacob. As to the South-Sea stock, it sank and sank, and Jacob's heart sank with it; and when the stock had reached six hundred and forty, Jacob's heart was in his boots. Nevertheless, he was faithful to his trust, and held on. Soon afterwards the agents of the Company bought largely, and stock rose once more, and practically for the last time. The hour came at last when it was quoted at one thousand, and then, with a trembling delight, and with a conviction of his father's prescience and wisdom that amounted to religious veneration, Jacob went forth and sold; and that night he deposited in the strong-box bank-notes and bullion to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Such was the beginning of the famous house of Bendibow.

Chapter VII.

The history of the house of Bendibow and Son—or of Bendibow Brothers, as it came to be called—was broadly the history of the eighteenth century in England. Persons who deal in money are apt

to come into relations with most of the prominent characters and events of their time, and Bendibow Brothers dealt in that commodity very extensively. The thirty years covered by the reign of George the Second was a picturesque and brilliant period. Famous personages were to be met everywhere—in London, Epsom, Bath, Tunbridge, and Scarborough: York, too, was a fashionable place in those days; Shrewsbury was full of merry-making, and Newmarket attracted other people besides professed lovers of the turf. Congreve was living out the last years of his life, and Mrs. Bracegirdle was still acting his plays, when the second representative of the Brunswick line came to the throne. Addison had died a few years previously, Steele a year or two afterwards; Pope, Swift, Fielding, and Defoe were all in full cry and condition. Lord Bathurst was in mid-career as patron of literary celebrities, and the fascinating and romantic Earl of Peterborough was losing his heart to the sweet voice and face of Anastasia Robinson. Hogarth and Kneller were in existence, and Arbuthnot was witty and wise. Handsome Tom Grantley, destined to become one of the foremost men of fashion and intrigue of his time, was in 1732 a little squalling baby in the south of Ireland. George the First had created the earldom of Seabridge upwards of fifteen years before, in consequence of assistance rendered to him by the then head of the family during the Rebellion; and it was at about the same date that Mary Lancaster, niece of Lord Croftus, first saw the light—she who was afterwards to unite the two families by her marriage with the second Earl of Seabridge. Meanwhile, Mary Bellenden was esteemed the loveliest, and Mary Wortley Montague the cleverest, of living women. As time went on, and the century approached its middle age, Garrick began to act in London; Beau Nash, superb, autocratic, and imperturbable, ruled the roast at Bath; Horace Walpole embroidered society with the brilliance of his affected and sentimental persiflage; Smollett hobnobbed with Quin, and the Great Commoner stalked about, glaring out appallingly from the jungle of his shaggy wig. Amusement was the religion of the age, and recklessness was its morality. It was the apotheosis of card-playing; literature was not good form; cards and men formed the library of the Duchess of Marlborough. What are now termed the mental resources of civilisation being as yet unknown, life was so conducted as to become a constant variety and succession of condiments. Criminals were made to minister to the general entertainment by being drawn and quartered, as well as beheaded and hanged; gentlemen pistolled and skewered one another instead of being contented with calling each other names,

and suing for damages and defamation. Tempers were hot, hearts were bold, and conversation was loose on all sides. Wine was cheap, tea was dear, gluttony and drunkenness were anything but improper. The country-folk were no less energetic on their own scale. They romped and shouted at village fairs and wakes; they belaboured one another scientifically with cudgels; half-naked women ran races and jumped hurdles, May-poles were hoisted on every green; and the disaffected rode out on the king's highway with masks and pistols. Love-making, with persons of condition at least, was a matter less of hearts than of postures and phrases: it was etiquette for everybody in small clothes to languish at the feet of everybody in petticoats. The externals of life were sumptuous and splendid, because no time and trouble were wasted upon internals. An element of savagery and brutality pervaded all classes, high and low, without which the game could not have been kept up with such unflagging plausibility and zeal.

But all this fun had to be fed with money, or at all events with credit; and Bendibow Brothers were always prepared, on proper security, to furnish either: wherefore a great portion of this gorgeous procession passed through their dingy office in the city, on its way to or from its debaucheries. And since the brethren (following the injunctions of their long-headed founder) aimed no less at social distinction than at the wealth which should render that distinction profitable, they frequently saw their way to accept, from certain of their customers, interest payable otherwise than in hard cash. An introduction to Lord Croftus's drawing-room, for example, might be cheaply purchased for an advance of a thousand pounds; a sinecure post in the army for a junior member of the firm, or a foreign order for the senior, would be worth three or four times as much; while, for the hand of a daughter of the junior branch of a titled family, twenty or thirty thousand pounds down would be considered a profitable transaction. Worldly wisdom and foresight, in short, formed as important a part of the Bendibow policy as direct and literal pecuniary returns. Indeed, it was upon the profit of their innumerable small transactions that they relied for the bulk of their material wealth: with the great and haughty their dealings were uniformly liberal and dignified. The consequence was, that when the Jacobite rebellion broke out, the Government accepted a substantial loan from Bendibow Brothers, as being not only the richest but the most loyal and respectable firm of bankers in England. Mr. Joseph Bendibow, one of the partners, was, for some unexplained reason, "promoted" to the rank of colonel in the regular army; and

five years later the head of the family was raised to the baronetage. Hereupon a constituency was purchased at a not too exorbitant rate, and—the Bendibows having long since abandoned their Jewish proclivities, and presented themselves to the world as immaculate Protestant Christians—for the remainder of their career the descendants of the obscure Hebrew goldsmith and money-lender were numbered among the lawgivers of their country and trusty advisers of the Crown.

It was an honourable position, patiently tried for and cleverly won. None of the Bendibows, since the time of Abraham their progenitor, had been in any sense men of genius; but, on the other hand, none of them had been destitute of common-sense, prudence, steadiness, suppleness, and persistency; and they had also possessed—what perhaps was of more value to them than any of their native virtues—a private family bible, in the shape of the book of rules written and bequeathed to them by the patriarch above mentioned. It would be interesting, and possibly edifying, to review the contents of this work. No doubt it was brimming over with human astuteness; and might be described as a translation into eighteenth-century ideas and language of the mystic injunctions of the old alchemists in reference to the Philosopher's Stone. Be that as it may, the book went far towards achieving the end for which it was composed; and if the Bendibows were as yet not quite a hundred-fold millionaires and peers of the realm, they seemed fairly on their way to be so. To that consummation the brethren themselves looked forward with justifiable confidence. Nevertheless, viewing their whole history from the vantage-ground of our own century, we can see that the accession of George the Third was the period of their actual apogee. It was about that time that Francis Bendibow was born—he whose genius almost equalled that of Abraham, and who, indeed, carried the reputation of the bank to a point higher than any which it had before attained. But reputation does not always, nor in the long run, mean prosperity; and Sir Francis Bendibow, along with his genius, perhaps possessed some qualities which, under pressure of circumstances, were capable of doing mischief. But that shall be enlarged upon in its proper place.

Society was now becoming more intellectual, more civilised, and more depraved. That abstruse idea which is covered by the phrase "Fine Gentleman" now received its most complete embodiment. It was a patrician era, but also an era in which genius, of whatever kind, could force men and women from obscurity to the light. The

youthful Sheridan was making a good impression at Bath by his fine figure, hearty face, and manly and unaffected bearing, even before the "Rivals" and the "School for Scandal" had been written; and he and his fellow-countryman, Tom Grantley—though the latter was more than fifteen years his senior—were on the most cordial terms; and it was said at the time that Grantley was of assistance to Sheridan in that gentleman's elopement with the beautiful Miss Linley. Fox, and others of his kidney, were setting the fashion of colossal gambling as a means of working-off their superfluous nervous vitality and the estates of their ancestors; Whatthier's and White's, Brookes's and Raggett's saw such sights as will never come again; statesmen and macaronis, parsons and opera-dancers, soldiers and play-writers, fine ladies and fine females, all, according to their several natures and capacities, took the most serious interest in cock-fighting, rat-hunting, singing and dancing, betting, dicing, antique statues and old pictures, divorce and atheism. But, as the century culminated, war, and the armies which fought it, overtopped all other interests; political opinions, or professions of opinion, were at the acme of vehemence; furious pamphlets fluttered on all sides; Dibdin wrote songs to encourage Nelson's sailors; Wilkes was synonymous with liberty; and King George, believing himself the father of his people, spent his long life in doing them all the harm in his power. And all this, too, required money, and more money than ever; and Bendibow Brothers were more than ever mixed up in it—more, indeed, than was at that time suspected—for Francis Bendibow had begun to show what was in him; and his suggestions and enterprises had begun first to astound, then to dazzle and fascinate, his more methodical and humdrum partners, until it seemed likely that he might take upon himself to edit a new and improved edition of the private family bible. In truth, he was a very brilliant and popular gentleman, whom everybody knew, and whom nobody who was anybody disliked. He was the confidant of as many social secrets as a fashionable physician or lawyer, and knew more about political intrigues than any other man out of the Cabinet. It was a marvel how well, considering the weight of his multifarious responsibilities, he managed to preserve his aspect of gaiety and good-nature. But it often happens, that precisely those persons who have most to conceal, and who deal most in mysteries, appear, in the careless eyes of their contemporaries, more frank and undisguised than anybody else. Sir Francis Bendibow, be it repeated, was a general favourite of society, as well as a special favourite of fortune; and somewhere about 1790 he confirmed his successes by allying him-

self with the Barons Croftus by marriage with a daughter of the then Lord.

From that time forward, the affairs of Bendibow Brothers went on with much ostensible smoothness and good-fortune; though whether anything less serene and comfortable lay hidden beneath this fair surface is a question, the answer to which must for the moment be reserved. One or two events only need to be mentioned, in order to bring us back to the epoch at which this story properly begins. Tom Grantley, who throughout his career had always been an ample customer of the Bendibows, and who, like so many others, had insensibly allowed his business relations with them to develop into social intercourse, had, in 1771, placed his son Charles, then a boy of fifteen, in the bank in the capacity of clerk, with the understanding that he was afterwards to be admitted to partnership, should he turn out to be qualified for that position. This was a good thing for Charles, in a pecuniary point of view; and his abilities, which were always remarkable, made it likely that his career would be a successful one. As for the social aspects of the affair, the Bendibows were perhaps greater gainers than Grantley, since Charles had the noble Seabridge blood in his veins. But Charles's father, though aristocratic and imperious enough in his own person, was theoretically liberal and even republican in his views; and possibly he was not sorry to requite the neglect which his wife's family had shown him by embarking the grandson of the earl in a mercantile life. Charles, for his own part, was, actually, what his father was only in idea; that is to say, he sympathised with the enlightened and revolutionary spirit that was abroad, and which was taking palpable form in the American colonies and in France. He rebelled against the claims of caste, and, before he was twenty-one, was pretty well known as a social reformer and radical. This, of itself, would not have impaired the social popularity of one who could call an earl his kinsman; not only because extreme opinions were in those days considered rather interesting and amusing than otherwise, but because then, as at all times, a man may be or say anything he pleases, provided he will be or say it in a sufficiently graceful or skilful manner. But Charles, unfortunately, was as abrupt, unconciliating, and dogmatic in his manner as he was startling and unconventional in his views. He was not only able to utter disagreeable and embarrassing truths at inconvenient moments, but he seemed actually fond of doing so; and, since he was not more prepossessing in person than adroit in behaviour, ciety for the most part ended by giving him up as a bad job.

"Charles would be very well, if he wasn't so damned sincere," was one of the least uncharitable judgments that those who were willing to be his friends pronounced upon him. Charles meanwhile seemed to take the situation very composedly. The social intercourse which was not to be had in fashionable drawing-rooms and coffee-houses, he sought and found elsewhere—among literary men, perhaps, or others still lower in the social scale. In his chosen circle —whatever it was—he was eminent and influential. Everyone respected him; many feared him a little; a few liked him heartily, or even loved him. He was of a fiery, warlike temperament, and nothing could daunt him or dishearten him. He was proud and sensitive beyond what seemed reasonable; but those who knew him well said he was full of tenderness and generosity, and that a more affectionate and self-sacrificing man never lived. Perhaps neither his friends nor his foes entirely understood him. One thing about him, at all events, no one understood—and that was, how he and Francis Bendibow came to be such friends. The two young men were, it is true, nearly of the same age; their business interests were identical; and much of their time must of necessity be passed in each other's neighbourhood. But no amount of external association together will of itself suffice to make true friends: it is quite as apt to have an opposite effect. It was plain to the most careless glance that Charles and Francis were in disposition and temperament as wide asunder as the poles; and—the affairs of the bank aside—Francis was devoted to all those objects and interests for which Charles cared nothing, or less. Nevertheless, there was the fact, account for it how you will. Charles was devoted to Francis; resented any disparagement of him; and did, upon occasion, even go so far as to espouse the side of his friend in argument against the side of which he himself was the representative—for Francis's logic was sometimes faulty, and his faculty of seeing all the best points in his own cause was not always infallible. Whether Francis's friendship for Charles was quite so ardent and thorough as Charles's for him may be doubted. Men who are universally friendly and popular seldom rise to the height of a vehement individual preference. But there is little doubt that he was impressed by Charles's affection, that he reciprocated it as far as in him lay, and that, although he was wont to affect a good-humoured air of patronising his friend, chaffing him, and laughing at the intensity and seriousness of his convictions, he in reality deferred to Charles's judgment and recognised his personal force and capacity. "We could never get on without old Charles," was a saying often in his mouth. And

when Charles fell in love with Francis's sister, Ruth Bendibow, Francis was a hearty supporter of the match. The marriage took place when Charles was in his thirty-first year—Tom Grantley having died upwards of ten years before. The following year a daughter was born, and her name was called Perdita.

When Perdita was about six years old, a mysterious calamity occurred. Society wondered, guessed, and speculated, but never found out the whole truth of the affair. All that was certain was, that Charles Grantley suddenly disappeared from London, leaving his wife and his daughter behind him. There was a rumour that he had also left behind him a letter, addressed to Sir Francis Bendibow, begging him to look after the welfare of his family, whom he could not ask to share with him his exile and disgrace. What, then, was this disgrace? Sir Francis, when interrogated on the subject, preserved a melancholy and dignified silence. It was surmised that he would not accuse his friend, and that he could not defend him. But had Charles Grantley, whom all the world had taken to be at least the soul of honesty and honour—could he have been guilty of a dishonest or dishonourable action? Well, human nature is weak, and the best and strongest of men have their unaccountable moments of frailty. Grantley, no doubt, had been exposed to temptation. He had for some time past been admitted a full partner in the firm; and it was known that he had latterly been building and furnishing an expensive house. Moreover, he was believed to be a member of more than one secret society; and he had perhaps been induced or compelled to advance large contributions towards their support. The coffers of the bank were open to him. . . . Why rehearse again a story so often told? Enough that Charles Grantley vanished from the world that knew him, and that no news ever came to tell whither he had gone. It was only charitable to suppose that he did not long survive the disgrace into which he had plunged himself.

His wife died some years after his disappearance; not of a broken heart—for she had never cherished any very vital affection for her husband, and always seemed angry rather than grieved at the calamity—but from an acute attack of bilious fever. She was a beautiful and talented woman, but probably was not without certain blemishes of head or heart. Perdita was thus left—so far as could be known—an orphan. Sir Francis Bendibow, amidst general applause, formally adopted her. Certainly, to accept as your own the daughter of the man who has defrauded you, especially when that man happens to be your brother-in-law, shows a rare magna-

nimity. Perdita was brought up as befitted a young lady liable to hold a good position in society. For obvious reasons she was allowed to forget her unhappy father, and encouraged to regard herself as the actual offspring of her benevolent guardian. The girl throve passing well, more than fulfilling her early promise of beauty and grace. She, moreover, gave signs of possessing a strongly-marked character, hard, subtle, and persistent; but, as the crudity of girlhood passed away, those harsher lineaments ceased to obtrude themselves—the young lady's own sense of harmony doubtless prompting her to disguise them beneath a soft and seductive exterior: and she was by nature luxurious, and had the instinct of equipping herself cap-à-pie from the mystic arsenal of voluptuous artifice to which only such women have the key. Her début in society was very effective; and she took all the other women's admirers away from them. But her own heart seemed to remain unimpaired: and, on the other hand, there was a lack of really desirable offers of marriage; for it was thought, not unreasonably, that Perdita ought to make a great match—say an earl at the least. But the earls hung back: perhaps it was the still lingering shadow of her unfortunate parent that disqualified her. Here, however, fortune—who, save for that one ill-turn, was in love with Perdita almost to the end of her career—brought into the field an elderly and extremely wealthy foreign personage, who succumbed to the young lady's fascinations at their first interview, made her an offer of his cordial and worldly effects on the following week, and was made the happiest of men in making her his wife by the end of the month. Perdita, for some unexplained reason, received little more than a bare outfit from her affectionate uncle and foster-father; but there were unexceptionable settlements on the part of her husband; and she accompanied the latter to the continent with éclat and with a brilliant future before her—being still in her nineteenth year, while her husband was at least sixty, with an impaired constitution. Whether the issue of the affair was as prosperous as it bade fair to be Sir Francis Bendibow was not informed, for his adopted daughter had never since her departure troubled him with any letters or messages. For all he knew she might be in the New World, or even in the next. The worthy baronet consoled himself for this neglect as best he might by lavishing attention upon the rearing and education of his *bonâ-fide* child, a sickly and rather unpromising son. The result of the education was, that the young gentleman was allowed pretty much his own way; and, like other men before him who have steered in the same direction, he arrived

at nothing particularly edifying. Sir Francis spoilt him, in short; and the youth was not one of those who can stand much spoiling. He could fight a cock, throw a main, hunt a rat, drive a horse, and upon occasion—as we have seen—could upset a coach. Perhaps, when the time came, he would be able to carry on the business of the great house of Bendibow Brothers; but it must be confessed that at present probabilities looked the other way. It was not merely that young Mr. Thomas Bendibow had no practical knowledge of business; but that he had no brothers, nor even any cousins; that he was, in fact, the last of his family; and looked, at twenty, as if he hardly had pith in him to outlive his father, who was sixty-two; so that good Sir Francis, sitting day after day in his little private room at the rear of the banking premises, may be supposed to have found some elements of concern and anxiety mingling with the general complacency of his reflections. Surely he did not deserve to be the prey of such solicitude. He had long since forgotten the follies and vanities of his golden youth, and had settled down to be one of the handsomest, kindliest, courtliest, most immaculate elderly baronets imaginable.

Chapter VIII.

The first week of May had passed by, and Sir Francis Bendibow was sitting in his private room at the bank, with one elegant leg crossed over the other, and his hands folded over his embroidered waistcoat. He appeared to be meditating, with the placid gravity that characterised him, over the results of a well-spent and profitable life. At length, with a gentle sigh, he uncrossed his legs, took his watch from his fob, and consulted its enamelled face. It wanted five minutes to three. Sir Francis might, with propriety, abandon business for the day, and betake himself to his residence in Great George Street. He was just on the point of touching a bell, and ordering his carriage to be called, when the servant came to the door and said that someone was without who desired to see Sir Francis.

"Some one?" said Sir Francis, mildly and interrogatively.

"A lady, Sir Francis," explained the servant: and something in the way he pronounced the word induced the baronet to imagine that the lady was neither old nor ugly.

"What is the lady's name?" he inquired, sitting more erect in his chair and settling his stock.

"She gave no name, Sir Francis: she said Sir Francis would receive her."

"Hum! I was about to ask you to order the carriage, Catnip: you may order the carriage to be ready in ten minutes; meanwhile, you may admit the lady—ahem!"

"Yes, Sir Francis."

A minute afterwards the lady was admitted.

Sir Francis's intuition had not been at fault. The lady was young and lovely. She was five feet five inches in height—as the baronet judged, and he was an adept in women—perfectly and rather fully formed, with a foot and ankle worthy of Titania. Her right hand was ungloved, showing a small soft wrist, taper fingers with dimpled knuckles, and a long thumb. Her movement and bearing were those of a finished woman of the world, supplemented by just physical proportions and native grace. She was dressed richly, and in the fashion; yet with such subtle art, that one remarked that her attire suited her before remarking what it was. When she came in, her face was veiled; but the silken web was not so dense as to conceal the sparkle of a pair of dark eyes; while over her small ears and at the back of her neck were discernible some short locks of bright curling hair.

She advanced into the middle of the room, and there paused, while Sir Francis presented her with a grand obeisance.

"Your humble servant, madam," said he. "May I entreat you to be seated?"

"Thank you, sir," she answered, placing herself in the chair he handed to her. "I shall not detain you very long. I came to you on a matter of business."

She betrayed a slight foreign accent in speaking; but there was something in the tone of her voice that attracted the baronet's attention. It was a full, clear, and yet lightsome voice, varying easily through changing intonations, always harmonious and perfectly under control: it evinced self-possession and a musical ear. Sir Francis was already charmed, and summoned all his graces to confront the occasion. It was not every day that destiny brought to him such customers as this.

"I shall esteem myself fortunate in being able to be of any service to you," he said, with a manner at once impressive and deferential.

"You are extremely good, sir."

"I protest, madam—not in the least. May I inquire, madam, whether you are familiar with London?"

"I was in London a number of years ago, sir—I think it mus now be ten years——"

"In that case, madam, you must have been very young—quite a child, in fact. The town may therefore have some novelty for you. Fortunately, the season is just commencing, and——"

"Alas, sir, I am not in a position to avail myself of gaieties."

"Indeed? Egad, madam, I protest you distress me."

"It is because I have recently met with a sad misfortune."

"You are too young, and—if I might be permitted to say it—too fair to be the prey of misfortune, madam. The misfortune is not, I trust, irremediable?"

"I fear it is, sir. I speak of the loss of my husband."

Sir Francis was a little puzzled. Was this lady more or less of a woman of the world than he had imagined? Was there not, after all, something of the *ingénue* about her? To be sure, a widow cannot, as a general thing, be accurately described as an *ingénue*; but, practically, this widow might be so. For all her polished self-possession of voice and bearing—which might as well be the result of early education as of the training of worldly experience—for all this, her mind and heart might be fresh and unsophisticated. There was a flavour of artlessness, almost of innocent appeal, in what she said. The baronet felt his benevolent heart expand. The prospect of relations—business relations, of course—with a young lady at once so attractive and so unprotected, enchanted him. But it was necessary to be sure of his ground—to inquire further.

"Widowhood for the young and beautiful is indeed the most pathetic of all predicaments!" he exclaimed with feeling. "I should judge, madam, that you can't have enjoyed the married state long?"

"Not very long; though it seems long in one way."

"Ay; and all too short in another, no doubt. Ah, my dear madam, I can sympathise with you; I have had my bereavements, egad! and my sorrows. These are terrible times, madam; though, thank God, that Corsican monster is safe at last: but he has made many widows, in this country and elsewhere. Your husband, perhaps, fell upon the field of battle?"

"No, sir. Perhaps I should have told you that my husband was a Frenchman."

This reply embarrassed Sir Francis. It was his intention to be agreeable to the lady, and he had unwittingly disturbed her sensibilities. But a few moments sufficed him to recover his self-possession. Not for a trifle of consistency would he forfeit the good opinion of so charming a client.

"The French," he said, "are a brave and noble people. Now

that there is no longer war between us and them we can acknowledge it. Bonaparte, after all, was a great general, and a man of genius. No one can regret more than myself, madam, the necessity which has removed him to St. Helena."

"Is that your opinion, sir?" returned the lady coldly. "My husband was a monarchist. To him Bonaparte was a usurper and a tyrant."

Sir Francis struggled not to appear put out of countenance. "Damn these French!" he said internally; "you never know where you are with 'em." Aloud he said: "Your husband was right, madam, from his point of view. He was loyal to his convictions and to his traditions. Everyone must respect them and him—no one, certainly, more than I myself, who am the loyal supporter of my own king. That such a man as your husband should be cut off in the prime of his youth is a calamity to his country," concluded Sir Francis, feeling that at all events he was safe there.

"I beg your pardon, sir?" said the lady ingenuously.

"Your husband, I say, dying in the first flush of youth——"

"Oh, my husband was not a very young man," interposed the lady gravely. "In fact, it may be said that he died of old age. He was only a little over seventy, it is true; but he had for several years past been in very infirm health."

"Zounds, madam, you—you surprise me!" exclaimed Sir Francis, almost losing patience. Reflecting, however, that it was unlikely a wife so youthful should have felt any passionate attachment to a husband so ancient, he plucked up courage: the task of consoling the lady would be by so much the less difficult. She sat there very quietly, with her hands resting one within another in her lap, and her dark eyes sparkling through her veil. Sir Francis conceived a strong desire to see that veil lifted. But he would proceed cautiously.

"You are, then, alone in the world?" he remarked compassionately. "Probably, however, you may have kinsfolk in England or France who——"

"Indeed, sir, I am very unhappy," said the lady, with a melancholy simplicity. "Such few relatives as I possess are not, I fear, kindly disposed towards me."

"Surely they must be very unnatural persons—ahem!" cried Sir Francis indignantly. "But let me entreat you not to be downcast, my dear madam. Providence sometimes raises up friends to us when we least expect it. If I might speak of myself——"

"Indeed, you are very good," said the lady softly, and with a

little movement of one of her hands that seemed to indicate confidence and gratitude. Sir Francis moved his chair a little nearer. The lady continued: "My husband, you must know, has left me the entire control of his property, which I believe is very large. I think his income was what you would call, in your money, ten thousand pounds—is it not?—every year: but I may be mistaken: I am so stupid in those affairs: at least, it was more than three hundred thousand francs."

"In that case, madam, you would be rather under than over the truth in your estimate," said the baronet, bowing with increased tenderness of manner, and bringing his chair so close to that of his visitor that she drew back a little, with a movement half-startled, half-coquettish. "We must speak low," the baronet hastened to say; "this room is not quite so secluded as I could wish, and curious ears .... but to the point. This property——"

"I feel so helpless," said the lady, leaning forward with an impulse of confidence. "I do not care for money: I do not understand its value, nor how to manage it. I am overwhelmed with this responsibility, which I would gladly have escaped. But my husband's will was very stringent and precise in its terms, and I have no choice but to accept the burden he has laid upon me."

"Very right, my dear madam: your sentiments do you every honour. 'Tis a responsibility, indeed—but one which, with good advice, you can easily support. I may say, without vanity, that my experience in matters of finance is as extensive——"

"Oh, sir, I am already convinced of it," interposed the lady cordially. "Your reputation is as high on the Continent as here. A friend of my husband's—known, I believe, also to you—counselled me to come to you and to put myself unreservedly in your hands. The name of the gentleman was Mr. Lancaster—Mr. Philip Lancaster, I think."

"Lancaster! yes, yes," said Sir Francis genially. "I have seen Philip—a fine young fellow, though with a turn for poetry: but he is still young. The Lancasters, madam, as I doubt not you are aware, are kin to the Barons Croftus: it is the family name. They are relatives of my own through my late wife, who was a Lancaster. Philip is my nephew by marriage, though not by blood. In sending you to me he has placed me under a very heavy obligation—ahem!"

"You cannot expect me to believe, sir, that the management of a property like that of my late husband can be much of an object to one who is accustomed to lend money to empires."

"My dear madam, you misapprehend me. The obligation has reference to yourself, not to your property. As to that, I trust you will not think so ill of me as to imagine that I would seek my own profit in any transactions I might be fortunate enough to carry out for you."

"What you say, sir, persuades me that the English are the most genteel people in the world. And besides," added the lady, looking down and turning the pearl-and-diamond ring upon the finger of her ungloved hand, "it relieves me from an embarrassment." Here she looked up again, and Sir Francis felt the dark eyes meeting his own. He was by this time in a mood to exchange a great deal that financiers hold dear for something not more substantial than a draft upon the bank of sentiment. He had been open to romantic impressions in his youth, and his old age was not entirely emancipated from occasional bondage of that sort. But never, he thought, in all his experience, had he encountered aught so bewitching in the shape of woman as she who now sat before him. There could be no doubt that she was already extremely well-disposed towards him; and his redoubtable heart, which had seen him through many a tough encounter of more kinds than one, actually beat with anticipation as he pictured to himself the felicity that might be in store for him.

"Never!" he exclaimed fervently, laying his hand upon his heart, and allowing the ardour of his feelings to glow through the handsome dignity of his countenance,—"never, madam, need you be a prey to any embarrassment from which the utmost of my humble endeavours may suffice to free you."

"I am convinced of your kindness and goodness; but, dear sir, I am aware that matters of business cannot be controlled by the dictates of generous feeling. For my own part, I should never have dreamed of making any stipulations; but, as I observed just now, the directions in my late husband's will are painfully stringent. I must confess to you that it was not altogether in accordance with his wishes that I should reside in England after his death."

There was a slight tremor in the tone in which she made this confession. Sir Francis leaned forward, devoured with tender curiosity.

"In fact, sir, he was opposed to it. But it had always been my dream to revisit my native land; for I am an Englishwoman by birth, though so long an exile. I therefore resolved, if it were possible, to overcome the obstacles which he had placed in my way. It rests with you, dear sir, to decide whether or not I am to succeed."

"With me! my dear—my very dear madam," cried the baronet, impulsively extending his hands and imprisoning one of hers between them. "Do I hear you say that it is my happy privilege to be so far the arbiter of your destiny? Oh, charming woman! command me! enlighten me! show me how I can prevent you from ever putting a greater distance between us than—ahem!—than——"

"You must not speak like this," gently interposed the lady, as the baronet hesitated for a phrase. She withdrew her hand from his own, yet so that the deprivation seemed to convey more of regard than would the caress of another woman. "You make me regret my coming to you on this errand: it would be better, I think, if you could direct me to some other banker——"

"Some other! Impossible! How have I been so unhappy as to make you regret this interview?"

"It could be for only one reason," said the lady, still more kindly. "You lead me to esteem so highly the value of your friendship, that I cannot but regret it should be mingled with interests of a less elevated character. I could prize you so much as a friend that I am reluctant to think of myself as your customer."

Sir Francis positively blushed, and it was some moments before he recovered himself. "Do not think of yourself as my customer!" he then exclaimed, yielding himself completely to the fascinations of this veiled enchantress; "think of me as yours—as the customer who applies to you for all that renders his existence a blessing to him—for your friendship, your favour, your . . . ."

"Oh, sir!" murmured the lady, rising in confusion.

"Charming creature!" supplicated the baronet; "be to me what you will, but do not rob me of the gift of your presence! Do not mistrust me—I am all gentleness and veneration. I am impulsive; but a look, a word, restrains me. Come, we will speak of business: business shall be the lowly yet honourable route by which we may in due course travel to better things. But, business first! How can I be of service to you? Is it your desire to make any deposit? Is there any negotiation . . . .; but pray, honour me by resuming your seat."

"I blame myself for detaining you so long: but I will try to be brief. It amounts to a question of the rate of interest. I am so little acquainted with money-matters, sir, as to be ignorant of the current rate in England."

"Your ignorance does you no discredit, madam. The fluctuations in the money-market have of late years been great; at present, happily, confidence is being restored, and interest is lower. Six per cent. would I think represent a liberal——"

"Six per cent.? Ah, I understand now the full potency of the conditions my late husband imposed upon me. It would be useless for me to attempt to contend against them. I must return, then, to France." In saying this the lady repressed a sigh, and made a movement as if to close the interview.

"But, for pity's sake, explain yourself, dear madam!" cried Sir Francis.

"It would humiliate me to reveal to you the severity—I must not call it the unkindness—of which my husband. . . . No, indeed, sir, you must excuse me ——"

Sir Francis interrupted her by an eloquent gesture, as much as to say, "At least, trust me!"

"If I must speak, then, let it be as to a friend, and in the confidence of friendship," said the lady, uttering herself with an apparent effort. "My husband's instruction was, that in case of my living in England, the property was to be entrusted to an English bank of unquestionable solvency, at an interest of twenty per cent. If this rate were not allowed by the bank, the property was not to be deposited in England: and should I still persist in residing here, the whole of it was to go to a blood-relative of my husband. I have to choose, therefore, between being a beggar and remaining an exile. Were I a man, I should not hesitate to select the former alternative, trusting to myself to earn an honest livelihood: but, as I am a woman. . . . ;" her voice faltered, and she paused.

"As you are a woman, and the most adorable of women," said Sir Francis gravely, "it shall be my happy privilege to defeat your husband's unjust purpose, and to bid you remain where your own inclination and the urgency of your friends would place you. Consider the matter settled. Nay—do not reply. I claim—I may even affirm that I possess—the right to impose my wishes upon you in this respect. I am the head of the house of Bendibow; and permit me to add, dear madam, that in the course of a long experience I have never been engaged in any transaction which promised me advantages so great as the present." Sir Francis concluded this speech with a bow that was in keeping with the dignity and magnificence of his sentiments. In fact, he could not but be conscious of the grandeur of his act, and his manner uplifted itself accordingly. But the lady shook her head.

"Were the soundness of your reasoning as unmistakable as the goodness and nobility of your heart," she said, "I should have no ground for hesitation; but you offer me what it is impossible I should accept. How can I consent to receive a yearly sum from

you equal to the amount of my present income?. It would be indistinguishable from a gift. I thank you from the bottom of my soul: but it cannot be."

"Madam, you wound the heart that you pretend to honour. But that is not all; you infinitely exaggerate your profit in the transaction. Although twenty per cent. is considerably in excess of the average rates of interest, it would be easy for me so to arrange matters that the bank's loss would be practically nil."

"Ah, if I could believe that . . . ." murmured the lady, half to herself.

"You may believe it implicitly," said Sir Francis, who had taken a sheet of paper and was writing rapidly upon it. In a few moments he finished the writing with a flourish, and handed it over to his visitor. It was an agreement, signed and dated, to pay interest at the rate of twenty per cent. upon all moneys which she might deposit in the bank. "My only regret is, that the obligation on your side is so trifling as to be merely nominal: I might otherwise have ventured to hope for some return ——"

"You do me injustice, sir," interrupted the lady warmly, "if you imagine that I would yield to your pecuniary liberality what I would refuse to—to other considerations. You do yourself injustice if you regard your personal worth as not outweighing in my eyes all the bullion in your bank. You must, indeed, have misunderstood me to think otherwise."

She had risen as she spoke, and so also had Sir Francis. He saw the error he had committed, and recognised the necessity of correcting it on the instant. He went down upon one knee before her, as majestically as the lack of suppleness which sixty years had inflicted upon his joints permitted.

"I shall remain here, madam," he declared, "until you have consented to condone a fault for which the imperfection of my language, and not the intention of my heart, is to blame. Lovely—irresistible woman, why should I longer attempt to disguise my feelings towards you? Why should I speak of the respect in which I hold you, the honour, the admiration, when there is one word which comprises and magnifies them all? You know that word; yet, for the easing of my own heart, it shall be uttered. I love you!"

"Love . . . .? Oh, sir—you mistake—that is not right—it cannot ——"

But Sir Francis had possessed himself of her hand, and was imprinting ardent kisses upon it. The lady trembled; she seemed to be agitated by some strong emotion; with her free hand she pressed

her veil over her face. Sir Francis rose and attempted to enfold her in his embrace. But she eluded him, and spoke breathlessly.

"If you really have any regard for me, sir, you will restrain yourself. Let us—ah—let us speak of other things—this paper. Nay, I entreat you . . . . What would you have me say? Is this a time or a place for me to confess that you have inspired me with a sentiment—oh! have pity, sir. Come to me to-morrow—this evening, if you will—but not here, not now. . . ."

"You give me hope, then? Divine creature, do you grant me an interview ——?"

"Yes, yes—anything! indeed, you may command me but too easily: only, if you love me at all, have consideration for my position—for ——"

"Enough! I am obedient, and I am mute, save as you bid me speak," cried the baronet, almost bewildered with the immensity of his own good fortune, and physically much out of breath besides. He sank into his chair, panting. "We understand each other!" he sighed out, with an impassioned smile. "Till this evening! meanwhile ——"

"This paper, then? Is it a legal form? Are you serious in making such a contract with me?"

The baronet nodded profoundly. "It bears my signature: it is complete and irrevocable!"

"But my own name is not written here. You have left a blank."

"For you to fill up, dearest creature! How could I write your name, when you have not told me what it is?"

"How, sir? You do not know my name?" exclaimed the lady, with an accent of surprise.

"Positively, I have not a notion of it. The servant did not announce it."

"And you enter into this contract with one of whom you know nothing?"

"'Tis yourself, fairest of your sex, not your name, that has importance for me," panted the baronet complacently. "But you will tell it me? and lift that veil that obscures so much beauty?"

"Apparently, Sir Francis, it has obscured more than my beauty," returned the lady drily. She approached the table at which he sat, and added, "Give me your pen."

Somewhat startled at the abruptness of her tone, the baronet complied with her request. She held the paper upon the desk with her left hand, while she wrote a name in the blank space which Sir Francis had left for that purpose. His eye followed the swift movement of

the pen, and when the writer laid it down, he read out the name mechanically——

"Perdita, Marquise Desmoines."

Sir Francis leant back heavily in his chair, and his arms fell loosely at his side. He stared at the charming figure in front of him with a sort of vacant consternation. She threw back her veil.

The face that was thus revealed was certainly not one to disappoint the most sanguine expectations. In shape it was a full oval, the nose delicate and pointed, with the tip mobile to the changing play of the lips in smiling or speaking. Her chin was firm, her throat solid, round, and white. It was the face of one capable alike of luxurious indolence and of dangerous energy; endowed with dimples for mirth and with clear-cut lines for resolute purpose. Sound sense and accurate memory dwelt in the broad brow; good temper in the curve of cheek and eyelid; passion in the full lower lip. From the movements of the features and the poise of the head upon the neck, might be divined that she was proud, generous, or implacable as the whim suited her; but the dominant expression at present was one of archly mischievous amusement.

"You don't seem glad to see me, Uncle Francis!" she exclaimed, making a *moue* of lovely irony.

No answer from the baronet.

"You wanted to kiss me just now; come—I am ready!"

Sir Francis was still speechless.

"Why, uncle, how unsympathetic you are grown all of a sudden! Don't you love your poor widowed niece, whom you haven't seen or heard of for ten years? You were so complimentary and affectionate a moment ago! And so generous, too, uncle," she added, holding up the signed agreement between her white forefinger and thumb. At the sight of this the baronet's countenance became ghastly, and he emitted a groan.

Perdita, Marquise Desmoines, threw back her head and laughed with all her might—a laugh full of liquid music. "You are a most incomprehensible man, uncle," she declared, when she had recovered herself. "When my veil is down you call me fairest of my sex, dearest creature, and sweetest of women; you go down on your knees to me, devour my hand, and pay me ten thousand sterling a year to live in London. You were so delightfully impetuous, in short, that you almost frightened me. Who would have expected such ardour from a man of your age? Then, when the veil is lifted, you sit as silent and impassive as a bag of guineas; you glare at me as if I were a gorgon. I hope you will be more agreeable when you come

to see me this evening? We understand each other, you know—don't we?—eh, uncle?" And she laughed once more.

"Well, well, Perdita," said the baronet at last in a feeble voice, "you are a monstrous clever girl, and you may have your laugh out. As for that paper, you may as well return it me at once. You have your jest: that was mine."

"If all your jests are worth ten thousand a year, I should like to engage you as my court-jester, uncle. You will be worth your weight in silver if you make no more than six jests in a twelve-month."

"Well, well! but give me the paper: seriously, I insist——"

"You insist! Oh, uncle! Because the uncle is a jester, it does not follow that the niece must be a fool. Besides, you have owed me this for ten years."

"Owed it you? What the doose——"

"Ah, uncle, you are growing old—you are losing your memory. Didn't you marry me to my poor marquis without a dowry? and didn't you say you would make it up to me when times improved? Well, in five or six years perhaps I may give you this paper back; but to do so now, dear uncle, would be discourteous; it would be denying you the privilege of doing an act of justice."

"Upon my life, madam," exclaimed Sir Francis, plucking up some resolution, "you may keep the paper or not as you see fit; but the engagement is not worth the ink it's written with; and that you shall find out!"

The marquise regarded her exasperated relative with a charming gleefulness. "But it is only for twenty per cent., you know, uncle," she said; "and you are able to put out money at double that rate—and more, I dare say."

"Zounds, ma'am, I protest I am ignorant of your meaning!" cried the baronet indignantly.

"I mean Rackett's," was Perdita's reply.

Sir Francis changed colour and countenance at that word, as if it were a spell that threatened his life. "You don't mean . . . . I don't know . . ." he began.

"Come, uncle, we are people of the world, are we not?" said the marquise, with a rather cynical smile. "We have all made our little mistakes; I don't mean to annihilate you; but I happen to know all about Rackett's, and have a fancy to make you pay my dowry—not that I need the money, but because I dote upon abstract justice. Let us be good friends. 'Birds in their little nests agree;' and so should uncle and niece. You may come and pay your

respects to me to-morrow, if you like—if you can control the impatience that was consuming you ten minutes ago! I have several things to talk over with you. I have taken a house in Red Lion Square for the present; London will not hear of me until next winter. I am but just become a disconsolate widow, and mean to behave accordingly."

Sir Francis sighed, with the air of a man who resigns himself to the rigour of fate.

"And you are really going to remain in England?" he said.

"As long as it amuses me. Paris is dull without the emperor. Besides—but you shall hear the rest to-morrow." She rose to go.

At this juncture Catnip tapped at the door and put in his head.

"A gentleman to see you, Sir Francis."

"What is his name?"

"Mr. John Grant, Sir Francis."

"Who?"

"Mr. John Grant, Sir Francis."

"I don't know him," said the baronet. "However, let him enter."

The Marquise Desmoines, going out, met Mr. John Grant in the passage, which was narrow. He ceremoniously made room for her to pass; glanced after her for a moment, and then went into the baronet's room.

(To be continued.)

ANNE OLDFIELD.

LONG years since, in what was called St. James's Market—swept away early in the century to make room for Regent Street and Waterloo Place—there stood and flourished "The Mitre Tavern," a respectable establishment conducted by one Mrs. Voss, with the aid of her widowed sister Mrs. Oldfield and her daughter Anne. Of the late Mr. Oldfield, a vintner's son, his friends were wont to speak fondly, describing him as Captain Oldfield, for he had ridden in the Guards and was even said to have held a commission in the service of King James II. Mrs. Oldfield claimed to be of gentle descent; but she had been left in straitened circumstances, for the late Captain, by his free way of living, had dissipated such fortune as he had ever possessed, and the poor lady doubtless was glad to obtain shelter for a while within the hospitable Mitre Tavern. Mistress Anne Oldfield, her daughter, born in Pall Mall in the year 1683, had been apprenticed at the age of twelve or so to a Mrs. Wotton, sempstress in King Street, Westminster. But the young lady was soon to discover that she owned a soul above sewing and hemming, millinery and mantua-making; she was for ever reading plays, reciting poetry, imitating the players.

The fine gentlemen who sauntered in Pall Mall were apt sometimes to turn aside towards the Mitre Tavern, and standing at its bar, to regale themselves with a measure of strong waters or undergo the soothing influence of a mug of small beer. One day a visitor of this class paused upon the threshold, and remained for some time listening there. For Mistress Anne, in the bar-parlour, was reading aloud scenes from the comedy of "The Scornful Lady" of Beaumont and Fletcher, and with "so proper an emphasis and such agreeable turns suited to each character," that her auditor boldly swore she was cut out for the stage, and straightway rewarded her efforts with very hearty applause. And the gentleman had some title to be accounted a critic in the matter. He was very young—only two-and-twenty or so—of melancholy aspect and splenetic constitution, usually wearing black. Such is the description he has left of himself. But he was no other than Captain George Farquhar, already famous as

the author of the comedy "Love and a Bottle," successfully produced at Drury Lane in 1698. The girl—she was just sixteen, and extremely handsome, tall and slim, with shapely features, beaming eyes, and the sweetest of smiles, her voice very rich, strong, and musical—received the Captain's plaudits with eager pleasure and gratitude. He pressed her to resume the exertions his presence had interrupted. She complied with an air of bashfulness and hesitation, although, as she afterwards merrily confessed, "I longed to be at it, and only needed a little decent entreaty." In truth, she was ambitious to try her fortune upon the stage; she felt assured that success was in store for her as an actress. But then, of course, her mother and her views and wishes had to be considered.

The Mitre was often patronised by another gentleman of the army, an officer of "a fine, elegant, and manly person," older by some twelve years than Captain Farquhar, and better qualified by position and experience, it was thought, to pronounce concerning Anne Oldfield's prospects in the theatrical profession. This was the soldier, architect, and dramatist, Captain John Vanbrugh—he was not knighted until 1714—"a most sweet-natured gentleman and pleasant," as Rowe described him, and one of "the three most honest-hearted, real good men of the poetical members of the Kit-Kat Club," so Spence stated upon the authority of Tonson and Pope. In 1695, on the nomination of the eminent John Evelyn, he had been appointed secretary to the Commission for endowing Greenwich Hospital, and two years later he had given his comedy of "The Relapse" to Drury Lane, to be followed promptly by others of his works: "The Provoked Wife" and "Æsop," an adaptation from the French of Boursault. Mrs. Oldfield thought it well to consult Captain Vanbrugh in regard to her daughter's chances as an actress. Captain Farquhar's good opinion of the young lady was shared and supported by his friend and brother-dramatist, Captain Vanbrugh. Mr. Christopher Rich, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre, was spoken to upon the subject. Mr. Rich was most willing to oblige the captains, and forthwith enrolled Anne Oldfield a member of the Drury Lane company upon the modest salary of fifteen shillings, to be presently raised—his Grace the Duke of Bedford being pleased to speak to Mr. Rich in favour of the actress—to the sum of twenty shillings per week.

According to the brief biography of Anne Oldfield written by William Egerton, and published in 1731, the actress made her first appearance upon the stage rather hurriedly, as Candiope, the heroine of Dryden's tragi-comedy, "Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen." The character had been assigned to another actress, Mrs. Cross; but

that performer's sudden elopement from the theatre with a gentleman of fashion, compelled the manager to find a substitute for her in the novice Anne Oldfield. This was in 1699. It was not until the following year that her career as an actress was formally commenced, when she appeared as Alinda, in a revival of Fletcher's play of "The Pilgrim," with alterations by Vanbrugh, and certain additions, including a prologue and epilogue, by Dryden, for whose benefit, indeed, the performance was presented. During the same year she undertook the characters of Sylvia, a Roman lady, in "The Grove, or Love's Paradise," a pastoral tragedy by Oldmixon; and Aurelia, in the tragedy of "The Perjured Husband," by Mrs. Carroll, afterwards famous as Mrs. Centlivre. For Mrs. Oldfield's benefit "The Pilgrim" was repeated at the close of the season. It seems clear that at this time her success was not great, and that her appearances upon the scene were infrequent. She suffered from a want of confidence in herself; she had lost the courage which animated her recitations in the bar-parlour of the Mitre Tavern. Cibber confessed himself so deceived in her regard, that he thought that she had little other qualifications for the stage than her good looks; for, as he says, "she set out with so extraordinary a diffidence, that it kept her too despondingly down to a formal, plain, not to say flat manner of speaking." Nor for some time could the silver tone of her voice incline his ear to any hope in her favour. Public approbation—"the warm weather of a theatrical plant, certain to bring it forward to whatever perfection nature may have designed for it"—seemed lacking to the actress, while few opportunities of acquiring distinction were permitted her. During the next four years, however, certain characters of importance were entrusted to her in plays that have long since left the stage, such as Lady Sharlot in Steele's "Funeral," Jacinta in Vanbrugh's "False Friend," Victoria in Steele's "Lying Lover," and Mary Queen of Scots in Banks's tragedy "The Albion Queens." The actress was advancing, but not rapidly. Her progress was much hindered by the fact that Mrs. Porter held possession of the superior parts in the tragic repertory, while in comedy Mrs. Verbruggen, the widow of the murdered actor, Mountford, enjoyed almost a monopoly of the public favour. But, in the summer of 1703, the Drury Lane Company performed at Bath during the residence in that city of Her Majesty Queen Anne. Mrs. Verbruggen was too ill to travel with the company—indeed, she did not long survive; but, as Cibber relates, "though most of her parts were, of course, to be disposed of, yet so earnest was the female scramble for them that only one of them fell to the share of Mrs.

Oldfield—that of Leonora in 'Sir Courtly Nice,' a character of good plain sense, but not over elegantly written." Before her appearance as Leonora, Cibber, who personated Sir Courtly, entertained "so cold an expectation from her abilities," that the actress could scarcely prevail upon him to rehearse the scenes in which they were chiefly concerned. However, they ran them through "with a natural inadvertency of one another." The actor was careless, concluding that his efforts would be of little avail; while the actress, offended at his low opinion of her, "muttered her words in a sort of a *misty* manner." But when the night of performance came, she had just reason to triumph over his error of judgment. He confessed that he had never seen "so forward and sudden a step into nature." He found himself surprised into the opinion that she possessed "all the innate powers of a good actress, though they were yet but in the bloom of what they promised." And he adds that he held her performance to be the more valuable in that it all proceeded, as he knew, "from her own understanding, untaught and unassisted by any one more experienced actor."

Something, it was afterwards said, Mrs. Oldfield had borrowed of the manner of Mrs. Verbruggen, in "free comedy;" but Mrs. Verbruggen—a beautiful woman, and an actress of special skill and humour—had acquired fame as a representative rather of the hoydens, rustics, and abigails, than of the fine ladies, of the drama. Mrs. Oldfield was wont to say that "the best school she had ever known was only hearing Rowe read her part in his tragedies." This seemed no particular qualification for her success in comedy, unless it be accepted with the qualification that Rowe was always laughing; as Pope said of him, "Why, he would laugh all day long! He could do nothing else but laugh." Mrs. Oldfield had been some fifteen years upon the stage, however, before she was allotted the parts of the heroines of Rowe's tragedies, "Jane Shore" and "Lady Jane Grey," upon the first representation of those works. In Rowe's comedy, "The Biter," produced at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, Mrs. Oldfield had no part. But "The Biter" enjoyed little success. Rowe was charged with attending the performance and laughing vehemently, "whenever he had, in his own opinion, produced a jest." He was to find, however, that, as Dr. Johnson expresses it, "he and the public had no sympathy of mirth."

Mrs. Oldfield's "unexpected sally" as Leonora in "Sir Courtly Nice," induced Cibber, as he relates, to resume his composition of "The Careless Husband." He had completed two acts of the comedy, but had abandoned his task for a while, in despair of

securing adequate representation of the character of Lady Betty Modish. Mrs. Verbruggen's health was fast failing her; Mrs. Bracegirdle had ceased to be a member of the company. But Mrs. Oldfield having now "thrown out such new proffers of a genius," he was no longer at a loss for an actress, and forthwith he completed his comedy. In December 1704, "The Careless Husband" was produced at Drury Lane, and received with signal favour. A large portion of the success of the play the author had the candour to place to the account of the actress, "not only from the uncommon excellence of action, but even from her personal manner of conversing." Many of Lady Betty's sentiments were originally expressed by the actress, or were "only dressed with a little more care than when they negligently fell from her lively humour." He adds, that if her birth had placed her in a higher rank of life, she had certainly appeared in reality what in this play she only excellently acted—"an agreeable gay woman of quality, a little too conscious of her natural attractions." He had often seen her in private society, "when women of the best rank might have borrowed some part of her behaviour without the least diminution of their sense or dignity." It is curious how soon the young girl from the bar-parlour of the Mitre Tavern had possessed herself of the airs, affectations, and graces of the women of quality and fashion of her period.

Soon after the successful performance of Lady Betty, Mrs. Oldfield appeared as Biddy Tipkin, upon the production of Steele's "Tender Husband," and she was presently to be the first personator of Sylvia and Mrs. Sullen in Farquhar's comedies, "The Recruiting Officer," and "The Beaux' Stratagem," and of Lady Dainty and Mrs. Conquest in Cibber's "Double Gallant" and "Lady's Last Stake." Many other of the characters in comedy she sustained during the next few years pertain to a repertory that is now wholly obsolete, and owns only an antiquarian sort of interest. Upon the retirement of Mrs. Bracegirdle, in 1707, Mrs. Oldfield became the most admired comic actress of the time. She had, indeed, no rivals. During the last season of Mrs. Bracegirdle's stay upon the stage the two ladies had been members of the same company, engaged at the large theatre in the Haymarket. That some feeling of jealousy and antagonism should exist between them was scarcely avoidable. It was but rarely, however, that they appeared together upon the scene, although both were allotted parts in Mrs. Centlivre's forgotten comedy, "The Platonic Lady," and in an altered version of Dryden's "*Marriage à la Mode.*" The public

would insist upon comparing the actresses, and rather to the disadvantage of Mrs. Bracegirdle, for she was by twenty years the elder of the two, and the fact was not counted in her favour. Without doubt, the extraordinary popularity of Mrs. Oldfield hastened the close of Mrs. Bracegirdle's professional career. It seems likely, too, that Mrs. Bracegirdle was affronted by some preference shown by the management in regard to the benefit night of the younger performer. A story has been told, indeed, to the effect that the actresses entered into strict and even acrimonious competition, and that each appeared upon alternate nights as Mrs. Brittle in Betterton's comedy of "The Amorous Widow," in order that the public might decide definitely between them upon the question of their merits. This is scarcely credible, however. The authority for the tale is an anonymous "Life of Mrs. Oldfield," of little value, published in 1730.

In 1710 Mrs. Oldfield was representing upon the stage the heroine of that comedy, "The Scornful Lady," which she was reading in the bar-parlour of the Mitre Tavern when Captain Farquhar stood in the doorway hearkening to the music of her voice and encouraging her efforts. Her dream of histrionic glory had been amply realised. But the poor captain, her first auditor and applauding critic, had already departed. "The Beaux' Stratagem," his best work, had been produced with great success at the Haymarket, in March 1707; he died in the following April, while the comedy was still attracting crowds to the theatre. On his death-bed he was informed by Wilks, who played Archer, that Mrs. Oldfield, his Mrs. Sullen, had complained that the play dealt too freely with the character; she was at the last given to Archer, "without such a proper divorce as might be a security to her honour." Farquhar replied lightly, "To salve that I'll get a divorce myself, marry her, and give her my bond she shall be a real widow in less than a fortnight." From the first he had been the very humble servant of the actress. She is said to have been the "Penelope" to whom were addressed certain of the most tender letters contained in his published correspondence. But the fact has not been clearly ascertained, while there is little in the letters to connect them convincingly with the actress. Egerton, her biographer, writes: "I have often heard Mrs. Oldfield mention the many happy hours she had spent in Mr. Farquhar's company." Farquhar had married about 1704 a lady who professed much love for him, and pretended herself possessed of a fortune. She had deceived him; she was in truth as poor as himself. He forgave her the trick she had played him; but his marriage involved him in much pecuniary difficulty and mental distress.

Mrs. Oldfield figures prominently among the poets, wits, and dramatists who shed such literary lustre upon the reigns of Queen Anne and her successor. The first representative of the heroines of Vanbrugh and Farquhar, Cibber, Steele, and Rowe, she was by-and-by to lend assistance to the poet Savage in his most necessitous moments, and to take part in the production, in 1713, of the famous "Cato" of Addison. She was the dramatist's Marcia; she even presumed to suggest to him alterations in the text of her part, and was so audaciously noisy at rehearsal, laughing loudly and calling out merrily to the prompter, "What next? what next?" that Dr. Swift, watching the performance from the wings, spoke of her rancorously as "the drab that played Cato's daughter." In the character of Marcia she delivered the epilogue written for the occasion by Dr. Garth. She was, three years later, the Lady Truman, in Addison's unsuccessful comedy "The Drummer, or the Haunted House." Savage perhaps had little real title to her benevolence, except in regard to the hopeless state of indigence into which he had fallen. He is now somewhat contemptuously considered; even his claim to be the son of the Countess of Macclesfield is often viewed as fraudulent; but it is certain that his writings and pretensions were highly esteemed by the men of letters of his time. Johnson's statement that the actress allowed the poet "a settled pension of fifty pounds a-year" has been contradicted, but it has not been questioned that she afforded him much pecuniary relief. At her death he is said to have worn mourning as for a mother, by way of exhibiting his gratitude "in the most decent manner;" while in order that Mrs. Oldfield's good actions might not be sullied by her general conduct, Johnson holds it proper to cite Mr. Savage's frequent declaration in the strongest terms, "that he never saw her alone or in any other place than behind the scenes." Johnson further asserts that Savage did not celebrate the actress in his elegies for the rather squeamish reason that he might appear to approve faults "which his natural equity did not allow him to think less because they were committed by one who favoured him; but of which, though his virtue would not allow him to palliate them, his gratitude would not suffer him to prolong the memory or diffuse the censure." In Chetwood's "History of the Stage," however, there appeared a poem attributed to Savage, which lauds the departed actress in the most unconditional manner. Not only are her more physical qualities celebrated, when the poet sighs to paint her as she was—

The form divine,
Where *every lovely grace* united shine;

A mien majestic as the wife of Jove,
An air as winning as the Queen of Love;
In every feature rival charms should rise,
And Cupid holds his empire in her eyes;

but abundant tribute is paid to her moral and social excellence :—

A soul with every elegance refined
By Nature and the converse of Mankind:
Wit, which could strike assuming Folly dead;
And Sense which temper'd everything she said;
Judgment which every little fault could spy;
But Candour that would pass a thousand by;
Such finished Breeding, so polite a Taste,
Her Fancy always for the Fashion past;
While every social virtue fired her breast
To help the needy, succour the distrest;
A friend to all in misery she stood,
And her chief Pride was placed in doing good.

Further passages relate to her professional triumphs; the muse is invoked to celebrate the look and action, voice and mien, of the actress, whether as "gay coquette, soft maid, or haughty queen," and the poet proceeds :—

So bright she shone in every different part,
She gained despotic empire o'er the heart;
Knew how each various motion to control,
Soothe every passion and subdue the soul;
As she or gay or sorrowful appears
She claims our mirth or triumphs in our tears, &c. &c.

The biography by Egerton contains a poetical epistle to Mrs. Oldfield "by Mr. Savage, son of the late Earl Rivers, occasioned by her playing Cleopatra in 'All for Love.'" Mrs. Oldfield was also much complimented by Steele in his "Tatler"—for, to do Steele and Addison justice, they were never loth to employ their journals in flattering, even in puffing, their friends. The actress was understood to be the Flavia of "Tatler" No. 212, described as "ever well dressed and always the genteelest woman you meet, but the make of her mind very much contributes to the ornament of her body. She has the greatest simplicity of manner of any of her sex. This makes every thing look native about her, and her clothes are so exactly fitted that they appear as it were part of her person. Everyone that sees her knows her to be of quality; but her distinction is owing to her manner and not to her habit. Her beauty is full of attraction, but not of allurement," &c. It is to be said, however, that this portrait has often been thought to resemble more closely another lady: the Miss Osborne who afterwards became the wife of Bishop

Atterbury. In "Tatler" No. 239 Steele republished the copy of verses he held, "without flattery to the author," to be "as beautiful in its kind as any one in the English tongue":—

> Flavia the least and slightest toy
> Can with resistless arts employ.
> This *fan* in meaner hands would prove
> An engine of small force in love;
> But she with such an air and mien
> Not to be told or safely seen,
> Directs its wanton motions so,
> That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
> Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
> To every other breast a flame.

Of these lines Dr. Atterbury was the author, and Mrs. Oldfield was supposed to be the lady they celebrated.

Mrs. Oldfield's best successes were obtained in comedy. Sometimes, indeed, she professed to despise tragedy. "I hate," she would say, "to have a page dragging my tail about. Why do they not give Porter these parts? She can put on a better tragedy face than I can." The tragedy heroines of those days invariably, it may be noted, wore long trains, which, as they strutted and fretted about the stage, it behoved a page to carry about after them hither and thither. There may have been something of pique in this exclamation. Mrs. Porter—the admired of Horace Walpole—was unquestionably the finer performer of tragedy. According to Chetwood, however, Mrs. Oldfield was "much better reconciled to tragedy" after her appearance as Semandra in Lee's "Mithridates, King of Pontus,' and this was at Drury Lane in 1708, comparatively early in her career. It was with difficulty she was prevailed upon to undertake the part, "but she performed it to the utmost length of perfection." Chetwood further applauds her "majestical figure" as Cleopatra—not Shakespeare's, but Dryden's, in "All for Love," or Cibber's in "Cæsar in Egypt," a tragedy compiled from Beaumont and Fletcher and Corneille—and narrates that he was wont to shrink with awe at her performance of Calista in "The Fair Penitent;" "her excellent clear voice of passion, her piercing flaming eyes, with manner and action suiting," &c. She was also much admired as Andromache in Ambrose Philips's tragedy of "The Distressed Mother," borrowed from Racine. The author's friends filled the house and greatly exerted themselves to promote the success of the play. Before its appearance, as Johnson has recorded, "a whole 'Spectator,' none indeed of the best, was devoted to its praise; while it yet continued to be acted, another 'Spectator' was written to tell what impression

it made upon Sir Roger," &c. In Philips's "Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester," founded upon the Second Part of Shakespeare's "King Henry the Sixth," Mrs. Oldfield played Queen Margaret, and in Aaron Hill's version of "King Henry the Fifth" she personated the Princess Catherine. These appear to have been the only Shakespearian parts the actress ever essayed: Shakespeare was little in vogue in Queen Anne's age. The last new character undertaken by Mrs. Oldfield was that of the heroine of Thomson's "Sophonisba," a tragedy which had so stirred expectation that, as Johnson relates, "every rehearsal was dignified with a splendid audience, collected to anticipate the delight that was preparing for the public." The work obtained only a lukewarm reception, however. It was observed that "nobody was much affected, and that the company rose as from a moral lecture." Nevertheless, Mrs. Oldfield's Sophonisba seems to have made a profound impression on the audience. Thomson avowed that she had excelled what "even in the fondness of an author" he could either have wished or imagined; and especially he commended "the grace, dignity, and happy variety of her action." It is told that she delivered the line,

Not one base word of Carthage, on thy soul!

with such grandeur of action, a look so tremendous, and a voice so powerful, that the audience were greatly moved and rewarded her exertions with extraordinary applause. It was her last season on the stage. According to Chetwood, her efforts and anxieties as Sophonisba hastened her decease. He writes: "In her execution she went beyond wonder to astonishment, and from that time her decay came slowly on till it conducted her to eternal rest the 23rd of October, 1730." But her health had for some years been seriously declining. Her natural cheerfulness of disposition and a strong volition had supported her under very trying conditions. "Many times when she has been playing a part, and received the universal applause of an audience, the tears have fallen from her cheeks with the anguish of pain she felt."

This queen of comedy and of tragedy was buried with something like royal honours. Her body was borne from her house in Grosvenor Street—some years before she had resided in Southampton Street, Strand—to the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster, where it lay in state, to be presently conveyed to the Abbey for interment, the pall being supported by Lords Delawar and Hervey, the Right Honourable Bubb Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, Charles

Hedges and Walter Carey, Esquires, and Captain Elliot. The funeral service was performed by the Reverend Dr. Barker, senior prebendary then resident, who stated rather vaguely "that he buried Mrs. Oldfield very willingly and with the greatest satisfaction." Her friends hastened to provide in her honour Latin and English epitaphs; but no monument or inscription denotes her resting-place. In life she had been famed for the taste and choiceness of her dress: "Oldfield's petticoat" had been celebrated by Pope in connection with "Quin's high plume;" after her death she was arrayed by her confidential friend and pupil, Mrs. Saunders, the actress, with special care and even something of elegance. Her biographer writes, "She had on a very fine Brussels lace-head, a holland shift with tucker and double ruffles of the same lace, a pair of new kid gloves, and her body wrapped up in a winding-sheet." The Woollen Act had prescribed the use of woollen shrouds. In his Moral Essays Pope wrote the familiar lines :—

"Odious in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke!"
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.
"No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face:
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
And—Betty—give this cheek a little red."

It is not questioned that the allusion was to poor Mrs. Oldfield. One's sympathies, however, are rather with the dying actress, the beautiful woman cherishing her beauty to the last, than with the satirist and jester who could choose such a moment for scoffing and jingling his bells. But, as Davies suggests, "Pope seems to have prosecuted the name of player with a malignancy unworthy of his genius." Mrs. Oldfield's charms of person and of manner, her wit, her liveliness, and above all, perhaps, her social success, seem to have been specially hateful to the viperous poet. In his "Art of Sinking in Poetry" he stigmatised her conversation by the term "Oldfieldismos," printed in Greek characters, attributing to her great levities and improprieties of speech. And he further aspersed the lady in the lines :—

Engaging Oldfield: who with grace and ease
Could join the arts to ruin and to please.

Mrs. Oldfield was the first actress who succeeded in conquering for herself a place in society. She became, we are told, "a welcome and constant visitor to families of distinction." But the times were dissolute; it was not to be supposed that she presented a very clean moral bill of health, *so to speak*. She was accepted in spite of her *frailties by women hardly less frail* than herself, only they had the

advantage of pertaining legitimately to fashion and quality, while she was but an actress. In those days the drawing-rooms were not far behind the green-rooms in point of laxity of manner and corruptness of principle. Mrs. Oldfield is lauded by Chetwood because "she never troubled the repose of any lady's lawful claim, and was far more constant than millions in the conjugal noose." Early in her career she captivated a certain Mr. Arthur Maynwaring, a toping gentleman from Shropshire—toping was then very much in vogue—but intelligent withal, owning a taste for letters and the drama, a correspondent of Steele's, and the friend of Godolphin, by whose favour he secured a sinecure as Auditor of the Imprest. He was the author of sundry prologues and epilogues, and is said to have benefited the actress by his instructions and advice upon the subject of her art. He was of infirm constitution, however, and having dissipated his fortune, he died in 1712 of consumption. Society was much affected by his illness and death, and "the greatest lady in England" is said to have honoured him by weeping at his bedside. But even the tears of the illustrious, and the exertions of such physicians as Dr. Radcliffe, Sir Samuel Garth, and Sir Richard Blackmore, proved unavailing to save the sufferer. After his departure Mrs. Oldfield seems to have been generally viewed as his lawful widow; but they were never married. Offers of marriage, however, the actress certainly received. It was probably about 1715 that, as the story went, Sir Roger Mostings, one of the handsomest men in the kingdom, well-bred, witty, and the owner of a fine estate, in vain sued Mrs. Oldfield to become his wife. But she "would not give her hand without her heart." Moreover, Sir Roger was in disgrace; he had been commanded to quit the Court and retire to his estate. He commanded the fourth troop of Life Guards, and he had been overheard speaking too freely in favour of the rebel lords condemned to die upon Tower Hill. The Duke of Bedford also made advances to the lady; but it is not so clear that his Grace contemplated marriage. Lord Hervey was at one time a fond admirer. Mrs. Delany writes in 1728: "Lord Hervey is recovered, I guess, for I met him one day last week with Mrs. Oldfield in her coach." It was whispered that Mrs. Oldfield had become the wife of Brigadier-General Churchill, a natural son of the brother of the great Duke of Marlborough. One day the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, mentioned the report to the actress, and frankly inquired as to its truth. Was she really married to the General? "So it is said, may it please your Royal Highness," answered Mrs. Oldfield in her grandest manner, "but we have not owned it yet. The General keeps his own secrets." The

royal family received the actress at their levées. She was to be seen on the terraces of Windsor in company with the most illustrious in the land; the duchesses and countesses of the time welcomed her and made much of her; "and the whole gay group might be heard calling one another by their christian names." It is thus, says Davies, that Mrs. Oldfield "acquired her elegant and graceful deportment in representing women of high rank." Walpole, discussing certain amateur performances at Richmond House, demanded, "who should act genteel comedy perfectly but people of fashion that have sense? Actors and actresses can only guess at the tone of high life, and cannot be inspired with it. . . . . Mrs. Oldfield played it so well because she not only followed but often set the fashion. . . . . Miss Farren is as excellent as Mrs. Oldfield because she has lived with the best style of men in England." Mrs. Oldfield invariably maintained an air of social dignity. Visiting Dublin in 1728, it was only "to oblige Lady Carteret" that she consented to play her famous character of Lady Townley. "She topped her part," notes Mrs. Delany; "it was admirably acted." Her Lady Townley was held, indeed, to be an unrivalled performance. No one approached her in the part until twenty-two years later, when the beautiful Mrs. Woffington came to remind the middle-aged of her renowned predecessor. "Mrs. Woffington did Lady Townley better than I have seen it done since Mrs. Oldfield's time," writes Mrs. Delany. Upon her success in "The Provoked Husband," the management presented her with a purse of fifty guineas in excess of her salary, which was not considerable; at the most, three hundred guineas a-year, with a benefit, the receipts of which usually doubled that amount. Mrs. Oldfield, says Davies, was "generous and humane, witty, well-bred, and universally admired and beloved; in variety of professional merit she excelled all the actresses of her time." She was loth, however, to give her services upon the benefit nights of her playfellows, and her airs of self-importance entailed upon her some ridicule. It is related that when she happened to be on board a Gravesend boat, which appeared to be in a position of danger, and the other passengers were loudly expressing their apprehensions and lamenting their probable fate, she told them with conscious dignity that their deaths would be only a private loss, "whereas," she added, "I am a public concern." Her professional importance may be inferred also from the story Walpole tells of Mrs. Bracegirdle coming to breakfast with him in 1742, when she must have been nearly eighty, and, looking for her clogs as she prepared to depart, observing to him; "I remember at the playhouse

they used to call for Mrs. Oldfield's chair! Mrs. Barry's clogs! and Mrs. Bracegirdle's pattens!"

By her will Mrs. Oldfield left the bulk of her property, including her house in Grosvenor Street, to her son Charles Churchill, with remainder to her son Arthur Maynwaring. An annuity of sixty pounds was bequeathed to her mother, and legacies of small amount were left to her aunt Jane Gourlaw, and to her friend Margaret Saunders. Lord Hervey and Mr. John Hedges, of Finchley, and General Churchill were appointed executors of the will. In the inventory of her effects many valuable articles of jewelry are described, her pictures by Holbein, Cooper, Vandyck, and Kneller, and after certain old masters, with her statues, one in marble of her son Charles Churchill, busts and medallions, china, curiosities, and valuables, including "six gold stay-buckles and tags." Mrs. Oldfield's descendants, it may be noted, occupy a place in the peerage of to-day. Her son Charles Churchill married Sir Robert Walpole's natural daughter, to whom was given the rank of an earl's daughter upon her father obtaining his peerage in 1742, when the child of "Moll Skerritt" became known as Lady Mary Walpole. Of this marriage was born a daughter Mary, who, in 1777, became the wife of Charles Sloane, first Earl of Cadogan. Their daughters, Emily and Charlotte, married Gerard and Sir Henry Wellesley, brothers of the Duke of Wellington. Charlotte's marriage was dissolved and she became the wife of the Marquis of Anglesea. Her son by Sir Henry Wellesley became Lord Cowley, for some time English Ambassador at Paris. Among her children by the Marquis of Anglesea have to be counted Lords Alfred and Clarence Paget.

Mrs. Oldfield's General Churchill, the stanch friend of Sir Robert Walpole—they had become connected by the union of their natural children—is humorously described in a poem by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams :—

> The General, one of those brave old commanders
> Who served through all our glorious wars in Flanders.
> . . . . . .
> His old desire to please is still expressed;
> His hat's well cocked, his periwig's well dressed.
> He rolls his stockings still, white gloves he wears,
> And in the boxes with the beaux appears.
> His eyes through wrinkled corners cast their rays,
> Still he looks cheerful, still soft things he says;
> And still remembering that he once was young,
> He strains his crippled knees and struts along.

Mrs. Oldfield's histrionic repertory numbers upwards of eighty characters.

DUTTON COOK.

THE POETS' BIRDS.

II. DOVES AND EAGLES.

"HOW those quarrelsome and loosely conducted birds, the doves, would coo satirically under their wings at our romantic ascription to them of innocence and fidelity!" says the author of "False Beasts and True." And how, if the doves could ever read English poetry, they would put their tongues in their cheeks and wink at each other, and how the worse-conditioned of them would explode with laughter! For the poets, adopting the Mosaical "purity" of the dove as true in every sense, and remembering, perhaps, how sacred the Mahomedan East still holds them, have conspired to represent this bird as of an extraordinary innocence of character and blameless life. Once or twice, as in Dryden's "Hind and Panther," "the spleenful pigeon" is hit off with natural fidelity, and "wanton" is not an infrequent epithet. But it is used in a kindly sense, and as equivalent to "amorous"—as the Birds of Venus, the dove-drawn Paphian, who

> Mounts her car and shakes her reins,
> And steers her turtles to Cytheria's plains,

ought to be. Nor does it in any way preclude them, even when in the goddess's service and "harnessed to bright Venus' rolling throne," from being called "guiltless," "gentle," "constant," and "chaste"!

Indeed, a volume of serious size might be filled with the poets' compliments to the virtues of the pigeon-folk, but the tenor of the whole may be guessed from the following:—

> Pale solitary dove.—*Keats.*
> Gentle as the dove.—*Granville.*
> In tenderness the dove.—*Montgomery.*
> Constant and true as the widowed dove.—*Scott.*
> Dove-like innocence.—*Young.*
> Heavenly dove.—*Watts.*
> Like turtle chaste.—*Spenser.*
>
> And love is still an empty sound
> The modern fair one's jest,
> On earth unseen, or only found
> To warm the turtle's nest.—*Goldsmith.*

Romances and the turtle dove
The virtue [1] boast alone.—*Parnell.*

Peace, Plenty, Purity, Justice, Pity, Christian Love, are all symbolised by different poets under the emblem of "the dove," and both "the meek ethereal Hours," and "the Morn," borrow its eyes and wings. It is the synonym for surpassing constancy, fidelity, and truth, for infinite softness, tenderness, and conjugal devotion. There is no mildness like a dove's—it is "serenely mild"—no such fidelity during life, no such constancy under bereavement. To be true "as a dove" is the highest ambition of a widow; as fond "as a dove" of every lover, and as gentle "as a dove" of every Christian man or woman, child or dog. When doves are forlorn, their forlornness is superlative; and nothing in nature is *so* pale, *so* solitary, *so* lone, so utterly all-by-herself, as the female pigeon—when she has no companion. To be as white and at the same time as iridescent "as a dove" is beyond the hope of anything but a phœnix, and for a similar confusion of sexes we may not look lower than the angels. To imitate the dove is the zenith of virtue; to think of doing it wrong, the very nadir of crime.

As the antithesis of the serpent—

Frank and yet cunning, with a heart to love
And malice prompt—the serpent and the dove;

as the bird of the Ark, when—

Hope on her wing, and God her guide,
The dove of Noah soared;

and as "the Dove of Heaven," the poets are pursuing "points of high prescription." But with their characteristic religion in such matters, they follow also every hint about the bird that the traditions of the past afford them, and make the bird "gall-less," [2] the prey of vultures, and lift its head after every draught "to thank the Giver." [3] This flattery of the pigeon reaches the climax of absurdity in Eliza Cook's line—

Linnets teach us how to love, *and ringdoves how to pray!*

Apart from "the dove" general, the poets employ doves particular—the ringdove, stockdove, and turtledove. But what relation each species bears to the other the poets never considered themselves at liberty to determine. Watts makes "the turtle" the opposite sex of "the dove"—"no more the turtle leaves the dove"—

[1] Fidelity in love.

[2] "Like the dove born without a gall."—*Oldham.*
"A gall-less dove."—*Cowley.*

[3] As a matter of fact, pigeons have *not* this prettily significant gesture. It is reserved for the cock-and-hen tribes.

but allows at the same time by implication the existence of a female turtle; while Cowper makes it the female, though elsewhere, with Spenser, making it the male. Thomson uses "the stockdove" as the male of the turtle, Cowper as the male of "the ringdove," and Wordsworth as the female of it. As a general rule, ringdoves are "he," and turtles "she" (chiefly widows), while "stockdoves" are one or the other as poetical exigencies require. But the ultimate outcome of this reciprocity of sexes and species is a ring-stock-turtle-dove, as elastic in its properties as even poets could desire, and as variously endowed as any Pandora-Proteus. Nor, in their remarks on the Doves' nesting, is there any information given to establish the identity of species. Thus—

> The stockdove builds her nest
> Where the wild flowers' odours float,

is too indefinite a localisation to do more than satisfy vaguely, while Cunningham's hint of its nesting in the grove is suspicious; and Wordsworth's—

> True as the stockdove to her shallow nest
> And to the grove that holds it,

is, in Wordsworth especially, inadmissible, for the stockdove does not build in trees, but (by preference) in rabbit-holes. Yet Cowper hankers after a pine-tree stockdove, and Thomson, so frequently inaccurate in his remarks on Nature, makes it a forest bird. There is nothing, therefore, in poetry to show that the poets knew anything about the bird they use so freely. In its general character of "a mournfully hoarse" and "mate-lamenting" bird, it so closely resembles the ringdove, that it is difficult to believe that the poets suspected any duality of species.

Nor does the very distinct "turtledove" appear to have any more defined individuality; for while, as I have already shown, it is used indifferently as the widow of "ringdoves" and of "stockdoves," its personal character is exactly similar to the others—only, perhaps, exaggerated. Her profound melancholy leads her to frequent lonesome spots—"sequestered bowers,"

> Where yew and myrtle mix their shades,

and here she mourns perpetually for her lost mate, and moans, being herself, as a rule, almost moribund;

> For she cannot live without her love.

Chastity, however, is, in the poets, her chief characteristic. "Like turtle chaste," says Spenser. Indeed, as I have already quoted from

Goldsmith and Parnell, she makes a monopoly of it, though at times she dispenses it to maidens in whose breast

> Young-eyed love has built her turtle nest.

"Saint-like turtle," says Prior; and in Gay we read of

> The kind turtle's pure untainted love;

and again, that

> None can call the turtle's bill impure.

Yet, with all this, the poets do not even know that the turtledove is a summer migrant only! Nor can there be any doubt as to the significance of Keats' misuse of the turtle's nest as a simile for "warmth," or in Fenton's speaking of a cruel hind having "borne away" the turtle's nest.

Now, to carry away a turtle's nest[1] would be a singularly difficult and irksome matter. It is the very ghost of a nest, a mere scattering of "spillikins." A tolerable imitation of it can be made by upsetting half a box of matches. Indeed, as a boy, I have sometimes discovered the nest *by seeing the eggs in it from below.* It is a mere skeleton, a network, and in its way a miracle. In fact, it is *not* a nest at all.

A word of notice, too, may be given to the poets' conception of a carrier-pigeon. They were under the impression, apparently, that the bird would take a message "*and wait for the answer.*" The true beauty of the great "homing" instinct did not occur to them, and they thought a carrier took messages both ways indifferently, at the request of the lovers who were in communication.

On the whole, therefore, the poets' "dove" is not a portrait from the life. As a character in fiction it is admirable; but, to sum it up in a word, it is a Christabel.

In contrast to this "study" I would take another, the poets' Eagle —a superb fowl, but non-existent, except in heraldry. Indeed, in their treatment of the eagle the poets follow with curious fidelity the traditions of heraldry, and I find that the relative importance attached by them to different aspects of the eagle-character coincides exactly with the proportions prescribed in armorial art. Poetical references to "the monarch bird" concern themselves, therefore,

[1] Two popular traditions refer to the dove's shabby nest. One is, that it exchanged nesting-places with the lapwing, and has therefore, on the branches, to make shift as it can with the platform of twigs which, on the ground, served it well enough. The other is, that the magpie tried to teach the dove to build a nest, but that it gave up the neighbourly attempt in disgust, in consequence of the dove persisting in conceited interruptions.

most frequently with the eagle as the symbol of sovereignty; next, with its powers of vision; next, with its "proving its young"; next, with it as the bird of Jove; and finally, as the natural enemy of the serpent. Minor heraldic, and therefore minor poetical, significances are the eagle's powers of flight and its familiarity with storms. More exclusively the poets' own is the eagle as the Bird of Freedom, and the extension of its significance as a temporal sovereign to sovereignty and supremacy of all kinds.

Now, the natural history of heraldry is borrowed from tradition and such Aristotelian fancies as had become popularised; so that the poets' eagle is as purely a fowl of fiction as any other bird for which the poets went to the same source. But this does not prevent it from being a most admirable creation. Extravagance has no limit in their pursuit of it; yet they never falter from a sunward path. Description is a perpetual coronation.

> Sailing with supreme dominion
> Through the azure deep of air.
>
> The towering eagles to the realms of light,
> By their strong pounces claim a regal right.

Or again:

> Eagles golden-feathered who do tower
> Above us in their beauty, and must reign
> In right thereof.[1]

"The Olympian eagle's vision" had passed, in such phrases as "eagle glance" and "eagle eye," into a truism centuries ago; yet a majority of the poets' references to "the child of light" are based upon it, one very favourite detail of its eyesight being its reputed power of staring into the sun without personal inconvenience. "As eagles drink the noontide flames," is a mere platitude with poets, and

> The eagle's gaze alone surveys
> The sun's meridian splendour,

a postulate which they seem to consider beyond dispute. "Exulting in the light," and "swimming in the eye of noon," are two fancies as popular in heraldry as in poetry proper. Its flight, in the same way, being of a great elevation—

> Say! who can soar beyond the eagle's flight;
> Has he not reached to glory's utmost height?

takes the poets' eagle, "the playmate of the storm," into "the upper ether," where the sun swims in all his unveiled majesty of flame:—

[1] Fenton and Keats.

Triumphant on the bosom of the storm
Glances the fire-clad eagle's wheeling form,
Breasting the whirlwind with impetuous flight,
Which bears her up,
Destined for highest heaven.

And then, in a succession of delightful thoughts, the bird is presented to us—

On sounding pinions borne; he soars and shrouds
His proud aspiring head among the clouds.

Dim-seen eagles.—The nearest to the sky.—Faint sound of eagles melting into blue.

Until we know it

Sublime on eagle pinions driven,
Sailing in triumph through the ethereal way,
Bear on the sun and bask in open day;

or,

Soaring
With upward pinions through the flood of day,
And giving full bosom to the blaze, gain on the sun.

But though gone "where the eye cannot follow," its vision "yet pierces downward, onward, and above;" and on a sudden we hear a

Muffled roaring
Like an eagle's wing;

and "stouping with all their might," there presently plunge from the blue, "like a dradded bolt of Jove," the parent eagles—

Summoned by their infants' cries,
Whom some rude hands would make a prize,
Haste to relieve, and with their wings outfly their eyes.

Anon, struck with hunger or remembering her young, the mother-bird, "the queen eagle,"

Seeks her aerie hanging
In the mountain cedar's hair,
Where her brood expects the clanging
Of her wings through the wild air
Sick with famine.

And then, in quest of food, with "a wild, solitary cry," the great bird

Rushes from the mountain's purple crest,
A cloud still brooding o'er her giant nest;

and "plunging into shadowy woods," or circling aloft—

Through the wide empire of the aire,
To weather hire brode sailes;

here "pouncing" a dove, there "trussing" a swan, or, again, robbing some falcon of its booty—

With dreadful force he flies at her belive,
And with his souse which none endure dare,
Her from her quarry he away does drive,
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth rive.

And then, winging its way back to "the tall crag that is the eagle's birth-place," or "the fair tree whereon the eagle builds," we have presented to us the royal bird at home, "feeding his eaglets in the noonday sun,"

Trying his young against its rays,
To prove if they're of generous breed or base.

We note the eaglet coming to maturity: how he

Plies his growing wings
In bounded flights and sails in wider rings,
Till to the fountain of meridian day,
Full plumed and perfected, he soars away;

or, as the case may be, see him driven from the paternal eyrie to seek his own fortunes abroad:—

High from the summit of a craggy cliff
Hung o'er the deep; such as amazing frowns
On utmost Kilda's shore, whose lonely race
Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,
The royal eagle draws his vig'rous young,
Strong pounced and ardent with paternal fire,
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own:
He drives them from his fort, the towering seat
For ages of his empire, which in peace
Unstained he holds.

So far, then, the eagle "in nature." It is not, of course, a fact that the eagle's powers, either of vision or of flight, exceed those of all other birds, for the vulture excels it in the one, and the condor in the other. Nor is it a fact that the eagle can look at the sun with less inconvenience than other birds. In their education of their young there is not, really, anything different from the process of other Raptores; while as regards its undisputed empire, a large number of birds not only do not hesitate to hawk at it, but in companies they habitually affront and bully it, while the raven exacts respect from the eagle, and the griffon vulture treats it with scorn.

None of the poets' points, therefore, are actually based on fact; but apart from its unreality, the poets' eagle "in nature" is a superb fowl.

In fancy it soars supreme: "The monarch bird" and "lord of light," the "imperial bird," "lord of land and sea," "wide-ruling

eagle," "princely," "royal," "proud," "imperious," and "thunder-grasping," "monarch of the rocks," "feathered king," "king of birds." Could anything support such an intolerable load of crowns?

> Eagle, eagle, thou hast bowed
> From thine empire o'er the cloud;
> Thou that hast ethereal birth,
> Thou hast stooped too near the earth;
> And the hunter's shafts have found thee,
> And the toils of death have bound thee;
> Wherefore didst thou leave thy place,
> Creature of a kingly grace?
> Wert thou weary of thy throne?
> Were thy skies' dominions lone?
> Chill and lone it well might be,
> Yet that mighty wing was free.
> Now the charm is o'er it cast,
> From thy heart the blood flows fast.
> Woe for gifted souls and high,
> Is not such their destiny?

Yet with it all, the eagle is generous :—

> The prince of all the feathered kind,
> That with spread wings outflies the wind,
> And tours far out of human sicht,
> To view the schyward orb of light;
> This royal bird, tho' braif and great,
> And armit strong for stern debait,
> Nae tyrant is.
> My hatred flies on eagle wing from the foe that is low.

Indeed, it is hardly of the earth at all; it is "the bird of heaven," "the Olympian eagle," and "the bold imperial bird of Jove." It bears the god's "thunderclap," grasps his "bolt." It is the stately precursor of the Thunderer—

> High the eagle flies before thee;—

and the instrument of his retributive anger :—

> So when with bristling plumes the bird of Jove
> Vindictive leaves the argent fields above,
> Borne on broad wings the guilty world he awes,
> And grasps the lightning in his shining claws.

Or on the god's errands,

> The speedy post of Ganymede bears
> On golden wings the Phrygian to the stars;

or, familiar,

> Perches bold on the sceptered hand of Jove.

Idealised, it is the Bird of Freedom that "prisoned, dies for rage"—

> A curse on the hand that would build him a coop ;

and, as such, affords a simile for aspiring spirits, for youth, for "souls," for an independent mind, and, above all, for young nations. There can be little doubt as to the land which Shelley meant in the following :—

> There is a people mighty in its youth,
> A land beyond the oceans of the earth,
> Where, though with rudest rites, freedom and truth
> Are worshipped ; from a glorious mother's breast,
> Who, since high Athens fell, among the rest
> Sate like the queen of nations but in woe,
> By inbred monsters outraged and oppressed,
> Turns to her chainless child in succour now,
> It draws the milk of power in wisdom's fullest flow.
>
> That land is like an eagle whose young gaze
> Feeds on the noontide beam, whose golden plume
> Floats moveless on the storm, and in the blaze
> Of sunrise gleams when earth is wrapped in gloom ;
> An epitaph of glory for the tomb
> Of murdered Europe may thy fame be made,
> Great people ! As the sands thou shalt become.
> Thy growth as swift as morn when night must fade;
> The multitudes shall sleep beneath thy shade;
> Yes, in thy desert there is built a home
> For Freedom.

In other aspects of its poetical character it has even nobler associations, for the eagle can claim to be the imperial symbol of three Universal Monarchies—of Assyria, of Persia, and of Rome. Nor, indeed, is Greece herself exempted, for the poets dignify the eagle as the royal bird of her mythology, of her triumphs in science and poetry, and of her splendour in arms.

> As the proud eagle of all-conquering Rome,

the golden eagles that "taught the nations round thy fasces to adore," and wherever they flew "Barbarian monarchs in the triumph mourned"—these birds occupy a large space in poetry ; while as the national crest of France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Austria, and Poland, they have ample reference. The individuals honoured with this supreme epithet are of course very numerous, and range from Shakespeare down to Burns, and from Napoleon to Lochiel. Religion and literature, science and art, worldly grandeur and personal valour, pride and power, are all alike symbolised under the eagle.

As "the natural enemy of the serpent"—an old-world tradition which has been most liberally adopted by the poets—the eagle

represents freedom of thought, chivalry and frank courage, as opposed to reptile servility, malignity, and underhanded cowardice. In Shelley especially this image towers into great sublimity. And how splendid, in other poets also, are some of the passages in which Nature—"eagle-baffling" mountains and "eagle-skies"—borrows her epithets from this sovereign bird, and in which religion and reason, philosophy, science, poetry and music, thought and intellect, passions and hatred, danger, dominion, fame, victory, ardour and ambition, all bear alike the eagle crest.

But, after all, it does not really matter whether the poets are talking sense or nonsense. Their creation is a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. Whether we see the bird

> High in middle heaven reclined,
> With his broad shadow on the lake,

or

> By Jove's high behests call'd out to war,
> And charged with thunder of his angry king;

or whether she is the brave mother that

> Does with sorrow see
> The forest wasted, and that lofty tree
> Which holds her nest about to be o'erthrown,
> Before the feathers of her young are grown;
> She will not leave them, nor she cannot stay,
> But bears them boldly on her wings away—

it is still the same. The eagle of the poets, let it be ever so heraldic and impossible, is a splendid legacy and a precious possession.

III. SEA-BIRDS AND GAME-BIRDS.

> Long as Man to parent Nature owes
> Instinctive homage, and in times beyond
> The power of thought to reach, bard after bard
> Shall sing thy glory, Beatific Sea!

Yet it is curious to note how very seldom the bards have sung of the Birds of the Sea, and when they do refer to them, how commonplace, as a rule, these utterances are. "The sea-birds' citadels," those "high and frowning scaurs the haunts of sea-fowl," are each of them an open volume of poems. However populous they may be with "the ocean-fishing tribes," romances flock there just as thickly, and every wing in the cloud of birds that sweeps round "the storm-washed solitude" is feathered with legends of the sea.

For their voices, "the clamour" that the poets so often note,

two admirable epithets are given—"clanging," which Milton first used, and a hundred borrowed from him, and "Plaining discrepant between sea and sky," which Keats, our second Milton, has left us. For the rest, the poets found it only "shrill," "shrieking," "screaming," "shrill-moaning," "discordant," thus leaving the impression on the mind that they thought the birds out of harmony with the sea. This could hardly, of course, have been the case, for it does not even require a poet's imagination to feel how exactly these mariner birds accord in every mood with their inconstant element. Yet of its flight, Heber's "reeled on giddy pinions" is certainly not in nature, and in Scott's lines—

> Where the ocean rolls the proudest,
> Through the foam the sea-bird glides—

there is a superficial incongruity of images. Those who have stood at the stern of a vessel at sea, "where the ocean rolls the proudest," and seen the birds riding on the waves that pursue the ship, remark at once the exceeding majesty of the sea-bird's motion. They do not "glide" in the least. They triumph. There is even *cruelty* in the eagerness of their chase, as they shoot down the black incline and exult upon the opposing crest. But Scott's "My brave bird" is a touch for which we might forgive far more than a mere incongruity in terms. The courage of these brave seafarers is undeniably their great characteristic, and next to it their inconstancy:—

> The sea-gulls not more constant,

says Keats, but *he* means "constant to the sea;" and yet Eliza Cook, overreaching herself in simile—as she does so often, and tumbles into the bottomless pools of bathos—declares that—

> The white sea-gull, with its shriek and billow-kissing beak,
> Shall be my type of constancy, of purity, and love!

Even reverse her words, and the result would be nearer the truth of nature, for horrors gather round the name of the sea-bird, just as the sea-birds gather round the floating carcase. *Love!* Can anything be more pitiless than a sea-gull? What is the last sound the dying sailor hears? Is it not the heartless glee of the sea-bird as it sweeps with its keen wing and keener glance close above his bewildered head? They even strike the dying man.

> I saw a frail vessel, all torn by the wave,
> Drawn down with her crew to a fathomless grave,
> And I heard the loud creak of her hull as I past,
> And the flap of her sails and the crash of her mast;
> And I raised my shrill voice on the cold midnight air,
> To drown the last cry of the sailor's despair.

Yet in sunshine and calm, what swallow or halcyon would be more in keeping with the scene? But the sea knows more of unrest than of rest, more of storm than of sunshine; and the sea-bird, "sportive," "blithe," and "gay" though he may be at times, is a bird of lowering sky and flashing wave, of tempest and of shipwreck. As a brave thing of the sea, it commands English sympathy; but those who know it best, our own English seamen, call it a pitiless and sinister bird.

Individually, very few sea-birds have found poetic immortality. Among these, naturally, are the stormy petrel and the albatross; but except for Barry Cornwall's lines—

> The petrel telleth her tale in vain,
> For the mariner curseth the warning bird,
> Who bringeth him news of the storm unheard—

the chief significance of the former is ignored, while the latter is only rescued by the "Ancient Mariner" from a disregard quite as complete and certainly not less remarkable.

The remainder of the sea-birds selected owe their preference, apparently, to their suitability to the metre of the moment. They are the cormorant, gannet (or solan goose), "gull" (used only generically), sheldrake, shoveller, booby, noddy, and penguin.

Except that the solan goose is misquoted for the barnacle goose, the three references which the poets make to the gannet, one of the most interesting of our sea-birds, are not worth notice. The beautiful sheldrake, "the fox-goose" of the Greeks, receives one mention; the shoveller, better eating than the canvas-back duck, one (in an ornithological catalogue in Drayton); the booby and the noddy, each one in a joke in Byron—

> At length they caught two boobies and a noddy,
> And then they left off eating the dead body;

and the penguin, one :—

> The heavy penguin, neither fish nor fowl,
> With scaly feathers and with finny wings,
> Plumped stone-like from the rock into the gulf.[1]

Nothing in all the natural history of poetry is more remarkable than the poets' prejudice against the cormorant. Spenser opens the battery of undeserved opprobrium by making "cormoyrants" sitting with "birds of ravenous race,"

> Wayting on the wastfull cliff
> For spoil of wrackes.

---

[1] As Indian-Britons were from penguins.—*Hudibras.*

And one after another the poets follow his lead in describing the cormorant as "ravenous," and repeating his sneer as to the nature of its food; Kirke White going so far wrong as to imagine that the bird ate human bodies:—

> My bones
> Be left a prey on some deserted shore
> To the rapacious cormorant;

and Grahame crowning the infamy of the calumniated bird as follows:—

> On distant waves, the raven of the sea,
> The cormorant, devours her carrion food;
> Along the blood-stained coast of Senegal,
> Prowling she scents the cassia-perfumed breeze,
> Tainted with death, and keener forward flies;
> And now she nears the carnage-freighted keel,
> Unscared by rattling fetters or the shriek
> Of mothers o'er their ocean-buried babes:
> Lured by the scent unweariedly she flies,
> And at the foamy dimples of the track,
> Darts sportively, or perches on a corpse.

As a simile it is always used in a sinister sense. Milton makes Satan in Paradise a cormorant, and Coleridge repeats the fancy; the devil confessing that he

> Sate like a cormorant once
> Hard by the Tree of Knowledge.

Time as "the devourer" is repeatedly symbolised under the cormorant, which is also called by Montgomery, "Death's living arrow," and "the destroyer;" while it is a favourite metaphor for self-seeking demagogues and rapacious men generally.

This prejudice no doubt arose from the cormorant being discredited by mistranslation in Holy Writ, and it has been perpetuated by the "unconscious cerebration" so frequent among poets. Yet nothing could be more unjustifiable than this contumelious treatment of Hesperia's courageous lover. For not only is the cormorant as clean-feeding a bird as that pet of the poets, "the dainty halcyon," but it is one of the very few birds that can be enlisted in the direct service of man. In our own England, cormorants were at one time trained to fish for their owners, as they are so frequently at the present day in the East; and if any bird deserved less the epithet of rapacious, or greedy, or foul-feeding, it is surely the bird which shares his food with man—and is content with such a very small share for itself.

In contrast to this scanty notice taken of individual sea-fowl,

it is worth noting how punctually the poets have utilised every one of our game-birds. These, I take it, are (omitting water-fowl) the partridge, pheasant, grouse, blackcock, ptarmigan, quail, snipe, and woodcock; and the completeness of the list seems to me to show that the poets, had they known the other classes of birds as well as they do the birds of sport, would not have neglected them.

Unfortunately for poetry, it is only as "game-birds" that the poets seem to care about them, while the view that they take of sport is certainly not such as to commend itself to healthier minds. Here and there is a touch that rings robustly, as Byron's—

> Preserving partridges and pretty wenches
> Puzzle the most precautious benches;

or Pope's hit at those who

> Sell their partridges and fruits,
> And humbly live on rabbits and on roots.

But for the most part partridges are "bewildered" and "bleeding" covies. Murdered

> By the sudden gun, they fluttering fall,
> And vile with blood is stained their freckled down.

For

> The thundering guns are heard on every side,
> The wounded covies, reeling, scatter wide;
> The feathered field-mates, bound by nature's tie,
> See mothers, children, in one carnage lie.

This unfortunate style (the last quotation is from Burns) is the usual one, and suggests a very indifferent opinion of poets' healthiness of body, reminding one of that gentleman[1] who (in Keats) "after water-brooks panted,"

> And all his food was woodland air,
> Though he would ofttimes feast on gilliflowers rare.

Except what I have already noted about the partridge, there is nothing in the poets worth a reference, for this bird only "birrs" and "scraiches" and "whirrs." It "loves the fruitful fell" and hates "falcons." Such is the partridge of the poets. Of the bird in nature, one of the most beautiful and certainly one of the most conspicuously characterised birds that breed with us, I need say nothing.

In connection with fatal October, "the painted pheasant rare" receives frequent recognition:—

> See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,[2]
> And mounts exulting on triumphant wings.

---

[1] This quotation surely finds a delightful application to a very modern "poet."

[2] Pope's *Windsor Forest*.

Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy varying dyes,
His purple crest and scarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings and breast that flames with gold!

But it is the beauty of its plumage that chiefly commends the bird of Colchis to the poets' favourable notice, although, curiously enough, none of them note the blaze of burnished copper that is the chief characteristic of its plumage. The poets see in it, as a rule, only "purple and gold." Thus :—

The pheasant's plumes which round enfold
His mantling neck with downy gold.—*Cowper.*

The bold cock-pheasant stalked along the road,
Whose gold and purple tints alternate glowed.—*Bloomfield.*

The purpled pheasant with the speckled side.—*Johnson.*

There are, however, many points beside its "speckled side" and its "whirr" which possess a more or less poetical significance. The pheasant is an exotic, raised and protected at great cost; yet it plays the Norman noble among the farmyard "villains," and, not content with the expensive food provided, levies a Mahratta *chouth*, a Danish black-mail, from the farmer and peasant. It is a bird of state, having at one time supplanted the peacock on imperial tables as the dish of honour, and thrives best under monarchies. Despotism forced it upon France. Revolutions have nearly extinguished it. It stands, therefore, as the symbol of aristocracy, flourishing where power or wealth can smother or conciliate prejudice; decaying where the people have the upper hand. As a direct incentive to crime, no other bird can dispute the first place with the pheasant, for it is the loadstone of poachers; while, as the natural enemy of the rural population, there is no feathered thing that earns execration so thoroughly as the pampered courtier, with his sumptuous clothing and dainty feeding. And what so easy to bring down as this glittering Buckingham?

The ptarmigan receives one word from Scott, "snowy," and no more from all the rest of the poets. Yet "the snowchick" fills a very conspicuous place in the parable-book of nature. What is more striking than the attachment of this "hardy Norseman" to the bitter north, its love of the biting cold? "The male bird has been seen, during a snow-storm in Norway, to perch himself on a rock which overtopped the nest, and to sit there some time, as if enjoying the cold wind and sleet which was driving in his face, just as one might have

done on a sultry summer's day on the top of the Wiltshire Downs when a cool air is stirring there."[1] There is also a poetical significance in its striking change of plumage, which I should have thought would have furnished a simile to poets.

Under its synonyms—"moorcock," "heathcock" and "heathhen," "gorcock"—the red grouse is a favourite touch of nature with northern poets, nor without cause, for this bird is an idyll in itself, and lends the picturesqueness of its haunts and habits to every line it graces. "Calling from out the mist high on the hill," or "from the rough moss, o'er the trackless waste of heath," the grouse, comrade of the deer, "that craps the heather bud," is always a very poetical detail of moor and mountain scenery. Here, in the dewy morning, we hear it "shrilly crowing," and anon see it

> Spring on whirring wings
> Amang the blooming heather;

later,

> Fluttering, pious fraud! to lead
> The hot-pursuing spaniel far astray;

and then,

> At the close of eve
> Gathering in, mournful, her brood dispersed
> By murderous sport, and o'er the remnant spreading
> Fondly her wings.

Nor is the blackcock less poetical. Its plumage, voice, and haunts are all picturesque alike, but very little use indeed is made of this bird in poetry. Leyden, as does Scott after him, speaks approvingly of its "jet" wing, while its crowing is utilised as a feature of early morning on the mountains. But except in Joanna Baillie's ode there is no poetry in the poets' treatment of the blackcock; while her stanzas are otherwise remarkable as seeming to contain one of the images that beautify Shelley's address to the skylark.[2] She says:—

> I see thee slily cowering through
> That wiry web of silver dew,
> That twinkles in the morning air,
> Like casements of my lady fair.
> A maid there is in yonder tower,
> Who, peeping from her early bower,
> Half shows like thee, &c. &c.

The quail—

> The corn-loving quail, the loveliest of our bits—

(Drayton means, the most delicious eating) finds a second recognition in Hurdis as "the tardy quail."

[1] Rev. A. C. Smith, *Zoologist*, vol. viii.

[2] Compare with stanza "Like a high-born maiden," &c.

But what idea possessed the poet when he wrote the following?

> So have I seen
> The spaniel-hunted quail with lowly wing
> Shear the smooth air: and so, too, have I heard
> That she can sweetly clamour, though compell'd
> To tread the humble vale.

Who told him that the voice of quails was "sweet"? It has a shrill whistling call, harmonious enough, as all the sounds of nature are, but certainly not "sweet."

The woodcock enjoys frequent recognition as a bird of sequestered habits—"lowly woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade"—"the woodcock haunts the lonely dells." And as a bird of evening--

> When first the vales the bittern fills,
> Or the first woodcock [1] roams the moon-lit hills.

And as a migrant—

> The woodcock's early visit and abode
> Of long continuance in our temp'rate clime
> Foretell a lib'ral harvest. He of times
> Intelligent, the harsh Hyperborean ice,
> Shuns for our equal winters; when our
> Suns cleave the chill'd soil, he backward wings his way
> To Scandinavia's frozen summers, mete
> For his numb'd blood.[2]

And again, in Gay:—

> They sung where woodcocks in the summer feed,
> And in what climates they renew their breed;
> Some think to Northern coasts their flight they bend,
> Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend.

Other details of its natural history are noted:—

> But man is a carnivorous production,
> He cannot *live like woodcocks upon suction.*

> For fools are known by looking wise,
> *As men find woodcocks by their eyes.*

The "gins" and other traps set for the bird are frequently referred to, and even after death—

> When squires send woodcocks to their dames,
> To serve to show their absent flames—

the poets follow the bird on to toast.

[1] Wordsworth of course means the first abroad that evening, for bitterns begin to boom in February, and the woodcock comes to us in October.

[2] Phillips is not so "mixed" here as his somewhat confusing use of "Hyperborean" and "frozen" would make it appear. The woodcock comes from the North and returns thither.

The "long-billed snipe," "the darting snipe," "the palate-pleasing snipe," and—

> Here the long and soft-billed snipe resorts,
> By suction nourished: here her house she forms,
> Here warms her four-fold progeny into life;

may be said to exhaust the poets' bird, though a reference might have been expected to the curious note that has gained it its name of "the bleater" in several languages, to its artifices in defence of its young, its singular flight—so different from that of all other birds—its migrations and its mysterious appearances and disappearances, as if under the influence of hitherto undiscovered atmospheric laws.

PHIL. ROBINSON.

ROCKLAND BROAD.

WHEN I was a boy it was the height of my ambition to live like a backwoodsman upon the fruits of my gun (catapult) and rod, and many a good meal I have spurned in favour of half-burned sparrows, cooked over a wood fire in the back garden, and potatoes roasted in the ashes. At that time I was not, fortunately for myself and my parents, aware that there were many people who gained their living in that way in England, nor did I know the district where they chiefly flourish : that of the Norfolk Broads.

I hope that most people are aware that in the eastern part of the county of Norfolk there is a tract of country compounded of marsh, rivers, and lagoons, or Broads as they are locally called, where the fishing and fowling is excellent, where habitations of man are few and far between : where the rivers are the highways, and the men who traverse them live on them, and are true " water-abiders," and where unsophisticated nature reigns in solitude and wildness. The fact of knowing that there is such a place, however, is very far from the knowledge of the indescribable charm which experience of the district brings with it. The wide, flat plain aglow with the sunlight, or losing its flower colours in the driving mist ; the lakes doubling the reeds and iris flowers in the placid mirrors of their calm, or sweeping them down with the white waves of their storm ; the splash of fish and cry of fowl in the stillness of starry nights, and the white and yellow of lilies and scent of meadow-sweet on hot summer days, are but small items in the wild and glorious whole. Those, too, who use these waters for pleasure are, in the main, of the stamp of men whom old Isaac Walton claims to be true anglers, and those who gain their living upon them are men of an infinite variety of waterside anecdote ; stories of fowl and of fish ; of wills-o'-the-wisp and ghostly lights and forms on misty nights.

The water-abiders are of two kinds : those who navigate the great shallow sailing craft called wherries ; and those who live entirely by fowling, fishing, and netting. The latter class are decreasing in numbers, as the riparian owners naturally object to their presence, and close their Broads to them as far as possible. Still, they are

many in number ; the aborigines of the soil, or water rather, and they live lonely lives in waterside cottages, or in boats with huts built on them, and looking extremely like Noah's Arks, which one sees half hidden in some dyke off the river where the reeds meet overhead. Their employment has been much interfered with by the Norfolk and Suffolk Fisheries Act, which rightly enacts that nets of a certain mesh shall not be used, but which, neither reasonably nor intelligibly, has put down the long eel lines which were formerly used. These rivers, the Yare, the Waveney, and the Bure, swarm with eels, and every opportunity should be afforded to poor folk to obtain and sell such an important supply of food. Formerly eel lines, with a thousand hooks strung on at intervals, and baited with small fish, used to be set, and great store of eels taken thereby; but, alas, pike were occasionally taken on them, and anglers took fright, and for the sake of a few pike more or less in the course of a year aided to destroy the honest livelihood of many men.

There is one happy hunting-ground still left to these water-abiders, and that is Rockland Broad. This is a shallow sheet of water about sixty acres in extent, communicating by half a dozen dykes with the River Yare. One of the dykes is navigable for craft drawing not more than three feet of water, and it is nearly a mile long. As the tide ebbs each day a strong current of fresh water flows off the Broad, so that wherrymen sail their craft close to the mouth of the dyke to get a bucket of drinking water as they pass. As you row or sail down the dyke you will notice how clear the water is, and how it swarms with small fish, which dart back as your boat reaches them. The dyke is about five-and-twenty feet wide, and on either side is a border of reeds, low bushes, and dwarf trees, which completely shuts you off from the outer world. You are now in the haunt of heron and fowl, and the silence is only broken by the bleating of snipes in the clear air above you. And now you enter the Broad and drop your anchor overboard in three feet of clear water. There is a bubbling up of mud as the splash subsides, and when this clears away no anchor is visible. The rope is seen entering the mud, but the anchor has sunk out of sight. The mud is so soft and so deep that you may push a long pole down and down without meeting with much resistance. One day, while watching some fish swimming about, I was struck with the multitudes of tracks in this soft yellow mud ; grooves about three-quarters of an inch wide scrawled about like the markings on a yellow-hammer's eggs. A closer scrutiny revealed the cause to be water-snails, of which there were great numbers crawling slowly about.

It is only for the width of a channel across the Broad and a small patch in the middle that the water is so deep as three feet. Over the rest of the Broad it is much shallower and much choked up by weeds and water-plants of many kinds, while great clumps of reeds grow out of the water here and there. When the water is low in the river, the masses of weeds show very prominently, but not so much so as Surlingham Broad, higher up the river, where at low tide there is little but weeds to be seen.

Rockland Broad stands upon copyhold ground, and the tenants of the manor have a joint right of fishing with the lord, but must not sell their fish. Happily, however, for the persons who live by and on the Broad, it is worth no one's while to enforce the latter restriction, and the fish that are caught are freely sold.

It is time, however, that we noticed the chief feature of the Broad as far as poor humanity is concerned. There is a floating palace, and there are its king and its queen. True, the palace is but a large old sea boat, with a hut built up in the centre third of it, and roofed with planks and tarred felt, but within all is neat and snug, and spacious enough for the wants of its occupants. And he who sits mending his nets is more free than any monarch. His gun and his nets bring him enough for his needs, his house is his own, his time is his own, he calls no man master, and he pays neither rent nor taxes. What more would you have? His wife is cleaning her crockery, and it is evident that she knows not the need or worry of a servant. Verily, the sobriety of advancing years, and the cares of paternity, do not prevent me from indulging in a dream of how free and idyllic such a life would be if one could take to it, together with an educated love of nature, a stomach for dirty work, such as hauling in that long eel net, which is now hung out to dry along the top of the boat. Between a couple of poles on the "rond" (as the reedy, marshy bank is here called), a casting net is drying in the wind. Alongside the larger craft is a gunning punt with a couple of single-barrelled guns ready loaded lying in it. A few yards away is a group of floating boxes or trunks, perforated with holes, in which the eels, tench, pike, and other fish are kept alive until there are sufficient to send to Billingsgate.

The whole establishment is moored in a little reedy bay close by the mouth of the dyke.

Presently the man looks up. His keen eye has detected something moving at the far side of the lake. He gets into his punt and sculls it with one oar worked in a side rowlock in a singular and rather inexplicable way, with great rapidity and noiselessly. Skirting

the reeds, and keeping as much as possible within the shelter of the straggling fringe of them which has advanced beyond the main body, he nears the spot where he has marked his quarry. The sun gleams on the barrel of his gun ; there is a puff of white smoke, and the report comes loudly over the water, and he has picked up a coot with which he returns to his hut. He is like a human spider. The Broad is his web, and when anything eatable touches it he sallies out of his cell bent on destruction. Day and night he follows his pursuit, and though there are two or three others of his kind on the Broad, yet it is naturally a place so favourable in all its conditions to bird life, that he says there is no diminution of fish or fowl attributable to his pursuits. Indeed, I take it that two or three amateur sportsmen spending a day on the water would, by their noise and racket about, do far more to frighten fowl away than he with all his slaughter, for he goes to work so unobtrusively that only the fowl and fish which are killed find out how dangerous he is (this last phrase sounds rather Irish, but let it pass).

His pursuits vary a little with the seasons, and this is the course of them. In the spring, when netting for roach and bream is forbidden, he keeps a good look-out for rare birds' nests and eggs, which find a ready sale among the many collectors in Norfolk. Perchance he finds some nests of the bearded tit, with their delicate little eggs, or he notes the nests of the heron, of which there are several scattered colonies about the Broads, and one small heronry close by, at Surlingham. If he does not take the eggs, he waits until the young birds are nearly able to fly and then secures them alive. Occasionally, too, he shoots an otter, which are plentiful enough on the Broads, making their "hovers" in a beaver-like nest among the reeds. In the summer he goes eel-*picking* or spearing, or babbing for eels at night, with a ball of worms strung on worsted, by which means he takes large quantities. Then, when the tench sun themselves in the shallow water on hot still days, he "tickles" them, absolutely lifting them out of the water with his hands. The silly fish simply hide their heads in the weeds when they are disturbed, and ostrich-like imagine they are safe. With the first of August the wild-fowl season opens, and then for a day or two Rockland Broad becomes populous with visitors. Before midnight on the last day of July, gentle and simple, professional and amateur, come in boats and take up their position, waiting patiently until the dawn brings flight time, when some lucky ones will get seven or eight ducks before the flight is over. After that, the coots and waterhens find the day an unlucky one for them. The whizzing of shot about the Broad

makes a nervous man feel uncomfortable. After the opening of the season, however, the professional has it pretty much his own way. In October the eels begin to move towards the estuary, and the eel-net is set across the dyke to catch them in its long "poke" as they pour off the Broad. When not in use the poke is stretched out to dry on the top of the boat.

Eels fetch from nine to fourteen shillings per stone at Billingsgate, and thither nearly all his eels are sent. On the Bure as many as twenty-eight stone-weight of eels are taken in a night, and the profits of the eel season are sufficient to keep the eel-man the rest of the year. What an opening there is for a lucrative industry if properly carried out! All this wealth of food goes down to the estuary or to the sea, and, according to the best authorities, none of it comes back; so that, unless it is stopped by eel-nets, it is wasted. There are no eel-nets on the Yare; but if half a dozen were set up under the auspices of a company with plenty of capital, a very good thing might be made of it. I do not think that the anglers would like it; but though I am an angler myself, and would encourage angling as far as I can, yet I do not think it should stand in the way of such an important industry and welcome supply of food as might be made so readily available. I recollect being at Coldham Hall one June morning, and seeing two men bring in sixteen pounds of eels which they had speared before breakfast; yet this was not considered a large catch. One of the eels was three pounds in weight. The men skinned the eels while they were alive. The detached heads gaped several times, and the flayed and disembowelled bodies gave convulsive struggles. If ever I take to eel-fishing for a livelihood, I shall sell them alive, and not attempt to prepare them for the pot. Eels fetch sixpence per pound at the waterside.

Eel-picking is an art in which some men attain considerable skill. They move gently along in their boats until they see the "blowing" of an eel, as the bubbles issuing from the mud are termed, and then they strike where the bubbles come from. They can distinguish between the blowing of a large or small eel, and tell both from the blowing of a tench. They do not often strike at random. A still, fine day, during fine, hot weather, is the most suitable time for this sort of work. On such days the wherrymen seize the opportunity when their vessel nears the bank to plunge the spears into the mud, and so get a good many eels. The strokes of the spear are called "jowles." Sometimes an eel-picking match takes place on the Broad between two rival champions, under conditions such as the following:—The match to be finished in two hours; each man to

have thirty jowles, each time calling out, "Here's a go!" first lifting the spear in the air, to show that it is clear of eels; then making one stroke, and then lifting the spear clean out of the water. The stakes are a sovereign a side, and the match to be decided by numbers, not weight. Each picker has in his boat a mate of his rival's, to see fair play, and a boat with two referees in it accompanies the match.

Hanging up to dry by the eel hut, you will see numerous bundles of reeds, each the size of a rolling-pin, and tightly and neatly tied up. These are the Broadman's "liggers," or trimmers which he sets for pike all over the Broad. The line is rolled round the ligger with a foot or two free and a double hook baited with a roach. These are often set in water not a foot deep, and really do not seem to do much harm to angling. The pike are too numerous at present, and hence are very small. A friend of the writer's caught thirty with a spoon bait one day in the river close by, nineteen of which had to be put back again. The liggering on Rockland, therefore, does not interfere with the pike-fishing in the river. There is too great a craze in Norfolk just now for preserving. The consequence is that the rivers are over-stocked, and the fish run short of food and are necessarily small. People complain that they catch no large fish now like they used to do in the old days before netting in the river was abolished, but that they catch only numbers of fingerlings. They have not yet learned that either you must have a medium stock of fish *and large ones*, or a teeming stock and small ones.

In the way of netting, great things are sometimes done upon the Broad. I have heard of four pounds' worth of fish being taken before breakfast. This netting does not hurt the river unless it is pursued at breeding-time, when the fish go from the river to the Broads to spawn. At other times it is well known that the fish do not travel to and fro; those that have taken to the river always prefer staying there, and go back after spawning. There may be certain exceptions to this rule, as when a high salt tide drives the fish before it up the river. Many may then make for the fresh water of the Broads, but the vast majority head up the river until they lose the extreme saltness which is hurtful to them.

Then there are bow-nets set in the runs between the weeds for tench and eels, into which the bream too often crowd and keep out the more valuable fish. With the first frosts the wild-fowl come in great numbers, but with hard and long-continued frosts they depart to the shores and mudflats of estuaries, where alone they can obtain

food, and the Broads are at such times lonely and deserted, or given up to skaters.

The Broadman's life seems to be a fairly healthy one, in spite of the damp. Agues and marsh fevers seem to have passed away with the foul stagnation which produced will-o'-the-wisps. Indeed, the last good evidence I have of the appearance of these elfish lamps pointed to a bit of undrained marsh, where cattle droppings were thick, and the wet ground grew foul, the spot being one where cattle came down to drink. The man's food is chiefly fish and fowl, and he describes a heron's breast as tasting exactly like a stewed shin o beef, but says that the legs are *very* strong.

Who will join me in setting up housekeeping on the Broads?

G. CHRISTOPHER DAVIES.

BIOGRAPHY OF AN ECCENTRIC PARSON.

SOMETHING more than half a century ago—February 1, 1824—there died at Cheltenham, at the age of nearly eighty years, an individual whose eccentricity consisted in the fact, not that he was everything in turn and nothing long, but that he was and that he did everything continually, and that what he did he did well. It is more difficult, indeed, to say what he did *not* do than what he did. He was tutor, *littérateur*, play-writer, topographer, farmer, agriculturist, land-drainer, magistrate, sportsman, pugilist, diner-out, clergyman, baronet, and canon of a cathedral; he was also an orator, and the founder of two London newspapers; and, finally, he had in him something of the soldier. So that, although he is now forgotten, even in that county of Essex to which he was really a great benefactor, Sir Henry Bate-Dudley must be pronounced one of the most extraordinary men whom the last or the present century has produced.

The father of Sir Henry was the Rev. Henry Bate, a member of an opulent Worcestershire family, who held for many years the vicarage of St. Nicholas, Worcester; his mother was the sister of a Dr. White, of Warwickshire, a man of some note in his day as at once an able physician and a fine classic. Mr. Bate, who had a large family, was preferred by Lord Chancellor Camden to the living of North Fambridge, Essex, and accordingly removed from Worcester to Chelmsford; but his early death, which happened soon afterwards, left his children but slenderly provided for.

The future eccentric baronet, who was born at Fenny Compton in August 1745, and who had been educated for the Church, though his name does not appear among the graduates of either Oxford or Cambridge, was fortunately of age to take the living vacated by his father's death, and the Lord Chancellor presented him to it. But though he held with his living a curacy at Prittlewell, near Southend, and eked out his income by taking pupils, he found the support of his mother, brothers, and sisters so heavy a drain on his purse, that he resolved to enter on some literary speculation which would bring

him a quick return. Accordingly he projected and started the *Morning Post*, which, says Sylvanus Urban, "from the lively writing it exhibited, soon obtained a circulation quite unprecedented at the time." He was, no doubt, the better able to secure for the *Post* both "lively writing" and early West End news, from the fact that, on coming up to London, he became a member of the "Beef-Steak Club," where he made the acquaintance of Sheridan, Garrick, and other wits of the day, and also obtained the *entrée* of the fashionable circles of Carlton House. The "liveliness" and personality of his writing, however, had also another effect, namely, that of involving him in more than one duel, in spite of "his cloth."

Having a strong dramatic turn, he now became a writer of plays, acting as curate at Hendon for the Rev. Mr. Townley, the author of the matchless farce of "High Life below Stairs." While here he wrote—probably at the suggestion of Garrick, who was often a visitor of Mr. Townley at Hendon—"The Rival Candidates," "The Woodman," "The Flitch of Bacon," and some other comedies and farces, including "The Blackamoor Washed White," in which a part was played by Mrs. Siddons, who, it is said, was first engaged by Garrick on Mr. Bate's recommendation. Among the rest of his dramatic friends was the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. Hartley, about whose real maiden name there hangs so much mystery, and who, though she came on the stage when very young, in 1771, as Mrs. Hartley, was for some years the mistress of "Gentleman" Smith, the actor, the original of Sir Charles Surface. In her cause he fought two duels[1] (with Messrs. Miles and Fitzgerald); and it is not a little curious that, half a century afterwards, the accomplished actress, whom Sir Joshua Reynolds painted so charmingly, died on the very same day with her champion.

But to return to Mr. Bate. While writing for and editing the *Morning Post*, he thought it prudent to have two strings to his bow, and therefore maintained other engagements with the press. Early in 1780, however, he withdrew from these, and in the November of that year he established as its rival the *Morning Herald*. It is a tradition among his friends that, after he had sold his interest in the *Post* and had established what no doubt he hoped would have proved its successor—the *Herald*—he sent boys with scarlet jackets, and with gold lace on their hats, round London to distribute placards of "the new daily paper, the *Morning Herald*, conducted by the late editor of the *Morning Post*;" and that his new device to "get up" a

[1] On another occasion he fought a duel with Mr. A. R. Stoney-Bowes, who had insulted him in his editorial chair.

circulation was put down by legislation as an unfair move—in fact, to use a phrase borrowed from "the ring," "hitting below the belt." It is recorded that on this occasion he carried off not only his staff, but his printer as well, and that the *Post* in consequence did not appear. The cessation, however, was only for one day.

In or about the year 1781, the rectory of Bradwell-juxta-Mare, a village at the extreme eastern coast of South Essex, surrounded on two sides by the salt water—I can hardly call it sea—and on a third by salt-water marshes, was purchased in trust for him, subject to the then rector's life. At this time the Essex roads were very bad, the church and parsonage were out of repair, the farms were let at low rents and unskilfully tilled and drained, and the sea-walls and embankments were in a most unsatisfactory state; while, owing to the unhealthiness of the climate, there was no rector or vicar in the neighbourhood. Believing, of course, that the reversion of the living was legally his, and that no bishop could refuse to institute him to it when it should become vacant, he at once took up his abode in the village, "restored" the church, and got together a congregation after it had dwindled to almost nothing. He next proceeded to build a new rectory-house and out-buildings, drained the waste and glebe lands, embanked a quantity of land near the sea, and reclaimed considerably more—works for which he received at different times two gold medals from the Society of Arts. Proceeding a step further, he next suppressed, by his unwearied activity and zeal, a system of smuggling which prevailed along the coast and at the mouth of the Blackwater, expending on these and other useful works upwards of £28,000. The new rectory, which he built, but which he always fancifully called "The Lodge," is a moderate-sized mansion, with extensive grounds well laid out. In Paterson's "Book of Roads" it is described as "a very elegant building"; and the architect whom he employed was Johnson, who also erected the shire hall at Chelmsford. "On the top of it," adds Paterson, "is affixed an observatory, ornamented with columns of the Ionic order, which have been ingeniously contrived so as to form the chimneys of the entire fabric."

Besides building the rectory or Lodge, he formed for himself a considerable domain at Bradwell, by hiring on long leases and at low rents a number of large farms, and in fact made the greater part of the neighbourhood his own domain. In this way he could not have occupied less than 2,000 or 3,000 acres, on which he laid out plantations and planted trees and shrubs to form covers for game. In fact, although he had not an acre in fee simple, he treated the whole parish as his own freehold property. At a time when the art of game-

preserving was in its infancy, he maintained a large head of game; and, having been put into the commission of the peace, he used his authority as a magistrate without scruple against trespassers and poachers. As may easily be imagined, he was a keen sportsman. In relating his feats in the way of wild-duck shooting, he would often astonish his hearers by telling them that on one occasion, when at the point of the shore at Bradwell, near St. Peter's Church, in a driving sleet, the wild-fowl of all kinds flew about him so thick that he was obliged to leave off firing because the barrels of his gun grew too hot, and that the birds which he had shot lay about him in such numbers that he piled them in a heap so as to keep off the wind. In his early days, whilst a curate at Prittlewell, he kept a pack of beagles, and ran with them himself regularly: and later, when he settled at Bradwell, if some surplice-duty—a marriage or a funeral, for instance—interfered with his arrangements for the day in the shooting season, he would quietly make his beat round in the direction of church at the appointed hour, and, placing his gun in the vestry, and bidding his well-broken pointers to lie down in a pew, he would perform the ceremony, and then doff his surplice and resume his sport. In fact, it was a common saying in the neighbourhood that "a man might as well steal a sheep as touch one of Parson Bate's hares."

About this time, namely in 1784, while his parsonage was in the course of erection, he took by royal licence the additional name of Dudley, in compliance with the will of a relation of that name who left him a property. An Essex gentleman, whose father knew the eccentric parson well, thus writes to me concerning him:—

There is no doubt that he did an immense amount of good in the district where he resided. Up to his time, the badness of the roads, which lay through fields, and were constantly interrupted by gates, made the neighbourhood of Bradwell almost inaccessible; but on becoming a magistrate he soon exercised his influence with "the powers that be," so that the "Hundred of Dengie," of which he was practically the "squire," became noted for the excellence of its roads. His farming operations, too, were not less spirited than extensive; and his practice of taking long leases of large tracts of land at low rents, to sub-let in smaller plots at higher rental, soon made him a rich man—at all events, for a country parson. The land which he reclaimed from the sea must have amounted to fully 300 acres, and it was done in a masterly style. The "Survey of Essex" speaks of his having erected also 6 or 7 miles of sea-wall; but this is clearly an exaggeration. My father's property in Bradwell consisted of about 300 acres, which lay in the middle of his domain; and he never could quite forgive my father for the presumption of occasionally carrying a gun over his own land. You know, probably, something of Bate Dudley's literary works; but I must tell you that I cannot help fancying that the "History of Essex, by a Gentleman," published periodically in six volumes in 1769—1772, was edited by this sporting parson.

Such being the case, it must be owned that he seems to have been somewhat hardly treated on the death of the actual incumbent of Bradwell, Mr. Pawson, when the Bishop of London hesitated to institute him to the benefice, the reversion to which had been bought for him by his friends in a strictly legal manner. A long correspondence ensued between his lawyers and the Bishop, the result of which was a sort of compromise, the Bishop consenting that Bate-Dudley's brother-in-law, the Rev. Richard Birch, should be instituted in his stead. In the mean time, however, the six months allowed to the patron by the law had slipped by; the living "lapsed" to the Crown; and a stranger, the Rev. Mr. Gamble, Chaplain to the Forces, had influence enough to secure it for himself. Bate-Dudley's annoyance knew no bounds; and his friends sought in every legal way to get the nomination cancelled. But the Crown can do no wrong, nor can it, without losing dignity, revoke a step once made, except in very extreme cases; and the Prime Minister remained deaf to all petitions and memorials, though one was presented to him signed by Lord Braybrooke as Lord-Lieutenant, the High Sheriff, and all the lay magistrates of the county, remonstrating against the hardship thus done to one who had rendered the State "various and most important services," including the suppression and putting down "an alarming and dangerous insurrection." His public services were also mentioned in the House of Commons by Colonel Strutt, M.P. for the adjoining borough of Maldon, and by no less a person than Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who addressed the House "in a strain of overpowering eloquence on the severe measures which had been directed against Mr. Dudley," and denouncing the proceeding as "entirely at variance with that mild spirit which is the characteristic of the English Church."

An Essex resident nobleman, the late Lord St. Vincent, took on himself spontaneously to remonstrate on the subject with the Premier through Sir Evan Nepean; who at last, finding that there was no chance of his obtaining either redress or recompense in England, advised that he should go over to Ireland, promising at the same time to use his best offices on his behalf with the Lord-Lieutenant, the late Lord Hardwicke.

Accordingly he went to Dublin, and for some months "danced attendance," with many other hungry suitors, about the doors of the Vice-Regal Court. At length, in 1804, an acceptable living was offered to him; and he was presented to the Rectory of Kilscoran, in the barony of Forth and the diocese of Ferns. To this shortly

afterwards was added the Chancellorship of Ferns Cathedral; and three years later, through the favour of the Duke of Bedford, then Lord-Lieutenant, he received a nomination to the living of Kilglass, in the county of Longford, together with a letter expressing the Duke's sense of the unmerited rigour by which he had been deprived of his Essex benefice. It may easily, however, be believed that for a man so active and enterprising as Mr. Bate-Dudley, and one so calculated to shine in the society of the learned and witty, his exile to a remote part of Ireland, coupled with only a slender income, was a poor equivalent for the £28,000 which he had spent in improvements on the flat mud banks of the Essex marshes.

In 1811 Mr. Gamble died; and as undoubtedly patron of the living of Bradwell, though there were difficulties in the way of his own institution, Mr. Bate-Dudley appointed to the vacancy his brother-in-law, the Rev. Richard Birch, and, not caring to return to a neighbourhood where he had been so great a benefactor and yet had been so badly used, he resolved to part with the advowson, which was bought by the Schreiber family in August 1819.

During his residence in Ireland, which continued with slight intervals, spent mostly in the gay circles of London and of Carlton House, Mr. Bate-Dudley was active as a magistrate, and introduced many improvements into the farms and villages in his neighbourhood; he became also a constant visitor at the tables of the late Right Hon. John Forster, and of the father of the late Right Hon. John Wilson Croker. In 1812 he resigned his Irish preferments on being appointed to the rectory of Willingham, in Cambridgeshire. In the same year he received from the Prince Regent a patent of Baronetage, in recognition of his "great merits in his magisterial capacity," and in 1816 he obtained his latest step on the ladder of promotion, being nominated to a Prebendal Stall in Ely Cathedral. In the same year he showed that he was no idle or indolent member of the Church Militant; for having, as a magistrate, taken an active part in heading the troops and quelling a riot in the Isle of Ely, he received the public thanks of the Lord-Lieutenant and of his brother-magistrates, and also those of the Prince Regent, which were conveyed to him through Lord Sidmouth. This, however, was not the first occasion on which he had received the thanks of the highest authorities in the land; for as far back as 1800, while at Bradwell, he had been publicly thanked by the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Kenyon, at Chelmsford, and by the magistrates of Essex, for a like exploit.

Stories are told of him which show that such emergencies as a riot called out in him latent powers which would not have disgraced

a military or a naval commander, and prove that, as stated by Taylor (the editor of the *Sun*), in his "Memoirs," published in 1832, he was "constituted both in mind and in body for the army or the navy rather than for the Church." For instance, the following incident is still held in grateful remembrance among the members of the Burnham Oyster Fishery. The Company held the private fishery of the river at Burnham from the family of Mildmay. In the early part of the present century, some other fishermen from other parts—probably foreigners from the Kentish coast—assembled to dispute with them the right to the river, and to carry off the oysters *vi et armis* from the private grounds. The members of the Company came to an Essex gentleman in great alarm, and asked him what they were to do? His answer was, "Go off to Bate-Dudley; he is the man to help you." Off they went, and found the "parson" at home. He at once put himself in communication with the Admiralty, who sent into the river, doubtless at his request or suggestion, a small vessel with a press-gang on board; a gun with blank cartridge was fired among the fleet of marauders, who soon slunk off in all directions, and never put in a second appearance. The local tradition is that Bate-Dudley, who had gone up to London, was on board in person; but for the truth of this part of the story I cannot vouch.

With respect to his skill in the "noble art of self-defence," an Essex friend gives me the following story :—

> Amongst his other accomplishments, he is said to have been a most skilful pugilist, and I remember a story told me a great many years ago by an old farmer at Bradwell. Whilst driving out one day with Lady Dudley in his carriage, he found fault with his coachman, and on the man answering somewhat impertinently, he said, "Get down from the box, you rascal, and I'll give you a sound thrashing;" on proceeding to execute his threat, the coachman put himself into an attitude of defence, and they had a "set-to" by the road-side. After a while, Lady Dudley exclaimed, "My dear, don't hurt the poor man;" when Sir Henry, having unexpectedly found his match, called out, "Damn him, I would, but I can't, my dear."

From the above anecdote, and indeed from the whole story of his life, it may be gathered that this clerical baronet was misplaced in the Church, but that he would have probably risen to eminence in any other profession. He is supposed, indeed, to have been mixed up with some of the Prince Regent's intrigues; and it was asserted by members of the past generation in Essex that it was he by whom the Prince was married to Mrs. Fitzherbert. His conversation too, like his life, was not of the very strictest order; and on one occasion, after dinner, when the subject of discussion was the frailty of women, he is said to have closed his remarks by saying, "I

should like you to show me a woman whom I could not lead astray." To this end, no doubt, he could boast of a handsome face and a finely-formed person; and one who knew him when he was advanced in years speaks of him as a man of highly attractive appearance and manners, and with great conversational powers, and bearing in his whole gait that sort of conscious superiority which is sure to assert its command and influence over others.

I have already spoken of his literary productions in early life, and of his having been the means of introducing Mrs. Siddons to Garrick, and through him, as I may say, to the world at large. Sir Bernard Burke adds that, "to his discriminating patronage the country is indebted for discovering and fostering the talents of the painter Gainsborough." Be this, however, as it may, it is certain that there are in existence two portraits of him by that painter, executed for him at Bradwell in 1785-86, which were placed by him on the walls of the drawing-room of his newly furnished "Lodge," and probably intended by him to remain as heirlooms either in his family or in the parsonage. In the Life of Gainsborough, by Fulcher, it is stated that the artist painted a portrait of "Mr. Bate, editor of the *Morning Post*," which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1780; and also a later portrait of the same gentleman "standing in a garden with his dog—a work of great beauty of design and handling." Of this latter portrait a political opponent of Bate-Dudley remarked that "it had only two defects—the man wanted execution, and the dog wanted hanging."

These two pictures remained at Bradwell until 1850, when they were sold, on the living being vacated by Mr. Schreiber. They were purchased by Mr. John Oxley Parker, of Woodham Mortimer Hall, Essex.

It only remains to add that the volumes of "The Survey of Essex," published by order of the Board of Trade in 1807, bear ample testimony to the value of Mr. Bate-Dudley's operations at Bradwell in the way of drainage, road-making, embankments, manuring, and crops; and that at the time of his decease the clerical and agricultural baronet was a magistrate for no fewer than seven counties in England and four in Ireland.

Like many other members of fashionable society in his time, Sir Henry had the reputation of being a first-rate hand at whist; and it is said that he was the author of a treatise on the game. He was a good hand at driving a bargain, and had an excellent headpiece, with plenty of brains in it. This gave rise to a joke against a clergyman, a new comer into his neighbourhood, who jestingly said, "For myself, I mean to tread in Bate-Dudley's shoes." "Better keep to his

shoes," was the reply; "for if you try his hat, I fear it would not fit you."

When in 1819 Mr. Schreiber and his father went down to look at Bradwell before purchasing the advowson, Sir Henry went with them, and showed them all over the house and glebe and grounds, and Mr. Schreiber's father expressed himself pleased with all he saw, and his readiness to treat for the purchase.

It happened that, at the time of the erection of the new rectory, and the laying out of the grounds by Sir Henry, he had purchased a small plot of freehold land lying between the rectory and the road. This had been included in the arrangement of the pleasure-grounds, and after some forty or fifty years was clothed with fine shrubs and trees, and appeared to form part of the intended purchase. In pointing out the property, Sir Henry had turned his back to this portion of the ground, and, waving his hand, had said: "All that you see before you is glebe." The small parcel of freehold land *behind* them had afterwards to be purchased at a very high price.

Lady Bate-Dudley, according to the "Extinct Baronetage" of Sir Bernard Burke, was Mary, daughter of Mr. James White, of Berra, Somersetshire; she is thought by many persons to have been the sister of the beautiful actress, Mrs. Hartley, whose name is mentioned above. She survived her husband for many years, and resided during her widowhood at Greenwich, in the parish church of which there is a tablet to her memory.

EDWARD WALFORD.

MODERN BIOLOGY
ITS METHODS AND AIMS.

IT may reasonably be supposed that every intelligent person is perfectly conversant with the term "Natural History," and with the common meaning usually attached thereto. As employed in ordinary life, or even in scientific circles, where exactness of language is a necessity for the clear expression of thought, the term has come to signify the study of the animal world. Hence, popularly, a "natural historian" is believed to be a person who is much at home in zoological gardens, in aquaria, and in all places where animal life is presented to view, for purposes of study, serious or otherwise. To correct popular and longstanding ideas, is a task for which no sensible person can have any great liking. Albeit that the task is often necessary, and in matters more serious than the nomenclature of science has to be undertaken as a matter of conscience, the work of reforming old-established notions of things is frequently the labour, not of one lifetime, but of many generations. Still, effort is, and must be, cumulative in its effects; and if in the present instance I can succeed in showing the rational use of the name "Natural History," I may perchance not merely preface this paper by a necessary and appropriate explanation, but likewise aid in diffusing better, because truer, ideas of the aim and scope of natural science.

The term "Natural History" finds different meanings according to the latitude in which it is used, and according to the prevailing ideas which the name has been accustomed to convey to the minds of those using the name. In the north, for instance, in academic circles, the name is used to signify "zoology," or the study of animals alone. A student who, in a northern university, attends a class of "Natural History," is understood to concern himself solely with the animal population of the globe. Elsewhere, the name has been used to indicate the study of plants and animals together; the student of "Natural History" in this latter sense extending his researches into the field of "Botany," in addition to that of "Zoology." But a third meaning of the name comes to hand in

which it is used, in strict accordance with its etymological significance, to signify, not the study of any one or two departments of nature, but to denote the whole range of natural science studies. Employed in this latter sense, the name "Natural History" is found to include not merely the knowledge of animals and plants, but the study of minerals and of the inorganic or non-living world at large; whilst it may also be shown to include the study of the planets, because as a history of nature it is bound to take account of everything whereof nature consists. To be a "Natural Historian" in this latter sense would imply a man's knowledge of the whole universe. But as human life, in one view at least, is conveniently short, and as wisdom and knowledge are apt to linger long, the most ardent devotees of science may reasonably shrink from laying claim to a full or even moderate knowledge of "Natural History" as thus defined. The "Admirable Crichton" in these days is an unknown creature; and although now and then a master-mind sweeps across the horizon of knowledge—although an occasional century may see a Helmholtz with a profound knowledge of nature-science in well-nigh all its branches—still, the bounds of this wide science of "Natural History," as we have defined it, threaten to prove beyond the powers and grasp of any one mind amongst us.

It will thus be seen that the correct use of the name "Natural History" is that in which it is employed to mean a knowledge of universal nature. This being so, what are the branches which this great science may be said to include? I have already indicated that geology and mineralogy, in addition to astronomy and natural philosophy (or physics) find a natural place within its limits. Chemistry is as truly a branch of natural history as geology, and when we have placed these sciences in the category of the "Natural Historian," there yet remains an important branch which in one sense may be said to unite the others, and which concerns itself with the living things of this world. The child in his elementary lessons is accustomed to speak of the three kingdoms of nature. This division into animals, plants, and minerals is a perfectly correct method of parcelling out nature's belongings. Although possessing obvious relations with the animals and plants, the sciences of chemistry, geology, and mineralogy deal chiefly with the mineral, or lifeless, section of nature, as does natural philosophy, and its offspring astronomy. It becomes clear, then, that the interests of living things require to be considered under a special department of natural science. In former days, as we have seen, the "Natural Historian" was the scientific guardian of the animal and plant

interests. Abolishing this phrase, what term, it may be inquired, do we now employ to indicate the study of living beings? The answer to this question may fitly conclude these introductory remarks. As Huxley has shown in his lecture "On the Study of Biology," whilst the name "Natural History" was used in the broad sense to include all departments of natural knowledge up to the middle of the seventeenth century, the growing specialisation of scientific studies tended thereafter to separate the sciences into the sciences of mathematics and experiment (such as chemistry, astronomy, and physics), whilst the sciences of observation (geology, mineralogy, zoology, and botany) remained to represent the wider "Natural History" of olden days. Buffon and Linnæus wrote their "Natural Histories" under this latter idea, namely, that they professed the study of rocks, fossils, plants, and animals. Further limitation of scientific aims and names was, however, soon necessitated by the increase of knowledge. It was clearly perceived that, as living things, the animals and plants remained more closely connected than did the geological and other branches of natural history. Hence, in due course, a new name crept into use to indicate the sciences which specially select life and living beings as subjects of study. In 1801 Lamarck, the French naturalist, first used the name "Biologie" to indicate the collection of sciences dealing with the manifold relations of animals and plants. There seems to be a faculty in the human mind for acquiring a liking for a name or method which exhibits a special appropriateness in its description of the objects it is destined to describe. And we find that, despite the firm hold which the name "Natural History" had obtained as descriptive of the study of life, it has been gradually superseded by the name "Biology"—in every sense a most appropriate term. Although chiefly in the northern parts of these islands we still cling with a striking proclivity, favoured by a reverence for antiquity, to the name "Natural History," the term "Biology" has already gained a secure hold as a scientific expression. To-day, when we study "Natural History," we should be understood to take the widest possible view of natural things, and we may include in our studies subjects as diverse as the origin of chalk-flints, the anatomy of the brain, the liquefaction of gases, and the fertilisation of flowers. But when we assert that we study "Biology" we thus limit, with some degree of exactness, the objects of research. Then, we take for granted that our studies limit us to the fields of life—to the history of animals and plants—a history which, be it remarked, however, stretches its interests far afield, and relates itself in many and diverse ways to other and even widely separated branches of knowledge.

Thus much may be said by way of introduction to the nature of biological study. In the field before us lie the manifold concerns of the world of life; and it is straining no analogy to assert, with Mr. Herbert Spencer, that "preparation in biology" may after all be the best preliminary for the successful study of the human race, and for the understanding and regulation of its interests, whether regarded as pertaining to the individual, the family, the race, or the nation at large. It is no startling thought that the laws of human life and society can be demonstrated to be founded upon wider laws which prevail in animal life at large, and that the analogies and resemblances betwixt the acts of humanity and the acts of lower life are too close to admit a doubt of their intimate relationship. Spencer is stating no mythical idea, but a solid fact, when he remarks that "the Science of Life yields to the Science of Society certain great generalisations, without which there can be no Science of Society at all." Nor is the statement to be viewed as aught else than reasonable, that "all social actions being determined by the actions of individuals, and all actions of individuals being vital actions that conform to the laws of life at large, a rational interpretation of social actions implies knowledge of the laws of life."

Such a subject, however—the connexus between biology and human interests—would require a volume to itself; and at present I merely mention the fact of such relationship to impress the idea that the future of biology will undoubtedly include in its scope much of human affairs that now appears wholly at a distance from the interests of animals and plants at large. Nor have I the intention, at present, of discussing the relations of biology to religion, or of trenching even cursorily upon those modifications in religious opinion and in theological reasoning which, of all the sciences, biology has been most plainly instrumental in inaugurating and fostering. At present, therefore, we may simply endeavour to discover how biology is to be studied, to what that study leads, and the nature and direction of the paths wherein the modern biologist pursues his research. If, according to Spencer, "preparation in biology" is the great necessity for a true knowledge of the laws which govern human society, so, for us, preparation in the methods of the science of life is a needful preliminary for an understanding of the influence which modern biology has exerted upon the thought, lay and scientific, of our time.

The study of the standpoints of biology may be fitly commenced by a reference to the manner in which the investigations of the biologist into the history of animals and plants are carried on.

It is the province of science to be exact; it is the first and highest duty of its professors to secure correctness in their methods of discovering facts. In science we are not at liberty to begin anywhere, as, in truth, our researches, if pursued completely, will terminate in a definite fashion. Organised method is, in short, the great essential for scientific success in the pursuit and discovery of truth; and it is in his adoption of such methods that the scientific investigator differs most notably from the student in many other departments of thought: whilst we may note in passing that another and equally important characteristic of scientific investigation exists in the fact that, having no prejudices to defend or prepossessions to consult, the man of science stands in no dread of the results to which he may be led, and is placed at no disadvantage when he replaces beliefs, however time-honoured they may be, by the newer phases of thought to which his studies have led.

Four very definite questions may be said to contain in their replies the materials for constructing the full history of any living being. The queries to which I allude are such as the child might well ask respecting any object presented for the first time to his view; and it is worthy of note that the methods of inquiry through which the cumulative experience of ordinary life is gained find in the questionings of science a striking parallel. First, and most naturally, we inquire concerning the living being, "What is it?" Next in order comes the question, "How does it live?" Thirdly, the query, "Where is it found?" appears as a most natural inquiry; and the question, "How has it come to be what it is?" may fitly close the list of scientific interrogations. It may be said that, could we perfectly and fully answer these four queries as applied to any living thing, the history of such a form might be regarded as being in every sense complete. Its present history, its past existence, its way of life, its bodily mechanism, its evolution and descent—these, and other points in which the life and being of an animal or plant is summed up, are included in the replies to our four queries. Answer these questions fully, I repeat, respecting an animal or plant, and you leave no item in its history unexplained. When they shall have been fully answered respecting the known organic world, then will dawn a millennium in biological and other sciences of which, however, not the remotest shadow of a dream has yet crossed the scientific expectation. Full as our knowledge is on many points of structure and life history, biologists too frankly recognise the gaps in their information to hope for or expect the completion of their science even in the most distant years that from

the present horizon we care to scan. Still, the labour of investigation proceeds apace—slowly, it may be, yet hopefully ; and every scientific advance which the present sees or the future may know, may assuredly be regarded as filling up, wholly or in part, one or more of the replies to the four questions wherein, as we have seen, the gist of biology is comprised.

The principle of the division of labour which has wrought such wonderful changes and improvements in human affairs, political, social, and commercial, has extended its advantages to the domain of life-science, in that each query possesses its allotted science as the agent for supplying its answer. Part of the excellence of biological reasoning, and of scientific method at large, consists in the fact that the labour of inquiry is divided amongst three well-marked branches of inquiry ; whilst the answers to the fourth and last question on our list are in reality supplied by the concentrated knowledge of the three preceding replies. Thus, to the question "What is it?" the science we name "Morphology" gives us an answer. This department of biology concerns itself with *structure* alone. Under this head we gain a complete knowledge of the mechanism of the living being. A watchmaker taking a watch or clock to pieces to ascertain the structure of the timepiece, investigates its morphology. An engineer describing to a bystander the principles of the mechanism he has constructed, is similarly detailing its morphological composition. The structure and build of the living body—animal or plant, high or low organism, be it remembered—is investigated under this first head of inquiry. It is morphology which places before us the few facts of structure perceptible in the animalcule ; and it is this science in its highest development which investigates the complexities of the human organisation itself.

But "Morphology" can readily be shown to possess a subdivision into three important branches, each dealing with a special phase of living structure. There exists, firstly, the subdivision *Anatomy*, which deals with the structure of the fully developed or adult animal or plant. Next in order comes *Development*—a study all important, as we shall hereafter see, in the eyes of modern biologists. Through development we obtain a knowledge of the manner in which the adult body, which "anatomy" investigates, came to assume its perfect and completed form. Development, in short, initiates us into Nature's manufactories, and shows us her methods of evolving living organisms. Just as even a rapid run through a watch-manufactory, and a glance at this table and that, or a look at the various stages in the progress of the watch towards perfection, would afford an idea

of the fashioning and forming of the watch, so development gives us an insight into the process and method employed and followed in the formation of the animal or plant. The pin or pen we think so little of came to be what it is through a highly complex process of manufacture. To thoroughly know what the pin or the pen *is*, we should naturally require a knowledge of how it *was made*. Just so in nature; development teaches us how the animal and the plant is made—nay, more, it tells us also, by the way, a wondrous tale respecting the causes of the manufacture, and the circumstances which have led Nature to frame her living possessions according to one fashion or another, and to relate, it may be, apparently diverse articles of her handiwork in the closest bond of intimacy and union. Last of all, a third department of morphology, or the science of structure, exists in the shape of *Taxonomy* or *Classification*. It is the plainest of truisms, that we can only classify and arrange any set of objects truly and satisfactorily when we really know the objects, and when we possess a perfect acquaintance with their structure. Hence "classification" falls into a most natural place when, after the acquirement of knowledge concerning the structure and nature of living beings, we are able as a consequence to place together those which are truly alike, and to separate those which are unlike.

By way of illustrating the application of morphology, and on the principle that example is better than precept, let us select as an example of scientific inquiry the history of a fish. Under the head of morphology, the biologist is bound to take account of every detail of structure which that animal exhibits. Through the aid of "Anatomy," he will make its acquaintance as a fully-formed being; he will ascertain the full details of its structure; note the form, number, position, and relation of its organs; and in general obtain a thorough knowledge of its composition and bodily mechanism. But anatomy does not inform him of the prior history of the fish; hence he turns to development as a means of showing him the manner in which the fish-body grew and was fashioned. Beginning as a small speck of protoplasm, indistinguishable from the matter which forms the whole body of the lower animalcule, he would trace for us the evolution of the complex body from materials of extreme simplicity. Hour by hour, and day by day, he would chronicle the changes in the division of the egg, the first appearance of the embryo, the beginnings of the heart-pulse, the formation of brain and nerve, and the outlining of body at large. And, finally, he would show how the completed being, evolved by strange artifice from literal nothingness, grows to its adult form and takes its place

amongst the finished products of nature. Such are the details of development.

Finally, asking himself concerning the place and rank of the fish in the scale of creation, the biologist would turn to "Classification" to aid him in his search. Ascertaining the structure and development of other fishes, he would know accurately enough the proper sphere to which science calls, and in which science places, the form before him. He would find cause to utterly reject classifications and systems of arrangement not founded upon a true knowledge of structure. The whale, for instance, is classified as a fish by primitive man—and, I may add, also by persons amongst ourselves, whose culture professes to be by no means of a low grade. It is fish-like in form and appearance; it inhabits the sea; its conditions of life are evidently those of the fish. Why, then, asks popular opinion, is the whale not a fish, seeing that in any case the latter is "very like a whale?" To this question the biologist can but reply, that if nature has modelled whale and fish on the same lines, he can have no quarrel with nature on that account. His, however, is the duty to assure himself that the fish and whale are really alike. Through anatomy he learns that, outwardly alike as the two animals are, things in this instance are really not what they seem. The fish, his study of morphology informs him, has cold blood and a heart consisting of but two cavities or chambers: the whale, he finds, has warm blood, and a heart constructed on the same type as that of the biologist himself, and consisting of four chambers. The fish is covered with scales: the whale's body-covering consists typically of hairs; and whilst the fish out of water dies, as a rule, because its gills are then removed from the medium from which they derive the oxygen for breathing—the whale breathes by lungs, and, as everyone knows, requires to ascend periodically to the surface of the water to inhale the air directly from the atmosphere, like ourselves. The whole internal economy of the fish, albeit that it exhibits the same general type as that of the whale, is of much less complex kind. And not to penetrate more deeply into the distinctions which separate the whale-race from the fish-tribe, we may lay stress on one last fact of primary importance in distinguishing the two animals—namely, that whilst the fish was developed from an egg which was hatched externally to the parent-body, the whale was born alive and was nourished in its early life by the milk-secretion of its parent. Now, all of these characteristics infallibly demonstrate to the merest tyro in zoology that, so far from a whale being in any sense a fish, it is a true quadruped or mammal like ourselves. It finds refuge in the

same class which includes the kangaroos and their neighbours as its lowest members or democracy, and apes and man as its aristocrats. The whale, in short, is a mammal with but two limbs, which are converted into swimming-paddles or "flippers." It is a quadruped modified for an aquatic life, and resembles the fish only in the fact that its body is built up on one and the same general type (just, indeed, as man himself resembles the fish), and in its outward modification as a tenant of the "vasty deep." Thus clearly do we observe that the true position of an animal or plant in the living series can only be determined by a reference to the facts of structure. Classification, in other words, is the natural termination to the work begun by the anatomist and the student of development.

Turning to the second question asked by biological science regarding every living being—"How does it live?"—we find the science of *Physiology* credited with furnishing the reply to this latter query. Physiology is the "science of functions," a term translatable into meaning that branch of inquiry which shows us how the living mechanism works, and how life is supported in virtue of defined actions which it is the duty of that mechanism to perform. The watchmaker or other artificer who, setting the mechanism he has constructed in motion, professed to instruct us in the manner of its working, would be showing us the "Physiology" of the machine—just as, previously, when describing its structure, he taught us its "Morphology." We may go further still, and add that, without a preliminary knowledge of structure, the intelligent appreciation of function, or working, is impossible of attainment. The exact manner in which a watch performs its duties can only be comprehended after an examination of its anatomy or the disposition of its parts. Hence, in living beings, "how life is carried on" is a question only to be answered from the knowledge and by the aid of the considerations which the examination of their structure affords and supplies.

Summing up the history of the living being in action which physiology writes for us, we may say that three great functions are performed by every animal and by every plant. The living being has first to nourish itself; to provide for the continual wear and tear to which, in the mere act of living and being, its frame is subjected. The first function of *Nutrition* thus provides for the support of the individual animal or plant. But death is continually thinning the ranks of animal and plant species. As local death, or the decay of the particles of the individual body, is a constant concomitant of individual life, no less true is it that general death is an invariable accompaniment of the life of the race or species. As nutrition—the

act of taking and assimilating food—repairs individual loss, so the function of *Reproduction* repairs the loss and fills the gaps which death has made in the ranks of the race. New beings, through the exercise of this latter function, are brought into the world to take the place on the stage of life of the actors whose parts in the biological drama have already been played out.

Lastly, in the exercise of its living powers, the animal or plant is found to possess certain means for acquiring relations of more or less definite kind with its surroundings. An amœba—in its way a mere blob of protoplasm—is seen under the microscope to contract its jelly-like body when a food-particle touches its substance ; and, as the result of the contact, the protoplasmic speck engulfs the atom in question and duly assimilates it. But for this property of sensitiveness the life of the animalcule would be equivalent to the existence of the mineral; its power of nourishing its frame and of receiving food really depends on its sensitiveness to the outward impressions produced by the chance contact with its body of the external particles on which it feeds. Withdraw from the protoplasm this sensitiveness, and your animalcule would starve. Sensation and a power of acting, like human units of official nature, upon "information received" through sensation, is a universal attribute of life. Even the fixed plant may, as in the Venus' Fly-trap (*Dionæa*), develop a more sensitive and elaborate apparatus for the capture of prey than many animals of tolerably high grade ; and in all plants there exists living protoplasm which, as its first characteristic, exhibits sensitiveness and a power of contraction. A snail, irritated by touching the tip of its tentacles, withdraws into the obscurity of private life for a while, and indicates that it possesses not merely a nervous apparatus analogous to our own, but that such apparatus is used in an exactly similar fashion. A broad likeness exists between a snail's retirement into its shell when touched, and the human act of withdrawing the head from a threatened blow. And so we find that from the animalcule to man, from the lowest plant to the highest member of the vegetable kingdom, there exist means whereby the living being, through the property of sensitiveness or "irritability" (as we may term the general function of nervous tissue or its representative), is brought into relation with its surroundings. This act of relating itself to the outer world in which it lives, constitutes the third function of life wherever found. The nerve-acts whereby man is enabled to think, feel, and move; the actions whereby a daisy closes its florets when the chill of evening falls upon the world ; the act of a Venus' Fly-trap or a Sundew in capturing the insects on

which, like vegetable spiders, these plants feed; and the humbler manifestations of sensation seen in the sluggish movement of an animalcule or in the cells of a seaweed—are bound together in one harmonious function, which we name that of *Relation*, *Innervation*, or *Irritability*. To nourish itself, to reproduce its kind, and to maintain relations with the world in which it lives—such is the whole physiological duty of man and animalcule alike; and in the survey of these three functions is comprehended the answer to our second question, "How does the animal or plant live?"

The third inquiry of the biologist, as we have seen, relates to the place and position of the living being on the surface of the world—whether it be found on the earth itself or in the waters under the earth, whence by deep-sea research the knowledge of its *habitat* has been drawn. Every animal and every plant, besides a name and designation, possesses a "local habitation" on the earth's surface. The study of structure and the knowledge afforded by physiology take no account of the dwelling-places of animals and plants. "Where is it found?" is thus a question which must also be asked of the biologist; and for the answer we depend upon a third branch of biology, to which the name of *Distribution* has been given.

The purport of the inquiry, "Where is it found?" requires no explanation. The most natural of queries concerning a living being is that which the child might ask concerning the native habitation of an animal or plant. Outward nature appeals too forcibly to us to render the question, "Where does it come from?" an unnatural one when applied to the animal or plant; the difference between our own land and habitation and those of other men being included in some such interrogation as that involved in the questions which the science of Distribution professes to answer. No more interesting queries can well be imagined within the whole range of natural-history study than those included within the sphere of this third division of biology. Why, for instance, are kangaroos and animals of like grade only found in Australia and adjacent islands? Why are the opossums—near relations of the kangaroos—absent from the Australian home of their nearest kith and kin? and why do they occur in America, when natural expectation would have placed them in Australia? Why are antelopes well-nigh confined to Africa, which has no true deer, whilst the deers are otherwise world-wild in their distribution? Why are humming-birds only found in the New World, over the length and breadth of which they are widely distributed? Why are the monkeys of America absolutely different from those of the Old World? and why are those found in Madagascar, in turn, so varied

from their neighbours of Asia and Africa? Why are sloths and armadillos only found in South America? Such are a very few of the queries which Distribution asks, and to which this science endeavours to supply an answer.

We thus perceive, clearly enough, that the situation and position of an animal or plant on the surface of the earth is no mere matter of chance, but is as much the result of law, and has been as clearly brought about by the circumstances which regulate existence as a whole, as its structure is the result of laws of development acting in definite fashion and ordered sequence. Distribution, it is true, is a biological science as yet in its infancy. It presents us, we may note, with two aspects, under one of which we settle the place and position of an animal in Space, that is, in the world as it now exists—such is *Geographical Distribution*; whilst through the other we determine, by the aid of the history of fossils, whether it had an existence in the past history of our earth, and if so, under what conditions it lived. This latter phase of the subject is named *Geological Distribution*, or Distribution in Time. But its importance grows and increases daily as we perceive that the answers to many puzzles and problems of life are bound up in the replies we are able to furnish to the question, "Where is the animal or plant found?"

At this stage of biological investigation many naturalists might be tempted to call a halt. Having ascertained, as fully as may be, the structure, physiology, and distribution of an animal or plant, the investigation of the living form might be regarded as complete. Contrariwise, however, the tendency of the biology of past years has been to lay increasing stress on a fourth inquiry concerning every living thing—namely, "How has it come to be what it is?" Such a question is tantamount to the inquiry, "How and why was the living being created so?"—an interrogation which, even a few years back, would have sounded as an attempt to probe the mystery of divine intent, and which, as such, would have been relegated to the domain of the unscientific, if not to that of the impious as well. But considerations of theoretical impiety have no effect in face of the need for knowledge. If the speculation how any planet was framed, and the formation of a nebular hypothesis, or the promulgation of a theory of elliptical orbits, was a warrantable procedure—nay, even a necessity—of astronomical knowledge, one may well be excused for failing to discover the unwarrantableness of speculation concerning the origin of animals and plants. Especially, too, if the way of creation, as biological science believes, has not been through successive acts of supernatural interference with the matter of life and the manner

of living, but through the modification, slow, gradual, natural, and prolonged, of pre-existing species, the justification for the query, "How has this animal or that plant assumed its form and place in the world?" lies on the face of nature itself. If, as is apparent to all biologists, at least, the way of creation is traceable in the forms and developments of living beings, we are bound to investigate that history, as a part of the duty laid upon scientific truth-seeking and upon biological investigation. The impiety, so much talked of in past years, but of which one happily hears but little now, if it exist at all, is illustrated solely in the absolute scepticism of those who refuse to admit and believe in the right of man to read and construe, as reason dictates, the records written in the fair face of creation itself. Persons who deem it impious in the scientist to assert that he can trace the evolution of this form or that, to my mind present the best possible frame of mind for the development of the very scepticism the existence of which they are the first to deplore. The wilful folding of the hands in deprecation of scientific investigation, and the shutting of the eyes in a so-called "orthodox" and slumbering ignorance of the facts of nature, is the procedure of all others best calculated to sap the foundations of religion itself. It is such ideas which Dr. Martineau, with his accustomed ability, has ably denounced when he says, "What, indeed, have we found by moving out along all radii into the Infinite?—that the whole is woven together in one sublime tissue of intellectual relations, geometric and physical—the realised original, of which all our science is but the partial copy. That science is the crowning product and supreme expression of human reason. . . Unless, therefore, it takes more mental faculty to construe a universe than to cause it, to read the Book of Nature than to write it, we must more than ever look upon its sublime face as the living appeal of thought to thought." These are words worth reflecting upon; and they certainly admit from the theological side the full, free, and unrestrained right of science to investigate fully and hopefully whatever facts or aspects of nature lie to her hand. They present, if need exist for such apology, the fullest justification of the scientific investigator's work, when he endeavours to trace through the mazes and byways of evolution the manner in which the living world and all that is therein comprised has been formed, moulded, and perfected as we now find it. If, therefore, as we shall hereafter see, there are means and ways, clues and traces, to be found in nature for the study of the method through which living beings have come to assume their existing order, it were but folly to deny our right to utilise such means to the full, and to extend that knowledge, the increase of which Bacon wisely declared tended to

the relief of man's estate. "*Ætiology*," or the "science of causes," thus supplies us with the reply to the last of the four queries which concern the nature of animals and plants. In itself, this branch of inquiry connects the other three departments. It utilises the knowledge which structure, physiology, and distribution collect and systematise. It supplies the natural termination to all inquiries respecting the history of living beings; since we believe that the causes which have wrought out the existing order of nature, have left traces of their operation in the living universe; which traces, like the silver thread running through the many-coloured pattern, serve to link together the interests and to show the harmonies which underlie the varied warp and woof of life.

To fix these methods of biological study the more firmly upon our minds, we may select, as the study of a brief exposition, the natural history of a kangaroo—an animal form sufficiently distinct and specialised to render the details of its biological study a matter of easy comprehension. No animal form is more familiar as a being foreign to our own country than the kangaroo; its history, like that of every other living being, familiar or otherwise, must be investigated along the lines we have just laid down. The question "What is it?" is answered by morphology, and a large number of very interesting replies would be found amongst the answers to the questions of the science of structure. We should thus be informed, as a primary fact of kangaroo history, that it is a *Vertebrate*, or "backboned" animal; that it agrees in the general type of its body with all fishes, reptiles, birds, and quadrupeds; and we should, moreover, speedily discover by even a cursory anatomical examination that it belongs to the quadruped class, and presents essentially the same general characteristics which all quadrupeds, from the whale upwards to the lion, dog, rat, sheep, ape, and man, agree in possessing. But the more personal history of our kangaroo would show wide differences in structure from the organisation of ordinary quadrupeds. We should be struck by the low type of its brain, as compared with the brain of ordinary quadrupeds. We should note two curious bones unknown in common animals, and which arise from the front of the kangaroo's haunch-bones: these being the so-called "marsupial bones," on which the "pouch" these animals possess is supported; whilst in connection with this fact we should also discover that the young kangaroo is born in an immature condition, that it is thereafter transferred to the pouch of its mother, and that it exists therein for many days after birth, being duly nourished by the secretion of the milk-glands which open into the pouch. We might also note that the kangaroos, as every visitor to the Zoolo-

gical Gardens knows, possess hind limbs which are developed out of all proportion to the fore legs. In its resting posture it sits upon a kind of tripod, or three-legged stool, formed by the tail and two hind limbs; and when the skeleton of the hind limb is examined, we find, further, that the great apparent length of the foot is in reality due to the elongation of the animal's instep bones. The foot, we may lastly note, possesses four toes, whereof two are very large and conspicuous, and two (placed to the inner side of the other toes) are very small, and united together by a fold of skin. There is no great-toe in the kangaroo; and the two large toes forming the bulk of the animal's foot are the fourth and fifth toes: the two small and rudimentary toes corresponding to the second and third toes in ourselves.

Thus much a brief study of "anatomy" would teach us about the kangaroo. Of its development, nothing need be said beyond noting the fact that it is formed and fashioned after the manner, firstly, of all vertebrates in general, and, secondly, of all other quadrupeds in particular. Kangaroo development stops short, so to speak, at a lower level than the development of such an animal as a dog, and at a considerably lower level than that of an ape or a man. But, if any proof of the exact nature of the kangaroo were wanting, such facts as those elucidated by its development would at once and indisputably settle its relationship to ourselves, as a low member of our own great class.

Next as to its "classification." What, it may be asked, is the kangaroo's place in nature? As the claims of structure settled the place and position of whale and fish in the animal series, so the morphology of the kangaroo allocates to it a situation in the quadruped class. The structure of many other animals is found to present a striking likeness to that of the kangaroo. The opossums, the wombats, the native "bears" and "hyænas" of Australian colonists, the kangaroo-rats, the phalangers, the bandicoots, and allied forms—all, with the exception of the opossums, confined to the Australian province—exhibit evident affinities to kangaroo structure. Relying upon structure—and development would be found to strengthen the evidence of morphology—we should place these animals along with the kangaroo in a special order of quadrupeds to which we give the name of *Marsupials*, or "pouched" animals. These animals would agree with the kangaroo not merely in lowness of brain structure, in the possession of the curious "marsupial bones," in the general arrangement and even special form of internal organs, and in the peculiar shape of the lower jaw, but also in the matter of the foot structure. Very striking is it to observe the prevalence of

the one type in the feet of this varied assortment of quadrupeds. "How curious it is," says Mr. Darwin, "that the hind feet of the kangaroo, which are so well fitted for bounding over the open plains—those of the climbing, leaf-eating koala, equally well fitted for grasping the branches of trees—those of the ground-dwelling, insect- or root-eating bandicoots—and those of some other Australian marsupials—should all be constructed on the same extraordinary type, namely, with the bones of the second and third digits extremely slender and enveloped within the same skin, so that they appear like a single toe furnished with two claws. Notwithstanding this similarity of pattern, it is obvious that the hind feet of these several animals are used for as widely different purposes as it is possible to conceive. The case is rendered all the more striking by the American opossums, which follow nearly the same habits of life, having feet constructed on the ordinary plan."

The science of structure thus settles the questions which naturally arise respecting the relationships of the kangaroo, by uniting it in classification with those forms which truly resemble it in structure. So also with its physiology. The second question, "How does it live?" would be answered in an exact fashion by the investigation of the life-processes of the animal, and by the knowledge which physiology would bring to bear upon the manner in which kangaroo existence is divided, like that of all other animals, between supporting its frame, increasing its race, and maintaining relations with the world around.

The question, "Where is it found?" involves in its reply, in the case of the kangaroo, a large number of highly interesting and instructive considerations. Kangaroos are found in Australia and adjacent islands alone. Why are they limited to this region of the earth's surface? and why, to put this question more generally, has Australia no native quadrupeds other than these marsupials and their poor relations?—for it need hardly be added, that the horse, cow, sheep, and allied animals are all of recent introduction by the hand of enterprising, colonising man. Looking at a zoological map of the world—a chart prepared solely with reference to the distribution of animal life—we should observe that the animals peculiar to Australia stop short on one side of a line called "Wallace's Line," which passes in one part of its course between the little islands of Bali and Lombok in the Eastern Archipelago. The straits of Lombok are about fifteen miles in width, yet that narrow sea divides the land of marsupials—Australia and adjacent islands—from other lands and islands in which no marsupials are found. Why, then, should the kangaroos and their marsupial kith and kin

stop short at "Wallace's Line?" The answer to this query involves considerations which extend over the whole domain of life-science. The briefest possible explanation of the kangaroos' distribution must therefore suffice for our present purpose. Let us go back in imagination to that far-back time in the history of our earth when the Triassic rocks were being formed. That period existed ages before the Chalk in point of time. It was the period, moreover, when the first quadrupeds appeared on the earth's surface; these primitive animals being wholly of marsupial kind, and entirely of the type of which our kangaroos and other Australian mammals are the existing representatives. Not a single higher mammal thus graced the Triassic forests; no elephants roamed in Triassic jungles; the plains of these early times were unenlivened by the agile deer, or by the grace of the antelope herds; no carnivora roamed about to slay and devour the weaker races; and the humblest quadrupeds were lords of animal creation, and represented in themselves the fulness of the mammalian life which the later ages were destined to see.

Over the whole land surfaces then in existence these low marsupial quadrupeds of the Trias in due course spread. In Britain, on the Continent, in the New World, the fossil remains of these early Triassic quadrupeds are found; the best known of them being represented most nearly by the little "banded ant-eater" (*Myrmecobius*) living in Australia to-day. In the Triassic period, also, Australia obtained its marsupials. For that island-continent was then part of the Asiatic or Palæarctic mainland, and the connecting land was not then broken up into the islands of the Eastern Archipelago of to-day.

The next phase in the drama of Australian quadruped-life shows us that at the close of the Triassic and of the succeeding Oolitic periods, that land became disjointed from the mainland. Geological change made Australia the island-continent we see it to-day. And what of its quadrupeds? These early marsupials, left to themselves, shut off from all possible invasion by and competition with higher and later quadrupeds, flourished and grew apace in the Australian land. Elsewhere, and in the rest of the world, the early marsupials were distanced in the "struggle for existence" which ensued on the evolution of higher types of life. Elsewhere than in Australia they were killed off, and at the close of the Oolite age (or that immediately succeeding the Trias) hardly a remnant of the great marsupial life of these two periods was left to bear witness to the first beginnings of mammals on the earth. In Australia how different was, and still is, the quadruped-life. In the recent bone-caves of Australia, we meet

forms, was the paramount aim of the zoologist and botanist. Classifications grew apace; but the relations of one species to another, of group to group, or the general plan upon which the animal world was constructed and organised, were either undreamt of as subjects of study, or were cursorily dismissed from scientific view. We have but to open a volume of natural-history lore of the past decade of zoology, to realise the truth of this statement. We may readily perceive that attention to outside characters and the construction of artificial systems of classification represented the chief labours of the biologists of past years. But impelled by the researches of Cuvier, who laid the foundations of morphology, and who clearly mapped out the animal world into four great types—three of which to this day remain much as his genius left them—biology awoke to a new lease of life. Placed in possession of some definite aim in the investigation of animal structure, zoologists began the systematic examination of the great divisions of the animal world which Cuvier had mapped out. Next in order came the era marked by the speculations of Lamarck, and by the imperishable deductions and suggestions of Darwin. Then was supplied the guiding clue, for want of which zoology and botany had been left to progress in slow and desultory fashion. The impetus given by Darwinism and evolution to biology may be fully appreciated when we reflect that in evolution we perceive the suggestion of a rational purpose in the researches we undertake into the structure, physiology, and distribution of living beings. When we discover that life everywhere exhibits progress, that the development of animals and plants has been a work of progress in the past, that modification proceeds apace even now, and that it is possible to discover the clear plan and method of creation in the forms and development of living things, we may readily appreciate the incentives to research in all directions which the idea of evolution, as the method of nature, has given to the biology of to-day. Understanding something of the theory of the living universe, the biologist can set himself to work hopefully to unravel many of the so-called mysteries of life. Asking himself regarding every living thing the question, "How has it come to occupy this or that place in nature?" he firstly studies its *development as a clue to its descent and origin.* The modern biologist looks to development, above all else, to teach him the true nature and relationships of animals and plants. If a sea-squirt's development runs in parallel lines to that of the lowest fish, then he naturally concludes that like results in this case follow from similarity of origin, and fishes and sea-squirts become organically connected through community of descent. If a *Sacculina* (existing as a mere

parasitic bag of eggs on a hermit crab) passes through essentially the same stages in its development as a shrimp, a water-flea, a barnacle, a crab, and all other crustaceans, he feels bound to believe that these varied forms have sprung from one and the same root-stock. If he finds that a frog in its early life is essentially a fish in structure and physiology, he assumes that Nature is teaching him the descent of the frog-race from aquatic and fish-like ancestors; otherwise, why, he may ask, should Nature trouble herself to develop a fish-stage in the formation and growth of the land-inhabiting frog? If he finds that man's development proceeds along the same lines as those of all other Vertebrate animals; if he knows that man, like the fish, has gill-clefts in his neck in early life, which clefts are of no use whatever to their possessor; if he finds that other structures, found permanently in lower animals, have a temporary existence in human development—is he not morally bound to believe that, human development being a moving panorama of lower forms of life, man himself has had his beginning in some pre-existing and lower form? If he finds that it is impossible in early life to distinguish the human embryo from that of other quadrupeds, is he not bound to regard such likeness as a proof of man's lowly origin? Such are the queries which the biologist of to-day is forced to face. And when the facts of development are fairly stated, the answer is not for a moment doubtful, if only from the overwhelming conviction that Nature has written her method and way of creation in our evolution, and that it is, or should be, our highest pride and glory to read aright that "strange eventful history."

No less powerfully are the deductions and studies of the modern biologist aided by such considerations as those which deal with *variation* in species as a great fact of life. Formerly, when the fixity of species was deemed a grand fact of biology, the idea that variation might exist was unwillingly entertained, if allowed to have any weight at all. Now, with exact knowledge that variation exists to a greater or less extent in every living species—that change is the law, and fixity in species the exception—we can clearly discern Nature's purport in inaugurating such change, as the preliminary to the formation of new races and species. We know that variation proceeds apace in the existing world of life: we ourselves evolve at least new "races" of cattle and sheep, of pigeons and dogs and horses; and even if it be fully and freely admitted that the causes of variation are still obscure, there will be found no competent biologist to deny either the reality of the changes in species now proceeding in the world, or the results such changes have wrought in the past.

Subsidiary methods and aids in studying the biology of to-day exist in such subjects as rudimentary organs, homologies, missing

links, and the like. If we discover that a whale-bone whale, which has no teeth in the adult state, develops before birth teeth which never cut the gum and are gradually absorbed, we must either assume that Nature is woefully improvident in developing useless structures, or that these useless teeth have a meaning. If we find that, whilst a horse walks upon the single toe of each foot, it possesses other two rudimentary and useless toes in its "splint bones," the same idea of meaning or no-meaning comes vividly before our minds. Rudimentary organs teach us, like development, valuable lessons concerning the past history of the race which possesses them. The useless teeth of whales represent organs once well developed in the ancestors of our existing toothless cetaceans; and when we find in our horse rudiments of two toes, we expect that that single-toed animal has been descended from a three-toed race. Is such an idea probable, you ask? If we visit Yale College, in America, and observe the array of fossil horses there displayed, we shall be able to trace the evolution of the horse in time from not only three-toed, but four-toed and five-toed ancestors. There, placed in a graduated series, is the proof that evolution is a stable fact. No "missing links" require to be supplied in the series of Yale College: and those who can maintain, in the face of such an array of testimony, that evolution is an impossibility and development a myth, may be regarded as possessing a hardness of heart against honest conviction compared with which the Egyptian obstinacy against which Moses declaimed and Aaron battled is mildness indeed.

Homology, or the "science of likenesses," again, teaches us that when organs are built upon the same type, like the feet of marsupials or the limbs of all vertebrates, from the arm of man to the wing of the bird and the breast-fin of the fish, they must have had a common origin. The true nature of organs and parts in animals and plants is only discoverable after a careful study and comparison of their structure and affinities as declared by homology.

Such are a few of the aids to biological study which the modern naturalist has at his command. Under the light and countenance of evolution, every new fact fits sooner or later into an appropriate niche in the biological fabric. No one fact remains isolated and distinct, as in days of old, but all our knowledge of the past and present of living beings tends to supply us with a rational understanding of their origin and progress towards their existing structure and position in nature.

Evolution thus takes its stand on the rational interpretation of the facts of nature. Its reasonable aspect presents its strongest claim to support: its rational explanation of former mysteries com-

mends it to the unbiassed truth-seeker, as the true key to the former mysteries and inexplicable problems of the past. Founding its data upon observed facts, the evolution theory holds that the living species of this world are in a state of constant change and variation. It maintains that animals and plants are produced in greater numbers than can obtain the necessaries of life. It postulates, what observation confirms, the existence of a "struggle for existence," in which the weakest forms (which are those that do not vary) go to the wall, whilst the strong (those that do vary) survive. It holds that Nature thus appears to set a premium on variation, that she encourages change in species, and that firstly new varieties, then new races, and lastly new species, are thus produced by the modification of the old. The theory thus presented, calls to its aid all the facts of biological science. It shows by development, that the way of nature is that of progressing from the general to the special; it notes that extinct forms of life can frequently be shown to be intermediate between living forms, and that "missing links" are capable of being supplied as knowledge grows and as research advances. It correlates outward physical changes in land and sea with the change in species, and shows how varying conditions of life modify the living form. It enlists, as we have seen, the facts of geographical distribution in its favour, and proves, by an appeal to geology as well, that the modification of life through the changes of land and sea accounts for the puzzling phenomena viewed in the distribution of living beings over the world's surface. Laying hold of every detail of natural science, evolution has thus wrought a mighty revolution in biology; whilst geology and other sciences have moulded their conceptions on the consistent theory of the universe which evolution lays down. It is the pride and boast of evolution that the avenues to which knowledge leads through this theory of the universe are illimitable—that knowledge may truly "grow from more to more" under its benign influence: And, best of all, whilst science is thus made the handmaid of truth, we also find that the spirit of reverence in face of the facts of nature is also inculcated by the study of development. There is no room for the idea of arbitrary interference with the laws of nature when evolution has fairly asserted its right to be heard. As in the inorganic world around us law reigns supreme, as planets revolve in their cycles with unchanging regularity, so in the world of life there is demonstrated to us the existence of law and ordered sequence which prevails in lowest as in highest spheres of being; which directs the destinies and development of man equally with the movements of the animalcule, and which as fully explains the evolution of a leaf as it does the formation of a world.

ANDREW WILSON.

ON ENGLISH PLACE-NAMES.

IN the *Gentleman's Magazine* for June 1881, I attempted to explain the etymology of the names of the English counties. I propose in the present article to take a more general survey of the system of local nomenclature of which these forty names form a part. It will be desirable in the first place to give some account of the methods which should be followed in ascertaining the etymology of English local names; this being a matter which seems to be very imperfectly understood, even by the writers of professed treatises on the subject.

If it had happened that local names had always come down to us absolutely in their original shape, the discussion of methods of investigation would have been superfluous. All that would have been necessary would have been the possession of sufficient linguistic knowledge, and every name, as a rule, would tell the tale of its own meaning. The work of the etymologist would be superseded by that of the translator. The actual fact, however, is that place-names generally began to be corrupted almost as soon as they were formed, and the process of corruption has been going on ever since. Etymological conjecture based only on the modern forms of names is mere waste of ingenuity. Such guesses will hardly prove correct in one instance out of four, even when they are attempted by thoroughly qualified scholars. If our inquiries are to lead to any trustworthy results, our first step must be a reference to ancient documents, in order to obtain the names as nearly as possible in their original form.

The documentary materials for the study of English local etymology are fortunately very abundant. They begin with the Greek and Roman classics, and the military documents of the Roman Empire—the Antonine Itinerary, and Notitia Imperii—from which we can derive a considerable amount of information, chiefly with regard to the names of rivers. When we are able to find a name in these earliest authorities, it is in general a safe inference that Teutonic etymologies are inadmissible. Next in order of date come the writings of Bæda, the greatest Englishman of the eighth century. As

Bæda wrote before the time of the Danish invasions, the occurrence of a name in his works determines that it is not of Scandinavian derivation. After Bæda come the Saxon Chronicle, and the very numerous monastic charters prior to the Norman Conquest. The frequency of forgery among monastic documents renders some caution necessary in dealing with their evidence; but even a spurious document may yield important light, if we are able to determine the date of its fabrication.

The evidence afforded by these earliest authorities is of course the most valuable we possess, as far as their information extends. The most widely available source of knowledge respecting early English names is, however, the Domesday Book of William the Conqueror. Unfortunately, many etymologists have been accustomed to ignore the evidence of Domesday, on the ground that the proper names in that record are a mass of downright foreigners' blunders. This mistaken notion is the result of ignorance of the peculiar system of phonetic spelling which the Norman scribes employed.[1] If a Spanish traveller were found to have written the name of "Heath" as "Jiz," the English reader would naturally suppose that the Spaniard had made a ludicrous blunder. A reader who was acquainted with Spanish, however, would see that the sound of the name was as well represented as the resources of the Spanish alphabet permitted. In the same manner, when the name of "Wormhill" (in Derbyshire) occurs in Domesday as *Wruenele*, the ill-informed etymologist quotes the form with a bracketed note of exclamation as a specimen of "Norman blundering." Better knowledge, however, would teach him to read the name as *Wirvenell*, which is in Anglo-Saxon spelling *hweorfan-healh*, probably meaning "the haugh of the water-mill." On the whole, considering that Domesday Book was written by foreigners, its rendering of local names may be pronounced surprisingly correct. A good many real errors do, however, occur; and besides, the Norman orthography was very imperfectly fitted to express the distinctions of English sounds. The evidence of Domesday Book, therefore, frequently requires to be checked and interpreted by a comparison of the modern names, and of intermediate documentary forms. Where Domesday and earlier documents fail to afford us any light, recourse must be had to later

[1] A few of the more remarkable peculiarities of this system may be mentioned here. Before *e* and *i* the sound of *k* is rendered by *ch*, and that of our *ch* by *c*, as in modern Italian. *U* before a vowel is always to be read as *v* (Anglo-Saxon *f*). The Anglo-Saxon *hr* and *wr* are expressed by *r*; the *wr* of Domesday always has the sound of *weir* or *wor*.

writings—early chronicles, monastic charters, and private deeds. The orthographical peculiarities of each document, and the degree of its general trustworthiness, must of course be carefully taken into account.

When we have thus obtained our local names in their earliest documentary forms, their interpretation is still far from being an easy matter. We are not at liberty, after the Procrustean fashion of too many etymologists, to lop off one letter here, and add another there, until we have tortured the name into some semblance of meaning. The corruption of language, which seems so lawless and arbitrary, is really regulated by very definite though complicated laws, and no phonetic change must ever be assumed which is not in accordance with strict rule and precedent. The student of English local names requires to possess a good grammatical knowledge of Anglo-Saxon, and some knowledge of the rudiments of Old Norse and Welsh, and of the phonetic differences between ancient and modern Welsh. To insist on these qualifications is certainly to condemn most of the writers who have undertaken to treat of the subject. But that the requirement is not excessive is shown by the errors into which these writers have fallen on almost every page.

After we are in possession of a sufficient body of established etymological facts, we may sometimes venture, under the guidance of analogy, to speculate cautiously on the derivation of a name which is known to us only in its modern form. It should be remembered, however, that even the most plausible analogies are often deceptive. Nothing would seem more certain at first sight, than that the names "Adlingfleet" and "Adlington" must have a common etymology. On reference to Domesday, however, we find that the former is "the ætheling's or prince's creek," while the latter is derived from the personal name "Eádwulf." The name of Sheffield, in Yorkshire, is from the river Sheaf, but the Sussex Sheffield is a corruption of Sheepfield.

It is now time to pass from the consideration of methods to that of results. It must be confessed that the results of scientific local etymology are not in general of quite so interesting a character as perhaps most people would expect. The common run of etymologists, who choose their conclusions first and their arguments afterwards, usually find that English place-names abound in picturesque description and in references to ancient superstitions or to celebrated historical personages and events. We have been told that Teddington is "tide-end-town"; that Charing Cross received its name from Edward the First's *chère reine*; that Alfreton, in Derbyshire, was

founded by King Alfred; that the numerous Toot Hills contain the name of the Celtic god Teutates; and that Lichfield means "field of corpses," in allusion to some forgotten battle. Accurate research nearly always upsets these pretty speculations, and gives us in their stead nothing but the merest commonplace. It has been said, with much truth and beauty, that language is fossil poetry; and the Archbishop of Dublin has added the rather tame though true remark, that it is also fossil history. But there is singularly little poetry to be found in English local names, and very little even of what is commonly called history. Still, the object of our study is not what is interesting but what is true; and however prosaic may be the meanings contained in most of our local names, they at any rate possess that degree of interest which belongs to all the vestiges of a far distant past.

Let us now proceed to pass in review the several races which have in succession occupied South Britain, and to speak of the vestiges which they have severally left in our existing local nomenclature.

Of the very oldest linguistic strata which may exist in our local names, it is impossible to speak with any certainty. There is no doubt historically that before the coming of the first Celtic invaders these islands were inhabited by a short swarthy race, ethnically akin to the modern Basques, and therefore presumably resembling them in language. The researches of prehistoric archæology have shown that these Basques were preceded in Britain by more than one earlier race, amongst whom some ethnologists have recognised the features of the Esquimaux and Finns. There are many of the names of English rivers which, as they appear not to admit any Celtic etymology, may reasonably be presumed to have come down to us from one or other of these primeval peoples. As, however, the languages to which these obscure names belong are known to us, if at all, only in their modern forms, it is not very likely that they will ever be satisfactorily interpreted. An exception may perhaps be allowed in the name of the river Ure, in which even so cautious a scholar as Mr. Skene recognises the Basque *ura*, water.

We touch firmer ground when we come to speak of the Celts. The Celtic race is divided by its language into two main branches; the Gaelic, represented by the Irish, the Scotch Highlanders, and the Manx; and the Cymric, represented by the Welsh, the Britons, and the people of Cornwall. In the ninth century the languages of the two branches differed about as much as French differs from Italian; but in the earlier times of the Celtic occupation the divergence was

certainly much smaller. According to the theory until recently in favour amongst scholars, the Gaels were the first to arrive in Britain, and the Cymry came after them as invaders and conquerors, partly driving them westward to Ireland, and partly assimilating them, so that at the time of the Roman invasion the whole of South Britain was in language Cymric. This theory has been supposed to derive support from the occurrence of Gaelic place-names in England. There are undoubtedly many names which can only be explained from Gaelic sources.[1] The evidence, however, is not conclusive, because the Gaelic dialect has preserved many primitive Celtic words and forms which the Cymric has lost or modified. In order to prove that the Gaelic tongue was ever vernacular in South Britain, the "test-words" adduced must be such as show by their form that they never can have been Cymric, or have belonged to the undivided Celtic speech. Until some unequivocal instances of this kind are forthcoming, we may venture to regard all our Celtic place-names as belonging to various local dialects of the Cymric branch, in various stages of their divergence from the primitive type. The most archaic forms may be expected to occur chiefly in the districts which were first conquered by the Teutons, and in which, consequently, the development of the British language was arrested at an earlier stage than elsewhere.

The results which may be arrived at by working on the supposition above stated will not require any serious modifications if it should be necessary to accept the novel views recently propounded by Professor Rhys. This eminent scholar not only advocates the view above hinted at, that the differences between Cymric and Gaelic came into existence after the settlement of the Celts in these islands, but he also maintains that at the beginning of the Christian era the eastern half of South Britain was occupied by an immigrant population from Gaul, speaking a Celtic dialect distinct both from Gaelic and Cymric. On the merits of this hypothesis it is not necessary to offer an opinion. We have recognised the probability that there was considerable divergence of dialect between the Celtic speech of eastern and western Britain. Whether this divergence was of purely insular origin, or due in part to influences from the Continent, is a

[1] The river-name Wear (in Ptolemy Vedra, in Bæda Wire) is the Gaelic *uidre* (the genitive case of *odar*, brown), a word which is found as the name of several Irish rivers. Near Gateshead is a streamlet called Strother, which can scarcely be anything else than the Gaelic *sruthair*, a stream. "The Clones," in Hatfield Chase, is a tract of land which in situation answers exactly to the definition of the Irish *cluain* as "meadow-land insulated between river and marsh."

question which, so far as the study of place-names is concerned, may be safely left undetermined. It is agreed on all hands that at the time of the Anglo-Saxon invasions the native dialect of the western half of "England" was distinctly Cymric; and there appears to me to be ground for extending this conclusion to what we now call Notts and Lincolnshire.[1]

Of the Celtic names which are still to be found in our modern maps, the most numerous class is that formed by the names of rivers. In fact, all but a very insignificant proportion of our rivers still retain their British names. This is not wonderful in the case of streams of considerable size; but it does seem at first sight surprising that such tenacity of life should belong to the names of hundreds of rivulets which we should have thought scarcely important enough to possess any names at all. The fact, however, admits of a very simple explanation. The Anglo-Saxons, as is well known, were remarkable for the minute carefulness with which they described the boundaries of their lands; and for the purpose of such descriptions the native names of rivers, and even of the smallest streamlets, were a valuable help. It seems that the Anglo-Saxons did not always succeed in discovering the proper names of rivers when they tried. "What do you call that stream in your tongue?" the Englishman may have asked of his British slave. Sometimes the answer would be "*afon*" (river) or "*dwfr*" (water), and thus Avon or Dover became the English proper name of the river. The Celtic river-names in England are either mere words for "river" or "water," or else express such commonplace meanings as swift, slow, clear, muddy, black, white, grey, blue, wide, or narrow. An exception may be noted in the case of the Dee, the name of which means "divine"—indicating, according to Professor Rhys, the connection of this river with the worship of the war-goddess Aerfen.

The British names of hills and forests have in many cases been preserved in the same way as those of rivers. In many parts of England we meet with names of hills containing the Cymric word *Pen*, a head. "The Chevin," a name which occurs in Yorkshire and in Derbyshire, is the Welsh *Cefn*, a ridge. Catmere, in Berkshire, is the Welsh *Coed-mawr*, great wood; and in Lincolnshire Kesteven

[1] For Lincolnshire we have the evidence of the names Quadring and Kesteven, referred to hereafter, and of several river-names, such as Welland (anciently *Weólud*), which is the Welsh *gwy-lwyd*, grey stream. With regard to Nottinghamshire, we have Asser's British name for Nottingham, Tigguogobauc, of which I have spoken in my former article on "The Names of English Counties."

(Domesday *Chetsteven*) and Quadring (Domesday *Quadhevering*) were originally British names of forests.[1]

Celtic names of towns and villages, with one well-defined class of exceptions, are almost entirely confined to the extreme western counties, which continued to be "Wales" long after the rest of the country had become "England." Either the British towns were destroyed in the fury of the English conquest, or they were of too little importance to attract much attention. The exceptions occur in the case of the massive fortified cities which had grown up under the Roman rule. These naturally retained their native names; but it is noticeable that they were seldom used without an explanatory affix such as *chester*, or *borough*, or *wick*. Even the great city on the Thames is rarely mentioned in the Chronicles as London merely; it was either Londonchester, Londonborough, or Londonwick. Eboracum (York) was often *Eoferwic-ceaster*; Glevum was *Gleáwan-ceaster* (Gloucester); and Durnovaria became *Dorn-ceaster*, now Dorchester.

We have next to speak of the share which the Romans have contributed to our local nomenclature. It is at first sight surprising to find that this share should be so utterly insignificant. But the Romans in Britain, like the English in India, were only rulers and administrators, not settlers; and Mr. Coote's elaborate arguments have quite failed to prove that the population of Britain was ever Romanised to any greater extent than this parallel would suggest. As in India, so in Britain, the conquerors, instead of inventing new local names, were at great pains to ascertain and preserve those which already existed. One or two exceptions may indeed be mentioned, such as Augusta for London, Aquæ Sulis for Bath; but these Latin names speedily disappeared, and it is possible that our modern maps do not contain a single name which is directly of Roman invention.[2] It is true, however, that names derived indirectly from a Latin source are very numerous indeed. The word *portus* was adopted as an appellative into the languages both of Celts and Teutons, and is found in the names of Portsmouth, Porchester, and others. The Saxons had learnt in Germany the word *strata* for a Roman paved road; and in Britain they picked up the word *castrum*, which under the form *ceaster* (chester) they adopted into

[1] The first element in both names is *coit* or *coed*, a wood. In Ethelwerd's time *Ceostefne* was still "a thick wood." The ending may perhaps be an adjective meaning dense, cognate with modern Welsh *ystyfnig*, stubborn. *Quadhevering* seems to be *coed hefrin*, straggling wood.

[2] The name of Speen in Berkshire (the Roman station *Spinæ*) may possibly be Latin, but it is not quite certain that it is not merely a British name latinised.

their own language to designate a Roman town; and these two words they used very frequently in the formation of local names.

We now come to the Anglo-Saxons, our ancestors in language if not in blood, who are the authors of the great mass of our existing place-names. History teaches us to distinguish amongst the Teutonic conquerors of Britain several different elements—Angles, Saxons, Jutes, and Frisians; and no doubt these ethnic subdivisions were marked by some diversities of dialect. These diversities, however, must have been of slight importance, and for the purposes of local etymology the four branches must be regarded as forming one people.[1]

In considering the place-names of Anglo-Saxon origin, it is well to remark that they all bear this characteristic, that they were not made, but grew. The Anglo-Saxon never seems to have thought of such a thing as bestowing a name on a place by a definite act, in the same manner as he named his child or his ship. When he had to mention a place, he spoke of it by some obvious descriptive expression, which afterwards became fixed as a name. The meaning of this observation will be best understood by contrasting the Anglo-Saxon place-names with those given by modern English settlers in America or Australia. The modern colonist often regards himself from the first as the founder of a future city, and amongst the first things which he does is to look out for a name for it. Perhaps he calls his new town after a place in the mother country which he has left; or he bestows on it the name of some great statesman or other distinguished person whom he holds in reverence; or he ransacks books of history for such grand-sounding appellations as Rome, Carthage, Syracuse, or Troy. Now, to all this our Anglo-Saxon place-names present nothing at all analogous. The cases which look like exceptions—as when we find an Oxford or Swinford in England corresponding to an Ochsenfurt or Schweinfurt in Germany—merely prove that the Teutonic mind worked in the same fashion in both countries. We may therefore rest assured that the information given us by our Anglo-Saxon local names, though it may be trivial and uninteresting, is at any rate genuine fact as far as it goes. We have now to inquire what sort of facts it is which these names contain.

Perhaps the most numerous class of Anglo-Saxon place-names is that which consists of personal derivatives. A man named Eanbald or Ealdred clears a piece of ground, and builds a farmhouse.

[1] Owing to their connection with Jutland, it has often been assumed that the Jutes were in language rather Scandinavian than Low German. The whole of the evidence, however, is in favour of the contrary supposition.

His neighbours speak of Eanbald's *tún*, or farm enclosure, or of Ealdred's *leáh*, or clearing. There is here no more conscious invention of a *name* than when a rustic tells you "that is Mr. Smith's farm." But these simple and natural designations stick to the place long after Eanbald and Ealdred are dead and forgotten; they undergo corruption, and still remain as Ambaston and Alderley. In the same manner we have Cynewold's marsh, now Killamarsh; Beorht's *healh* (haugh or waterside pasture), now Birdsall; Streon's *hám*, or homestead, now Strensham; *Puttan-ig*, Putta's island, now Putney: Eádnoth's *ofer*, or river-bank, now Edensor; Tatwine's *scylf*, or sloping ground, now Tanshelf; Scytel's *worth*, or estate, now Shuttleworth.[1] It will be easily seen that there is no necessity to assume, as many writers on this subject have done, that the personal names thus commemorated were those of "chieftains," or people of some consequence. The poorest cottager might, in the manner here exemplified, come to give his name even to an important town which grew up on the site once marked only by his humble dwelling.

Anglo-Saxon place-names, derived from patron saints, are common only in the western counties. Names of this kind are very abundant in Wales and Cornwall, and the Saxons of the border counties to some extent followed the Celtic example. Not to mention more obvious instances, Congresbury was the resting-place of St. Congar; and Carhampton, there is reason to believe, disguises the name of the Welsh Saint Carannog.

In many of the place-names of personal derivation, instead of the personal name appearing with the usual ending of the genitive case, it takes the possessive affix *-ing*. Thus, instead of Ælfredestún (Alfred's "town" or farm) we find in Saxon documents Ælfredingtún, now Alfreton in Derbyshire; Siward's cottage appears as Siwardingcote, now Swadlingcote; and the abode of Eádwulf was called Eádwulfingtún, now Adlington in Cheshire. Names of this formation are sometimes difficult to distinguish from those of the next class of which we have to speak.

It is a well-known fact that the German conquerors of Britain, like their kindred on the Continent, were divided into what we may venture to call clans, although that name embodies what is in some degree a false analogy. The names of these clans usually end in the syllable *-ing*, in the plural *-ingas*. We read of clans called the Culingas, the Bocingas, the Herelingas, the Heardingas, the Banin-

[1] The correctness of these etymologies will be at once apparent on a reference to the forms in which the names occur in Domesday or other early documents.

gas, the Æscingas, and innumerable others. From these tribal names we get such place-names as Cowling, Bocking, Harlington, Hardington, Banningham, Ashington, and the like, which abound in nearly every English county. Extended lists of these names are given in Kemble's 'Saxons in England,' and in Taylor's 'Words and Places.' The latter author shows how closely the English place-names of this formation are paralleled in the local nomenclature of other parts of Europe where people of Germanic race were settled. We have a Bocking in Essex, and in France there is a Bouquingham, in Würtemburg a Böchingen; our Harlington corresponds to a Harlingen in Holland, and our Manningham and Massingham to a Maninghem and a Masinghen in northern France.

It is usual to call these tribal designations patronymics, *i.e.* ancestral names; and there is no doubt that this theory correctly accounts for a considerable number of them. Just as in Greek Achilles the son of Peleus was called Peleides, and those who claimed descent from the mythic Herakles were called Herakleidai, so amongst our own ancestors, Fin the son of Folcwald was called Folcwalding, and the supposed descendants of Scyld were called Scyldingas. It must be remembered, however, that both in English and in Scandinavian the affix *-ing* was frequently used to form derivatives from local names, denoting the inhabitants of a particular neighbourhood. The Icelandic sagas speak of the Vestfirthingar or people of the western fiords, and in Anglo-Saxon writers we read of the Centingas, or men of Kent, the Catmæringas, or inhabitants of Catmere (the Welsh *coed mawr*, great forest), the Eástúningas, or people of Easton, the Westmoringas, or people of the western moors. It seems to be a question worthy of investigation whether amongst the tribal names which our ancestors brought with them over the sea, there may not be many which are derived from the place-names of their ancestral home.

In some of our Saxon tribal names, both in true patronymics and in those of local derivation, the affix *-ing* is replaced by *-ling*, and in the formation of place-names the *l* of this termination is frequently exchanged for *r*. The Icelandic Landnáma-bók speaks of a family of Váplingar, who were descendants of a certain Vápni. We find evidence of a clan bearing this name at Wapplington in Yorkshire. The Beorhtlingas, who appear at Brightling, at Brightlingsea, and at Bridlington, seem to have been the descendants of Beorht. The Dicelingas of Sussex, mentioned in an Anglo-Saxon charter, who have given their name to the village of Ditchling, are no doubt "the dwellers near the dyke." The same word occurs in the name

of Dickering Wapentake, in Yorkshire; and the adjacent name of Pickering refers to the dwellers near the Pike or Peak. The term Peakerins is still in local use to denote the inhabitants of the Peak of Derbyshire. Sandringham seems to be the house of the Sandringas or inhabitants of the sand country; and the Nottinghamshire Beckering (note the Domesday form *Bechelinge*) is another spurious patronymic, derived probably from a "beck" or brook.

I have already spoken of the carefulness with which the Anglo-Saxons preserved the ancient British names of rivers and streams. In this respect their practice agreed with that of the Romans; and they still further resembled them in the frequent habit of calling inhabited places from the rivers on which they stood. It is perhaps correct to say that half the rivers in England which have Celtic names have given rise to place-names of Saxon formation; and many rivers furnish names to several different places. A great deal of fruitless guessing would have been saved if etymologists had always made it a rule, when they met with an obscure place-name, to refer to their maps for the name of the river on which the place is situate. Sometimes the modern form of the river name is not sufficient to help us. We might guess in vain at the etymology of North and South Petherton, in Somerset (two places many miles apart) if we did not know that Pedrida was the old name of the river Parret. On the same stream are two other villages named North and South Perrot. It is worth while to remark, however, that in some few cases the name of a river has owed its origin to a false analysis of the name of a town or village. The name of the river Penk, in Staffordshire, is derived in this inverted way from Penkridge, which was the Roman station Pennocrucium (Cymric *pen-crûg*, head of the mound). The monastic town of Hexham, anciently Hagustaldes-ham, derived from *hagusteald*, a celibate, has given its name to a stream called the Hextild; and some maps of Essex place Braintree on a "river Brain," the name of which seems to be purely an etymological figment.

Another large group of names is formed by those derived from natural or artificial landmarks. The Anglo-Saxons were, as I have previously observed, extremely minute in noting the boundaries of their lands. Hundreds of charters exist in which the limits of estates are traced from point to point by the mention of well-known objects, such as trees, or stones, or burial mounds. The use of trees for this purpose was especially common. In one charter of Eynsham Monastery, amongst the land-marks mentioned are Kenewine's tree, Athulf's tree, Werstan's tree, and Hyseman's thorn.

In scores of other charters we find mention of trees designated in this way from names of persons. The explanation may perhaps be that it was customary for men to plant a tree on the occasion of their accession to some kind of office. At any rate, these named trees were very common in early times in England, and were often referred to as indications of locality, A man whose house happened to be near to one of these well-known land-marks would be said to live "at Æthelheard's tree," or "at Oswald's tree"; and as villages grew up on the spots thus designated, these simple notes of locality were transformed in the usual spontaneous way into village names, and were corrupted into Allestree and Oswestry. Readers of the Saxon Chronicle will remember how the battle of Hastings is said to have begun *æt thæm háran apuldran*—near the hoar apple-tree. This word has become a village-name in Appledore, Appledram (= -derham), and Appledurcombe. Similarly, from *Mapulder* (maple-tree) we have Mappowder and Mapledurham, and "the *callow* (*i.e.* leafless) thorn" has become Cawthorn.

A landmark of a different kind, which is often mentioned in charters, is "the heathen burial-place"—*se hæthena byrgels*. The last word seems to be the etymon of the odd-sounding name of Barrels Hall, in Staffordshire.

It is worthy of note how frequently the names of hundreds belong to the class of which I am now speaking. About one-third of the existing names of hundreds end either in *tree*, or in *oak*, *ash*, or *thorn*, or in *low* (hlæw), meaning burial-mound, or in *stone*, meaning monumental stone. The reason of this is that the hundreds were not called, like many of the counties, from the names of their chief towns, but from the spots at which the inhabitants assembled for open-air meetings. The men of one of the Derbyshire hundreds had their rendezvous at a certain apple-tree; those of another at Morley-stone; those of a Herefordshire hundred at Brox-ash; those of two Gloucestershire hundreds at Langtree and Crowthorn; those of a Berkshire hundred at Naked-thorn (*Nachededorne* in Domesday, now obsolete); and so on throughout the whole list of counties.

Amongst the land-mark names may be mentioned those containing the word *staple*, which means a post set up to indicate the place at which a market was held, as Whitstable, the white staple or post. In Chipstable, the first syllable is *ceap*, a market. Another name of similar meaning is the Yorkshire Kippax (Domesday *Chipesche*), the market ash.

There is one curious group of names belonging to the land-mark

class to which, so far as I know, no previous writer has called attention. The names are Gateshead (goat's head); Thickhead, anciently Tykenheved, kid's head (from A.S. *ticcen*); Sheepshead, Hartshead, Swineshead; Oxnead, ox's head; Farcet, in charters *Fearresheafed*, bull's head; Manshead, and some others. It might at first sight be supposed that these names have originated in some fanciful resemblances observed in the shape of rocks or hills. The frequency with which they occur, however, seems rather to point to a custom of erecting a representation of the head of an animal as a personal or family emblem—a sort of primitive heraldry. The name of Finshead, in Northamptonshire (in charters *Finnesheved*), if it belong to this group, suggests a comparison with the modern sign of "the Saracen's Head." Of similar origin, doubtless, is the Derbyshire village-name Hartshorn.

Although mythological references are much less common in Anglo-Saxon place-names than most etymologists have supposed, a few genuine instances may be found here and there. Two curious examples may here be quoted. Drakelow, in Derbyshire, is apparently the "drake's" or dragon's tomb; and Dwaraden, in Yorkshire, is the den of the dwarfs. The meaning of this name may probably be explained by the fact that "the voice of the dwarfs" was the Scandinavian word for echo.

There remain a few other classes of Anglo-Saxon place-names which require a passing mention. The numerous Eastons, Westons, Nortons, Suttons, and Middletons, probably indicated originally the various farms belonging to a single estate. Very numerous also are the names derived from different kinds of trees or of farming crops, as Ashton, Acton (oak-town), Elmton, Thornton, Appleton, Greslee, Wheatley, and Ryton. Other names are derived from domestic animals, as Cowley, Swinton (*i.e.*, swine-farm), Shipton (*i.e.*, sheep-farm), Horseley, and Stotfold. A somewhat more interesting class consists of the names which tell us of the quality or calling of the persons by whom the places were once possessed—as Kingston; or Aldermaston, the residence of an ealdorman or provincial viceroy; or Preston, priest's farm; or Bispham—in Domesday, *Biscopham*—bishop's home. The curious name of Unthank, which is found in several counties, denotes the dwelling of a squatter, who had settled himself on somebody else's land *thæs hlafordes unthances*—without the consent of the owner. Thixendale, in Yorkshire, is a singular corruption of Six-thane-dale. Several places are mentioned in Domesday with the remark that four, five, or seven thanes had there so many carucates of land to be taxed.

After the Anglo-Saxons come the Scandinavians—the Danes and Northmen. Towards the end of the eighth century, the East of England began to be invaded by Danes from the Continent, and before a hundred years had elapsed these strangers had become the dominant aristocracy throughout the counties of York, Derby, Nottingham, Leicester, Lincoln, Norfolk, and Suffolk. The maps of all these counties abound in place-names of Danish origin. Sometimes the nomenclature of a district is wholly Danish; in other places, Danish and Anglo-Saxon names are mingled in curious confusion.

At some uncertain date, but earlier than that of the invasions just mentioned, the north-west of England—Cumberland, Westmoreland, and part of Lancashire—was overrun by Scandinavians coming from Scotland or Ireland. These western invaders met, not with Englishmen, but with Britons or Welshmen; and the place-names of the north-west are for the most part either Scandinavian or Cymric.

While the stronghold of Scandinavian nomenclature in England is thus in the northern and midland counties, we meet with scattered instances of Danish names in many other districts, especially on the coasts. Scandinavian place-names may often be recognised by their characteristic affixes—*by*, *garth*, and *thwaite*, denoting a farm; *with*, *storth*, and *scoe*, a wood; *fell*, a mountain; *force* or *foss*, a waterfall; *how*, a burial-mound. The ending *thorp*, a village, which is rare in Anglo-Saxon names, is common in Danish names. *Ton*, a farm enclosure, on the other hand, is common in Anglo-Saxon, and only occasional in Danish names.

The dialect which appears in our Scandinavian place-names is very different from both modern Danish and Swedish. It is almost exactly identical with what we commonly call Icelandic. The chief point of difference is that where the Icelanders say *klettr* (a rock), *brekka*, and *bakkr*, the Danes of England usually agreed with the Continental Scandinavians in preferring the nasal forms *clint*, *brink*, and *bank*. The name of Anlaby, near Hull, reminds us that the personal name Olafr was in England pronounced Anlaf.

It will not be necessary to dwell very minutely on the Danish element in our local nomenclature; for as the Danes were closely allied in race and language to the Anglo-Saxons, they formed their place-names very much on the same principles. Two points of exception to this statement may be noted. The Danes, unlike the Anglo-Saxons, somewhat frequently invented river-names of their own. We have from them the names of the Greta, rock-river; Caldew, cold-river; Rotha and Rawthay, red-river; Prathay, swift-river; Etherow, heath-river, and others. The other point of difference is

that the Danes very seldom called inhabited places from the names of rivers. The principle of personal derivation is quite as frequently exemplified in the Danish local nomenclature as in that of the Anglo-Saxons; in fact, even more frequently: for the piratical habits of the Scandinavians led them to attach personal names to the promontories which were the natural resting-places of Viking chiefs. Thus we have Amounderness, called from a Northman named Augmundr, and Kettleness, from a man named Ketill. From the names of landowners mentioned in Domesday Book, we gather that the Scandinavian invaders had brought over in their train a number of Gaels from Ireland or Scotland. Some of these have left traces of themselves in the place-names of Yorkshire; for example, in Duggleby (Domesday, *Difghelibi*), which means Dubhgall's farm. Of Danish names of the land-mark type the most noteworthy are those ending in *cross*. This affix (in most cases preceded by a personal name) is as common in the names of Danish hundreds as the ending *tree* is in those of Anglo-Saxon hundreds.

Other Scandinavian names, for various reasons interesting, are Thingwell in Cheshire—the site of a *thingvöllr* or field of judicial assembly; Wickenby in Lincolnshire, and Wiganthorpe in Yorkshire, which denote the abodes of Vikings; and the curious group of names in Lancashire and West Yorkshire, ending in *-argh* or *-ergh*: Goosnargh (Domesday *Gusansarghe*) is *gudhsins-hörgr*, "the idol's temple;" Grimsargh is the temple of Grîmr or Odin; and Strazergh (*stratesergum*) means "the temples on the *street* or Roman road."

With the Danes the history of English place-names may be said practically to terminate. It is really surprising to observe how few, comparatively, of the names on our present maps are of later origin than the date of the Norman Conquest. The companions of the Conqueror imposed French names on two or three places, such as Richmond; and the Norman monks contributed a few more, as Beauchief, Roche, Battle, Grosmont. The spontaneous evolution of proper names out of obvious descriptive expressions, to which I have referred in speaking of the Anglo-Saxon nomenclature, has to some extent been continued through all succeeding periods. And finally, our list of names has in recent times been enriched by a number of fantastic inventions, such as Wedgwood's Staffordshire Etruria, Belvedere in Kent, and Ironville in Derbyshire. These later elements, however, are of little interest or importance; and, on the whole, we may fairly say that the place-names of England remain substantially what they were on the day when the battle of Hastings was lost and won.

HENRY BRADLEY.

THE HYMN OF A WOMAN'S SOUL.

LOVE me, my Love! mine eyes alone can tell
The heart's enrapture at its own undoing;
Your Love's a golden bucket at the well,
And draws my deepest tears with its sweet wooing.

'Tis dim divineness in mine ears all day,
And in the night I wake to hear it pealing
Grand organ tones, that bear my soul away
To kneel where all the loved in Heaven are kneeling.

It grows within my veins, and is their blood—
Throbs through such hopes and fears as make up madness—
Yea, broods like God's dear love within the bud
That bursts, and breaks its very heart for gladness!

ERIC S. ROBERTSON.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Is the Full Moon Red-Hot?

IF Professor De Morgan were still living, the following would expose me to the risk of being immortalised on the gibbets of a new edition of his book on "Paradoxers," *i.e.*, scientific heretics, a class of unfortunates with whom I do feel a sort of sneaking sympathy in spite of having received some ridiculously insolent letters from their most outrageous representative.

Thirteen years ago, when writing "The Fuel of the Sun," I stated in Chapter VII. reasons for concluding that the intrinsic brilliancy of the lunar surface is, relatively to that of the sun, much greater than is usually supposed, and similar reasons apply to the superficial lunar temperature.

On the 23rd August, 1877, the moon was totally eclipsed, and being benighted in the course of a solitary walk through the wild region between Castlebar and Ballina, I was practically interested in the amount of light supplied by the moon.

At the commencement of totality this was considerable, in spite of the complete envelopment of the moon by the earth's shadow. The visibility of the heavy isolated mass of the Nephin mountain, lying some miles to my left as I walked down the Moy valley, served as a rough photometer.

This, and direct observation of the moon itself, indicated a steady diminution of luminosity of the shaded portion as the eclipse progressed, which was not merely a deepening of the shadow as the moon approached its centre, but a gradual darkening of the moon's surface, which continued until the termination of the eclipse.

Until the last eclipse (December 5th) I have had no other fair opportunity of repeating this observation, but did so then deliberately, using a good binocular field-glass, which was sufficient for my purpose. The result was remarkable.

When the partially-eclipsed moon first became visible at a little past five, the shaded part displayed a full copper-red colour; as the eclipse progressed this advanced to a darker or more obscure copper

colour ; then the redness gradually faded, and the shaded portion of the moon grew darker and greyer, until at last it became of a dark slate-colour, and its outline or "limb" was barely traceable towards the end of the eclipse.

In some elementary treatises this copper colour is attributed to "the refraction of the sun's light by the atmosphere of the earth." I fail to see how this can operate in the middle of the shadow, where it is the most decided, and why it should fade as the eclipse progresses, and finally be lost just at the outer edge of the shadow.

The *Illustrated London News* of January 7th states that in a lecture at the Royal Institution, Prof. R. S. Ball attributed this red illumination of the eclipsed moon to earth-light. This must be a reporter's error; so able an astronomer as the lecturer knows that there can be no earth-light on the *full* moon, whether eclipsed or not.

I believe that the surface of the moon is, as it appears to be, of a dull red heat, and that this high temperature is due to the action of the sun's rays striking it directly without any intervening shield of aqueous vapour or other atmospheric matter. If the volcanic tufa, of which the moon's surface is evidently composed, resembles the corresponding material on our earth, it is one of the best absorbers of heat and the worst of conductors.

This being the case, the uninterrupted glare of the sun's rays would produce its maximum possible effect on a thin film of the moon's surface; and as radiation and absorption are co-equal, this surface would rapidly cool by uninterrupted radiation while screened by the earth's shadow.

We must remember that a dull copper-red heat, just visible in the dark, is considerably below the temperature of red heat visible in daylight. Supposing the colour of the moon to be due to such heat, I should estimate its surface temperature at a little above 600°. Daniell's pyrometric experiments indicate 980° as the temperature of red heat visible in daylight. Another table ("compiled from various authorities") which I have before me states the temperature of "lowest ignition of iron in the dark" at 635°.

This hypothesis of a red-hot moon is not so dangerous a venture now as it was when I was writing "The Fuel of the Sun," for at about the same time Lord Rosse was making some experiments by means of one of the great Parsonstown reflectors, using a vessel of hot water as a standard of reference. He concluded that the surface temperature of the moon was 500° Fahr.

In connection with this subject it must be remembered that "red heat" is not an absolute temperature; it varies with the heated

surface when viewed in the dark. Thus, if a piece of bright platinum on which an ink mark has been made be heated barely to redness, the ink mark shows out as though hotter than the metal. The dross on a ladle of melted metal shows a red heat, while the metal itself is dark. If a figured tile with black and white pattern be heated to redness, and seen in the dark, the black glow is so much more vivid than the white that the pattern appears reversed. If the pattern be in glazed and unglazed surfaces, the unglazed shows a red heat at lower temperature than the glazed.

A tufaceous surface like that of the moon is specially favourable for such display of red luminosity at the lowest possible temperature. Therefore the copper colour may be brought out by a temperature of about 600°.

The reasoning that ascribes so high a temperature to the side of the moon presented to the sun must lead to the conclusion that the dark or night side is intensely cold—that sunset on the moon is followed by such active, uncompensated radiation that in a few hours after darkness the red-hot surface must cool down to a temperature below the coldest of our arctic or antarctic regions, and the copper-red heat must return in a few hours after sunrise.

A Chemical Chameleon.

AS everybody knows, white lead is the basis of ordinary old-fashioned white paint; but modern chemistry is not quite satisfied with it, for at least two reasons.

It is poisonous, and produces "lead colic" in some cases, though, as far as I have been able to learn by direct inquiry among painters, those who are careful and cleanly are rarely troubled with this malady

The other objection is that it is liable to change colour, to become nearly black under certain circumstances. This arises from the fact that the white lead, which is a carbonate, is decomposed, and becomes a black sulphide of lead, when exposed to sulphuretted hydrogen gas. In my opinion, this is not a defect, but a very meritorious quality, as the blackening agent is one of the constituents of sewer gas. Such being the case, the darkening of the white paint is a useful tell-tale.

I will not, however, enter further into the discussion of the merits and demerits of white lead, but simply state the fact that of the many substances offered as substitutes, the most popular are the oxides and sulphides of zinc, both of which are white. These are

used separately or mixed, or with the addition of barium sulphate, or sulphide, both very dense, like white lead, and too commonly used in adulterating it.

A gate-post, painted with this complex paint, was observed by Mr. T. Griffiths to behave very strangely. It was black all day and white all night, turning black each day just after sunrise, and whitening soon after sunset.

Dr. Phipson, an expert in that ghostly department of chemistry, *phosphorescence*, investigated the subject, examined the gate-post, and samples of the paint. He found that its chameleonism was due to the barium sulphide used in preparing the paint, for when that was omitted the paint displayed no eccentricities. He also found that the weird gate-post and other surfaces painted with the changing pigment remained of unchanging whiteness when covered with a sheet of ordinary window glass.

Carrying on his investigations still further, he has now succeeded in separating the active agent from the zinc and barium compound, and the iron and other impurities of the original paint, and believes that he has discovered a new metal, to which he gives the appropriate name of *actinium*. The quantity of this which he found in the paint was 4 per cent., a very large quantity for a hitherto unobserved substance.

He separated the oxide and the hydrate of this metal, and found them unchanging in light and darkness, but in the sulphide of the actinium he demonstrated the concentrated mutability. It is canary-coloured when first prepared, and retains this colour in the dark, or when kept in a bottle, or otherwise protected by glass; but when exposed to direct sunlight it rapidly darkens and finally becomes quite black.

As several recently discovered new metals have proved to be mistakes, one is *at first* a little sceptical on this point; but, be it due to a new metal or a new compound of older acquaintances, the substance thus separated by Dr. Phipson is exceedingly interesting, and appears to me likely to become of great value as an instrument for investigating some of the mysteries of solar and other radiation.

That it should be so differently affected by the light before and after its passing through so transparent a medium as a piece of window glass, indicates a marvellous degree of special sensitiveness that opens out a wide field of experiment and speculation.

What is it that darkens this sulphide? It must be some element of solar radiation which window glass has the power of effectually sifting out. How is it affected by other light-sieves of varying colour

and transparency? How is it affected by gas-light, the lime-light, the electric light, &c. &c. A multitude of such questions are suggested at the first glance on the subject.

Some queer applications may be made of this pigment. If all the house fronts of a southern city were painted with it, what a relief to the daylight glare would be afforded, while at night the streets would gain all the light due to reflection from their white walls. Ladies might wear bright and gay canary-coloured dresses in-doors, which would become sober and unobtrusive black when out-of-doors. This would especially suit the Turkish ladies, whose indoor or hareem costume is coquettish in the extreme, but which they modestly cover with the clumsiest of possible cloaks when they go abroad, or otherwise appear in public.

The Origin of the Salt of the Ocean.

A READER writes from Manchester in reference to my note on "The Origin of the Salt of the Sea" (May 1881), and wishes to know "How it is that the rivers, being the medium by which the ocean receives its salinity, are not themselves salt?" This would be a very difficult question to answer if its main postulate were sound; but such is not the case. As many others besides the writer may very naturally believe that what we call "fresh water" is not salt water, some explanation is desirable.

All river water is mild salt water, so mild that we cannot detect it by the sense of taste, but its salinity is at once distinguishable by means of suitable chemical tests. Rivers vary in the nature as well as the degree of their salinity. A mountain stream fed by the rain-water that has only flowed over the surface of siliceous rocks is nearly pure or "soft"; the water of a streamlet fed by springs that have squeezed through porous soils contains whatever the water may have been able to dissolve on its way.

But the average composition of the saline matters dissolved in river waters differs materially from that of the ocean not only in quantity but also in kind. At first sight my theory seems to demand that the salts should be the same excepting in degree of concentration, if the saltness of the ocean is due to the continuous contributions of saline matters by the rivers which have remained and accumulated, while only pure water has been distilled away by the sun.

This would be the case if all these salts were equally soluble; but such is far from being the fact, as may be shown by the simple experiment of boiling down sea-water and observing the result. At

first, as the water is driven off, a chalky semi-crystalline deposit will be observed. This is sulphate of lime—the salt which, when calcined, forms plaster of Paris. Sea-water contains about 100 grains of this to the gallon, nearly as much as it can dissolve; therefore precipitation occurs on reducing but slightly the quantity of solvent.

Continue the boiling until the bulk of the sea-water is reduced to about one-third, when a further deposition will commence. This will consist of the chloride of sodium, of which the sea-water contains above a ¼ lb. avoirdupois to the gallon. These will be followed by sulphate of magnesia (Epsom salts), of which sea-water contains about 330 grains to the gallon. Then will come down the chloride of potassium, 50 grains to the gallon. By still further evaporation of the small quantity of the residual bitter brine, the precipitation of all the above-named will continue, with the addition at last of a small quantity of bromides, only about 20 grains to the gallon.

Now, it is evident from this that we cannot go on adding more and more of the sulphate of lime, seeing that as regards this salt sea-water is practically a saturated solution. But this is not all. If a more soluble salt of lime were brought into the sea, its lime would combine with the sulphuric acid there combined with magnesia, or soda, or potash, and would, in obedience to a curious chemical law, leave these bases to combine in preference with that one which would form an insoluble combination.

Thus *the total quantity of lime in sea-water is limited by the solubility of sulphate of lime*, and this amounts to only one part in about 400 of water. I put this in italics because it appears to me a very important law, having considerable influence on the limitations of oceanic life, and it is a law that I have never seen worked out and enunciated as above.

The Origin of Oyster-shells, Corals, etc.

IN the previous note I have referred to the salinity of river-water, usually described as its "hardness," and to the saltness of the sea as due to the continuous contributions of saline matter by rivers, and also to the general fact that the salinity of river-water differs in composition as well as in concentration from that of the ocean.

The chief source of the hardness of river-water is lime, and this exists most abundantly in the form of carbonate of lime, dissolved in excess of carbonic acid. Carbonate of lime, *i.e.*, the material of chalk and limestone rocks generally, is nearly insoluble in pure

water or rain-water, but if the water becomes by any means supplied with carbonic acid, it acquires the power of dissolving a small quantity of any ordinary limestone with which it may come in contact.

To illustrate this, buy a pennyworth of lime-water from a druggist; put some in a wine-glass, and then, by means of a quill or piece of glass tube, blow through it. The carbonic acid from the lungs will first convert the soluble lime into insoluble carbonate, the precipitation of which will render the water milky. Then continue blowing for some time. The turbidity will reach its maximum by the complete conversion of all the lime into carbonate, after which the carbonic acid becomes free, having no more lime with which to combine. It will now begin its next operation, that of dissolving the carbonate it had previously precipitated, and if the experiment is continued long enough, and the original lime-water was not too strong, the whole of the carbonate may thus be dissolved and the solution again rendered clear.

All vegetable matter in the course of decay forms carbonic acid; thus all rain-water that falls upon old grass, dead leaves, peat, or other vegetable matter not vigorously growing, picks up this solvent of limestone, and all rain-water that has travelled far over anything but bare rocks is ready for the work of dissolving limestone rocks, and does so, as may be proved by testing the waters of any river that, during any part of its course, has flowed through a limestone region; and there are very few rivers of any magnitude that have not.

Thus the quantity of dissolved limestone constantly flowing into the sea is enormous; but, as I have shown in the previous note, the quantity that sea-water is capable of holding is limited by the very small solubility of sulphate of lime. What becomes of the excess?

This question is easily answered by dredging the sea bottom, or by a walk along the sea coast, or even by a visit to Billingsgate or any other fish market. The oysters, the mussels, the cockles, &c., must get the lime for their shells from the sea-water; so also must the associated millions of coral animals that build up islands and fringe great continents with the remains of their calcareous encasements.

The multitude of other creatures that clothe their soft bodies in stony armour all derive material from the same source, and all of them are engaged in the recompensing work of producing new limestones by depositing their remains on the sea bottom, which, when upheaved or otherwise laid bare, will form the dry-land lime-rocks of the future, which, in their turn, will be washed and liquefied by the

same water that has again and again been evaporated from the ocean surface and recondensed as rain.

The Anglo-American Arctic Expedition.

COMMANDER CHEYNE has gone to America to seek the modest equipment that his own countrymen are unable to supply. He proposes now that his expedition shall be "Anglo-American." I have been asked to join an Arctic Council, to co-operate on this side, and have refused on anti-patriotic grounds. As a member of the former Arctic Committee, I was so much disgusted with the parsimony of our millionaires and the anti-geographical conduct of the Savile Row Mutual Admiration Society, that I heartily wish that in this matter our American grandchildren may "lick the Britishers quite complete." It will do us much good.

My views, expressed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of July 1880, remain unchanged except in the direction of confirmation and development. I still believe that an enthusiastic, practically trained, sturdy Arctic veteran, who has endured hardship both at home and abroad, whose craving eagerness to reach the Pole amounts to a positive monomania, who lives for this object alone, and is ready to die for it, who will work at it purely for the work's sake—will be the right man in the right place when at the head of a modestly but efficiently equipped polar expedition, especially if Lieutenant Schwatka is his second in command.

They will not require luxurious saloons, nor many cases of champagne; they will care but little for amateur theatricals; they will follow the naval traditions of the old British "sea-dogs" rather than those of our modern naval lap-dogs, and will not turn back after a first struggle with the cruel Arctic ice, even though they should suppose it to be "paleocrystic."

Mr. Walter Powell.

SCIENTIFIC aërostation has lost its most promising expert by the untimely death of Walter Powell. He was not a mere sensational ballooner, nor one of those dreamers who imagine they can invent flying machines, or steer balloons against the wind by mysterious electrical devices or by mechanical paddles, fan wheels, or rudders.

He perfectly understood that a balloon is at the mercy of atmospheric currents and must drift with them, but nevertheless he regarded

it as a most promising instrument for geographical research. I had a long conference with him on the subject in August last, when he told me that the main objects of the ascents he had already made, and should be making for some little time forward, were the acquisition of practical skill, and of further knowledge of atmospheric currents; after which he should make a dash at the Atlantic with the intent of crossing to America.

On my part, I repeated with further argument what I have already urged on page 113 of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July 1880, viz., the primary necessity of systematic experimental investigation of the rate of exosmosis (oozing out) of the gas from balloons made of different materials and variously varnished.

Professor Graham demonstrated that this molecular permeation of gases and liquids through membranes mechanically air-tight, depends upon the adhesive affinities of particular solids for other particular fluids, and these affinities vary immensely, their variations depending on chemical differences rather than upon mechanical impermeability. My project to attach captive balloons of small size to the roof of the Polytechnic Institution, holding them by a steelyard that should indicate the pull due to their ascending power, and the rate of its decline according to the composition of the membrane, was heartily approved by Mr. Powell, and, had the Polytechnic survived, would have been carried out, as it would have served the double purpose of scientific investigation and of sensational advertisement for the outside public.

If the aëronaut were quite clear on this point—could calculate accurately how long his balloon would float—he might venture with deliberate calculation on journeys that without such knowledge are mere exploits of blind daring.

The varnishes at present used are all permeable by hydrogen gas and hydro-carbon coal gas, as might be expected, *à priori*, from the fact that they are themselves solid hydro-carbons, soluble in other liquid or gaseous hydro-carbons. Nothing, as far as I can learn, has yet been done with siliceous or boracic varnishes, which are theoretically impermeable by hydrogen and its carbon compounds; but whether they are practically so under ballooning conditions, and can be made sufficiently pliable and continuous, are questions only to be solved by practical experiments of the kind above named. Now that the best man for making these experiments is gone, somebody else should undertake them. Unfortunately, they must of necessity be rather expensive.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

Tampering with National Documents.

CONSTANT complaints of the manner in which manuscripts of national importance have been tampered with find their way into print. In a recent number of *Notes and Queries*, Dr. C. M. Ingleby writes: "It is now thirteen years since, by the kindness of Dr. Carver, I spent parts of two days in the examination of the diary and account-book of Philip Henslowe. . . . . The conclusion I arrived at was that some dishonest person had taken advantage of the blanks, not infrequently left by Henslowe, for the purpose of writing pseudo-antique entries, evidently with the view of supporting unauthorised statements by adducing the purport of these false entries." Five entries in the same book have recently been branded as forgeries by Mr. George F. Warner, of the Department of MSS. of the British Museum. These, Dr. Ingleby states, do not include all the forgeries in the volume. What is true of Henslowe's diary is also true of many other works of even greater importance. When blanks do not exist, the indefatigable forger has carefully erased portions of MSS., and filled in passages bearing upon subjects on which public interest may well be felt. Those whose professional duties lead them to consult MS. records are well aware to what an extent this atrocious system has been carried. Meanwhile, though protest after protest has been uttered, no one dares to mention the man upon whom rests the burden of suspicion, or, according to some opinions, of certainty. I am not going to put myself forward and bring charges against individuals which, without the aid of others, perhaps even with the aid of others, I cannot prove. This much, however, I feel bound to say: the late Deputy-Keeper of the Records had no doubt as to whose was the guilt. In my hearing, he deliberately and emphatically named the man, and he used these words, which, coming from one in his position, are not likely to be forgotten by me: "There are few national collections in which traces of that man's slime are not to be found." Not one to speak rashly was my dear friend Sir Thomas Hardy, and I for one accept with full conviction the charges against a living man

which he did not hesitate to bring. Some day or other the name, which for obvious reasons I cannot mention, will be made public.

The Latest Trick of the Dog-stealer.

A STORY which I am about to tell is perhaps scarcely suited to the *Gentleman's*, but it is interesting in itself, and may serve a purpose. A lady, looking out of a window in Eaton Square, saw a man, apparently a milkman, wearing a white smock, and carrying the customary pails. Exactly in front of where she stood this worthy was passed by a lady with three or four small dogs. Instanter one of these which lagged behind was snapped up, dropped into a can, and covered with the lid. This will explain the mysterious manner in which valuable dogs disappear. When asked if he has seen a dog, our bucolic-looking friend is ready with a reply that he saw one running in a direction the opposite of that he is himself taking.

A Minor Star in the Shakespearian Galaxy.

IN a privately printed edition of the works of John Day, the dramatist, of which one hundred and fifty copies have been issued, I have made what is practically my first acquaintance with a delightful and characteristically English writer. Day belongs to the great roll of Shakespearian dramatists. He is one of the smallest of the number. It must, however, be remembered that, to employ the words of one of the same race,—

> The very lees of such millions of rates
> Exceed the wine of others.

I am well contented to add the name of John Day to the number of stars in that immortal galaxy. What most strikes me in reading his works is the fact that, while he is altogether unlike his fellows, it is yet evident that the same blood which pours down their veins warms his heart. Day, so far as I recall, is the very first to preach the lesson of kindness to animals. Concerning the cruelty of field sports he writes in a style that would delight Mr. Frederic Harrison, and he anticipates, feebly enough it may be, but distinctly, the arraignment of the higher powers by Mr. Swinburne in denouncing as cruel the creation that requires for the maintenance of existence the continuous sacrifice of life. It is always pleasant to see one more of our Elizabethan worthies rescued from the risk of destruction.

A Complaint from America.

A COMPLAINT has been heard from the United States concerning a falling off in the number of volumes issued by the public libraries. So far as this is attributable to the supplanting of the book by the newspaper, it may be a source of regret. A man

who attempts to keep *au courant* with the best portion of periodical literature will probably have little time for more serious reading. Few among those most earnest in pursuit of scholarship can spare half the time to solid reading which they admit to be desirable. I am inclined to ascribe to a more satisfactory cause the falling off in question. In the United States, good books can be bought at a price so low that the artisan or the labourer, instead of getting them from the library, is tempted to purchase for himself. I wish the same symptoms were more prevalent here. I have again and again pointed out how little real love of books exists in England, and how few shelves, in a middle-class house, are required to hold the volumes a man would feel ashamed to be without. Books are in this country, as in America, among the cheapest of luxuries or of necessities, and the money spent in obtaining greasy volumes from small libraries might, with advantage, be saved for the purchase of works which will be a source of enduring delight.

Increase in the Consumption of Fruit.

To those whose recollections, like my own, go back to a period considerably earlier than the middle of the century, it is pleasant to contemplate the change that has come over our habits with regard to eating fruit. A generation ago, apples, pears, nuts, and oranges were all the fresh fruits obtainable after the period of strawberries and that of stone fruit had passed. At the present time our shops and markets show a variety for which all quarters of the world have been ransacked. Fruits, the names of which not long ago suggested the idea of tropical travel, are now hawked about the streets by our costermongers. I venture to assert that London is at the present moment better off, as regards the supply of fruit, than any city on the Mediterranean. The price of fruit brought from abroad is naturally higher than it is at the place of production, the cost of carriage and the loss by decay having to be made up. Ten years ago, the value of the fruits, excluding oranges and lemons, imported into England was less than a million pounds. It now stands at two and a half millions. We still eat too little fruit, but the advance that has been witnessed is remarkable. In Paris, meanwhile, what are called *les quatre mendiants*, namely, raisins, figs, almonds, and nuts, are still served, under the name of dessert, at second-class restaurants and hotels. When fruits and green vegetables form a still larger portion of our daily food, our national disease of dyspepsia will be in a fair way of disappearance, and with it may perhaps go that tendency to spleen by which, in the estimate of foreigners, we are constantly beset.

"Recreations of the Rabelais Club."

THE first volume of the "Recreations of the Rabelais Club" has just been issued in the shape of a handsome volume of a little less than two hundred pages. As it is supplied to none except members, it challenges no critical verdict. Two or three of the contents are serious, but the major portion consists of *jeux d'esprit*. Of these some are fanciful additions to the great work of Rabelais; others deal with modern topics in a spirit which claims to be Pantagruelistic. A fair share of the contents is in verse. Here is a specimen of the shorter poems, not particularly Rabelaisian, it may be, but decidedly clever :—

> On the 12th of September, one Sabbath morn,
> I shot a hen pheasant in standing corn,
> Without a licence. Combine, who can,
> Such a cluster of crimes against God and man.

A Reproduction of the Chef d'Œuvre of Moreau le Jeune.

IN France the rage among collectors is now either for early editions of the works of the Romanticists, or for books illustrated by the great designers of the last century—Eisen, Gravelot, Marillier, and Moreau le Jeune. So great is the demand for works of this class, that reproductions of the more esteemed among them are constantly attempted, not only in Paris, but in the principal provincial cities of France. Moreau le Jeune is in especial favour. I have just been shown a reproduction of his great work, the twenty-four designs intended to serve as a history of life and costume in the eighteenth century,[1] which is in its way a triumph of art. The illustrations in the first *livraison* deal with the birth of a child, and show the various states of anxiety or rapture in the parental mind, from the moment when the approach of the son and heir is announced to that when domestics break in upon paternal solitude with the exclamation, "*C'est un fils, Monsieur.*" Thoroughly *naïve* and French are the situations, and they were in the original accompanied by letterpress equally Gallic from the pen of Restif de la Bretonne. To those who like myself have long delighted in the illustrations to Molière, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Marmontel, of Moreau le Jeune, and have picked them up whenever a chance occurred, an opportunity of possessing this characteristic and hitherto almost inaccessible work of the most elegant, the most flexible, and the most *piquante* of eighteenth-century engravers is a subject for congratulation.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

[1] Paris : L. Conquet.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1882.

DUST: A NOVEL.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Only the actions of the Just
Smell sweet and blossom in the Dust.

CHAPTER IX.

WE may assume, for the present, that Mr. Grant's object in calling upon Sir Francis Bendibow was to make arrangements whereby the bank might charge itself with the investment and care of his property. Meanwhile we shall have time to review what had been happening during the previous week at Mrs. Lockhart's. Philip Lancaster and Mr. Grant, having passed their first night at the "Plough and Harrow," returned to the widow's with their luggage the next morning. Their reception on this occasion was much more cordial and confident than it had been the day before. The chance which had brought Lancaster into relations with the family of the gallant old soldier, whose body he had rescued from an unmarked grave, gave him a lien upon the interest and gratitude of the two women such as he might not otherwise have acquired at all. The whole history of his acquaintance with Major Lockhart had to be told many times over to listeners who could never hear it often enough; and the narrator ransacked his memory to reproduce each trifling word and event that had belonged to their intercourse. The hearers, for their part, commented on and discussed the story with a minuteness so loving and unweariable as to move Lancaster to say privately to Mr. Grant, "Damme, sir, if it doesn't make me wish that I had been the Major, and the Major me. I shall never have a widow and daughter to mourn me so!"

"It is one of the ills of this life," Mr. Grant returned, with a smile, "that, while your mourners are your only honest flatterers, their flattery always comes a day too late. If you had been the Major, you would have missed hearing his praises. Being yourself, you miss the praises themselves; but, upon the whole, I think you have the best of it. The love of these good women for their departed father and husband is like yonder ray of sunshine which falls upon his portrait. It falls only there; but see how it brightens and warms the whole room—and your own countenance, I fancy, especially. In some measure, sir, you are heir of that wealth of affection which was the Major's while he lived. Your news of him has partly made you his substitute, in the eyes of those who loved him. *Non omnis moriatur.*"

"I wish you would take my poem in hand, and put some poetry into it. 'Tis true the wreath of fame, as well as the brand of infamy, is laid only on dead brows. If a man could but return to life long enough to admire his own statue, or read his damnation in the *Quarterly*!"

"The damnation is swifter of foot than the statue, and sometimes overtakes us on this side the grave," said Mr. Grant. "But your aspiration may be realised. I have known the dead to come to life."

"To find, probably, that the reality of dead features is less comely than the remembrance?"

"As for that, the dead man, if he be wise, will so disguise himself as to avoid recognition. He will renew his life only so far as to be a spectator, not a participant. So that, after all, he is not himself again, nor any other man either: and that is the same as to say that he is nobody, which is as much as a dead body has any right to be."

"I'm not sure of that," said Lancaster, folding his arms and leaning back his head. "There is a fellow in Weimar by the name of Goethe—you may have heard of him—who has written a poem called 'Faust.' Faust comes back to life, or to youth, which amounts to the same thing, and proves to be anything but a mere spectator. He gets caught in a love-scrape; and there is the devil to pay. There is something attractive in this human life, which grapples us whether we will or no, and makes us dance to one tune or another. On second thoughts, I withdraw my aspiration: one life is enough for me, and may be too much. To live again would be to wear the same old cap and bells, only jingling them to another measure. No man with any self-respect or sense of the ridiculous would do it."

"I apprehend you may be familiar with an earlier work of M.

Goethe's, which I also have read, called the 'Sorrows of Werther.' But I question seriously whether mankind are really the poor puppet-show that you speak of. Life is unreal and bootless only so long as you make yourself the centre and hero of it. As soon as you begin to help on the others with their parts, both they and you cease to be puppets. For no man can live in himself, but only in his acts; and if his acts are just, so much the more fragrantly will they survive him."

"I believe that theoretically; but practically I am persuaded that to fall passionately in love is the only way to become alive: and selfishness is the very essence of love."

"Ha!" ejaculated Mr. Grant, stroking his chin. "You have been in love, no doubt?"

"I have been like other men, or as much worse than the average as my intellectual capacity may be superior to theirs. But—no; I have never been alive in the sense I speak of."

"Too unselfish, eh?"

"Well—not quite selfish enough, I suppose; or too cautious to venture on a final plunge into the abyss. The puppet business is less arduous, and gives a man a better opinion of himself, by lowering his opinion of his fellow-actors."

"Ha! and it's too late to expect you to lose your caution now, of course?"

"I have experimented too much!" replied Lancaster, getting up and going to the window.

Mr. Grant took a pinch of snuff and said nothing.

Things went on very quietly in the old brick house. Both the older and the younger man were regular in their habits, and gave their hostesses no trouble. In the mornings after breakfast, Lancaster, who was of an athletic complexion, took a walk of an hour or two along the London road, returning towards noon, and shutting himself up in his room, where he occupied himself in writing. Mr. Grant commonly spent the forenoon indoors, either busying himself about his private affairs, or reading, or chatting intermittently with Mrs. Lockhart or Marion, as they passed in and out of the sitting-room. In the afternoon he sometimes walked out to get the air, and may occasionally have ridden a horse as far as London. But the after-dinner hours were the pleasantest of the day, from a social point of view. Neither Mr. Grant nor Lancaster were heavy drinkers, and seldom sat at table more than a quarter of an hour after the ladies had left it. Then the four remained together in the sitting-room till bed-time; sometimes playing cards, as was

the custom of the time; sometimes content to entertain one another with conversation; sometimes having music, when Lancaster would second Marion's soprano with his baritone. Mrs. Lockhart and Mr. Grant had most of the conversation between themselves; Lancaster, save upon the special topic of the Major, seldom doing more than to throw in an occasional remark or comment, generally of a witty or good-humouredly cynical tendency; Marion being the most uniformly silent of the four, though she possessed rare eloquence as a listener. At cards, Mrs. Lockhart and Lancaster were apt to be partners against Marion and Mr. Grant. The latter would then display a polished and charming gallantry towards his young *vis-à-vis*, of a kind that belonged rather to the best fashion of the last century than to this; and which was all the pleasanter because it was more the reticence of a sincere and kindly disposition than the feigning of a cold and unsympathetic one. Marion reciprocated his advances with a certain arch cordiality which characterised her when her mind was at ease and her surroundings were agreeable; and thus a species of chivalrous-playful courtship was established between the elderly gentleman and the young gentlewoman, which was a source of mild entertainment to everybody. The widow and Philip Lancaster, for their parts, were unscrupulously romantic and informal in their intercourse; Philip paying rosy compliments to Mrs. Lockhart, with earnest gravity, and she expressing her affectionate admiration of him in a manner worthy of simple-hearted Fanny Pell. In a certain sense, this pairing-off was grounded upon a natural and genuine attraction between the respective partners. For there was a child-like element in Mrs. Lockhart which was absent from her daughter; and Mr. Grant had a boyish straightforwardness which was not apparent in Lancaster; and thus the balance was better preserved than had the two younger people contended against the two elder. The former were old where the latter were young. In another point of view, the normal sympathy of youth with youth, conditioned upon the lack of actual experience and the anticipation of an indefinite future, was not to be denied; so that what Lancaster said to Mrs. Lockhart may have had an oblique significance for Marion; and Marion's replies to Mr. Grant could be construed as veiled rejoinders to Lancaster. At the same time, it need not be inferred that anything serious was intended on the part of any of the four.

As regards success in card-playing, it commonly fell to Mrs. Lockhart and Lancaster. "And yet I may say, without vanity, that I was accounted a fair hand at it in my earlier days," Mr. Grant *once* remarked apologetically to his partner.

Cards are not played where you have been living?" Marion suggested.

"No; at least, I devoted myself to other games, and my Hoyle was forgotten."

"I think cards are less popular in society than they used to be five-and-twenty years ago," remarked Mrs. Lockhart.

"Oh, it is in many ways a different England from that old one," Mr. Grant said, stroking his chin wtth his thumb and forefinger. "A great rage for balloons at that time, I recollect. And for boxing—there was the Prince of Wales boxing with Lord Hervey one night after the opera. Duelling, too; why, in 1786 'twas almost a distinction for a man not to have fought a duel; the point of honour was much oftener vindicated than the point of the argument. No wonder; to be drunk at a certain hour of the day was accounted a mark of breeding among gentlemen. Charles Fox was a terrible fellow for drinking and dicing; used to see him at Wattier's."

"Wattier's? Mr. Tom Grantley used to go there a great deal," said Mrs. Lockhart, blushing a little after she had spoken.

"Ay, so he did; I have seen him, too—a very handsome man. But I was still quite young when he died. You knew him, madam?"

"I believe mamma knew him very well," put in Marion, with a touch of mischief. "He was to have danced at your wedding, was he not, mamma?"

"He was very kind to me when I was very young and foolish," replied her mother, with quiet simplicity. "He was not in England when I married."

"Grantley was a relative of mine—or would have been, if he had lived ten years longer," Lancaster remarked. "My father and he both married daughters of old Seabridge. By-the-by, didn't he have a daughter who disappeared, or something of that sort?"

"It was a son. I believe he was a very promising young gentleman, but he came to a sad end. Probably you may have met him, Mr. Grant?"

"Never, madam."

"What end was that?" Lancaster demanded.

"He was discovered in some crime about money—embezzlement, I think. He was a junior partner in the bank; Sir Francis Bendibow trusted him entirely. It almost broke his heart when Charles ran away. But Sir Francis behaved very nobly about it."

"Ah! he had been recently ennobled, had he not?" inquired Mr. Grant in a dry tone. But if he intended any innuendo, Mrs. Lock-

hart did not perceive it. "He made good the loss out of his own private property," she went on; "and he supported Mrs. Grantley as long as she lived. Poor woman, she was his sister, and of course knew nothing about her husband's wickedness."

"'Tis indeed a romantic story," said Mr. Grant thoughtfully. "Sir Francis, I presume, took all means to trace the fugitive?"

"I think he did all that he honestly could to let him escape. They had been such friends, you know. Besides, if the unfortunate young man had any feeling left, he must have been punished enough in losing his honour and his family."

"Ha! no doubt. He has never been heard from since?"

"No; except that Sir Francis gave me to know that he died a few years afterwards."

"I don't believe that Sir Francis Bendibow was so wonderfully generous," exclaimed Marion, who had been manifesting some signs of restiveness. "You always think a person is good if they say they are. I dare say the Bendibows were very grateful to Charles Grantley for marrying into their family; he had earls and barons for his kinsmen, and the Bendibows have always courted the great. As to Sir Francis, 'tis true his manners are very soft and courteous; but my father has told me he was very unsteady in his youth, and I think my father meant more than he said."

"Yet, admitting that, still the defaulter would not be excused," observed Mr. Grant.

"Since he was not brought to his trial, it cannot be said how much or how little he was a criminal," returned Marion, turning her eyes upon the speaker and kindling with her cause. "He was the son of a man who had nothing ignoble in him, whatever else he may have had. You have told me that yourself, mother. And his mother was noble of birth, and, I have heard, noble of nature, too."

"I can confirm you in that," said Lancaster. "My father used to say that if Edith Seabridge had been born a man instead of a woman, she would have made herself the foremost man in England. But it showed no less nobleness in her to give up everything to the love and service of her husband."

"And the son of such a father and mother should not be judged a thief and coward except upon clear evidence," Marion continued, acknowledging Lancaster's support only by a heightened colour. "He died before I was born, I suppose, but I have always thought that perhaps he was not so much to blame—not in any dastardly way, I mean. He was not a rake and a gambler as Sir Francis was; but a man who cared for learning, and for freedom, and the

thoughts that make people better. 'Tis not that kind of man that would steal money for himself; if he committed a crime, I can only think it must have been for the good of someone he loved—not for his own good. You say he and Sir Francis were dear friends; perhaps it was for Sir Francis's own sake that he did it—to help him through some strait. And then it would be no wonder that Sir Francis let him escape so easily!"

"But," said Mr. Grant, who had listened with attention to Marion's advocacy, with a curious smile occasionally glimmering across his face—"but, my dear, that is a doubtful cause that can be maintained only on the discredit of the other side. How could this man have embezzled for the benefit of Sir Francis if, as I am given to understand, he absconded with the proceeds of his robbery?"

"No one knows whether he had the money with him," answered Marion, driven to bay. "All that is known is, that he disappeared, and that Sir Francis said the bank was robbed. You say that Sir Francis replaced the loss from his private purse; but perhaps his purse had first been filled for him by the very man he denounced as a defaulter!"

At this audacious hypothesis Mr. Grant laughed, though with so kindly an expression that Marion could not feel she was being ridiculed. "You go near to make me wish, my dear," he said, "that I might be unjustly accused, if I might hope to have you for my defender."

"How fortunate, then, was this questionable cousin of mine, to have made good his embezzlement and his escape, and withal to have found such a defender!" said Lancaster. "You see, Miss Lockhart, my cousinhood with him allows me the liberty of believing him guilty if I choose. Whatever your cousin has done, you are liable to do yourself; so I am only whipping myself across my cousin's back."

"If you need whipping at all, why don't you whip yourself directly?" Marion demanded, quick to resent whatever seemed to her patronising or artificial in another's tone.

"Oh, Marion!" exclaimed Mrs. Lockhart, under her breath.

"I only meant," said Lancaster, smiling, "that whenever I hear of a man committing a crime, I have a fellow-feeling for him: I believe there is the making of a capital criminal in me, if I am only given fair opportunities."

It was not the first time Lancaster had spoken in this way, and Marion had not made up her mind how to understand him. She looked away and made no reply.

After a moment Mr. Grant said, "You spoke of Charles Grantley having left a family behind him; is one to infer from that there were children?"

"There was a daughter, I think," said Mrs. Lockhart, relieved at the change of subject; "didn't you know her, Marion?"

"She was at the same school with me for a little while; but she was much older than I; she was just leaving when I began. She was very pretty and very genteel; much more genteel than I ever thought of being. She never spoke to me but once, and then she told me to go upstairs and fetch her slippers."

"Did you obey?" asked Lancaster.

"No. At first she looked at me very indignantly; but soon she laughed and said, 'You don't mind me, because I am a woman; but the day will come when you will fetch a man's slippers for him, and kiss them after he has put them on.' She was not like any other girl I ever saw; but almost everyone was fond of her; she could do so much—and yet she was always waited on."

"I should like to know how she turned out. She evidently had character," remarked Lancaster.

"She married very well, I believe," said Mrs. Lockhart.

"Yes; he was three times her age, and very rich, and so fond of her that he didn't care whether her name was Bendibow or Grantley," rejoined Marion, rather harshly. "She was always called Miss Bendibow, by the way, and she may have been Sir Francis's real daughter, for aught I know; she seemed to think so herself, and she certainly didn't know of any other father. I suppose she didn't much care who her father was. At any rate, she became the Marquise Desmoines."

Lancaster moved suddenly in his chair, and seemed about to speak, but checked himself.

Mr. Grant took snuff, and asked, after a pause, "You say he was very fond of her?"

"Yes, I am sure he was," said Mrs. Lockhart; "he often talked to me about her—for he was a friend of ours, and used to visit us often: because my husband saved his life in France, when the Marquis could not have escaped but for his assistance and protection; and after that he lived in London, and was sometimes so poor as to be forced to give lessons in French and in music; for all this time his estates in France were in jeopardy, and he did not know whether he would ever recover them. But he did, at last; and then he entered society, though he was no longer a young man; and it was then that he met Perdita Bendibow, as she was called. He proposed

er, and she accepted him ; she could scarce have helped but like , I'm sure. After their marriage they went to France, but I have rd nothing of her since."

"There is one thing you have forgotten, mamma," said Marion ; is another proof how much the Marquis cared for her. Sir ncis gave her no dowry. I suppose he thought it no more than to save the money out of what her father had cost him."

"It is not charitable to say so, Marion ; and I am sure one could expect that Sir Francis would give her a dowry, when her band was so wealthy."

"So, the girl never knew her real father? Well, doubtless it was er so ; doubtless he would have wished it so himself, if he ined any unselfish and noble feelings—as you, my dear child, e been charitable enough to imagine may have been the case. l perhaps Perdita's lot was the one best suited to her—she being ou have described her. For my part, having once had a child of own, I may hope that she is happy—and that she deserves to " Mr. Grant uttered all this in a musing tone, as though his d was dwelling upon other things than those immediately under ussion ; but there was much grave tenderness in the sort of ediction with which he concluded. It made Marion's heart go towards him. She felt sure that he had known some deep love, grievous sorrow, in his day. Now he was a lonely old man, she resolved to be in the place of a daughter to him. She leant cheek upon her hand, and fell into a reverie, in the midst of ch the clock struck eleven.

"Bless me ! how late we are keeping you up, Mrs. Lockhart," laimed Mr. Grant, shutting up his snuff-box and putting it in his ket. "The truth is, I have been so long deprived of ladies' ety, that now I am prone to presume too much on my good une. In future, you must help me to keep myself within bounds. od-night, Madam—I am your most obedient servant. Good-night, dear Miss Marion ; your father must have been a good man : I n I might have known him. Mr. Lancaster, do you go with ?" The old gentleman was always thus ceremonious in his leave- ngs.

"Yes, I'm with you," said Lancaster, breaking out of a brown ly into which he had subsided, and getting briskly to his feet. have to thank you for a strange story—an interesting one, I n."

"Is there so much in it?" said Marion, as she gave him her d.

"I fancy I see a good deal in it," answered he; adding with a smile, "But then, you know, I call myself a poet!"

The ladies curtseyed; the gentlemen bowed, and went upstairs together.

Chapter X.

When Philip Lancaster and Mr. Grant reached the landing at the head of the stairs, they faced each other for a moment; and then, by mutual impulse as it were, Grant tacitly extended, and Philip as tacitly accepted, an invitation to enter the former's room. The mind resembles the heart in this, that it sometimes feels an instinctive and unexplained desire for the society of another mind. Cold and self-sufficient though the intellect is, it cannot always endure solitude and the corrosion of its unimparted thoughts. Therefore some of the most permanent, though not the most ardent, friendships have been between men whose ground of meeting was exclusively intellectual. But men; for some reason, are not willing to admit this, and generally disguise the fact by a plausible obtrusion of other motives. So Mr. Grant, as he opened the door (after the tacit transaction above-mentioned), said, "Step in, Lancaster, and help me through with a glass of that French cognac and water."

"Thank you, I will," Lancaster replied.

But when the tumblers were filled and tasted, and the liquor was pronounced good, nothing more was said for some minutes. At last Lancaster got up from his chair and began to pace about the room.

"It could be worked up into a good story, that character of the Marquise Desmoines," he said: "at least, as I conceive it. If I were a story-writer instead of a poet, I would attempt it. You would need the right sort of man to bring into collision with her. While I was abroad, I knew a fellow who, I think, would do. Came of good English stock, and had talent—perhaps genius. His father was a poor man, though of noble descent. Gave his son a good early training, followed up by the university curriculum, and then sent him abroad, with two or three hundred a year income. We'll call him Yorke. The fellow's idea at that time was to enter the Church: he had eloquence when he was moved, a good presence, and a sort of natural benevolence or humanity, the result of a healthy constitution and digestion, and radical ignorance of the wickedness of this world. The truth probably was that his benevolence was condescension, and his humanity, good-nature. As for religion, he looked at it from the poetical side, saw that it was sus-

ceptible of a pleasant symbolism, that the theory of right and wrong gave plenty of scope for the philosophical subtlety and profundity in which he imagined himself proficient, and that all he would have to do, as the professional representative of religious ideas, would be to preach poetical sermons, be the expectancy and rose of his fair parishioners, the glass of goodness and the mould of self-complacency. He thought everybody would be led by him and glorify him, that his chief difficulty would be to keep their piety within practical bounds; and that the devil himself would go near to break his sinful old heart because he could not be numbered among the disciples of so inspired a young prig. It was a lovely conception, wasn't it? but he never got so far with it as even to experience its idiocy. His first bout with theological and ecclesiastical lore was enough for him. He found himself the captive of a prison-house of dogmas, superstitions, and traditions, instead of the lord of a palace of freedom, beauty, and blank-verse. If this was religion, he was made for something better; and he began to look about him in search of it. There were plenty of ideas masquerading about just then in the guise of freedom, and flaring the penny-dip of rationality in people's faces; and this fellow—what's his name?—Yorke, gave courteous entertainment to several of them. A German university is as good a place as another to indulge in that sort of dissipation. Freedom—that was the word; the right of a man to exploit his nature from the top to the bottom—and having arrived at the bottom, to sit down there and talk about the top. He had two or three years of this, and arrived at such proficiency that he could give a reason for everything, especially for those things that suited his inclination of the moment; and could prove to demonstration that the proper moral attitude of man was heels-in-the-air and head downwards. But unluckily human nature is not inexhaustible, at all events in the case of any single individual. The prospect may be large enough, but he only walks in such few paths as are comfortably accessible to him; and as time goes on, his round of exercise gets more and more contracted, until at last he does little more than turn round on one heel, in the muddiest corner of the whole estate. As Yorke, owing perhaps to the superior intellectual and moral organisation on which he prided himself, arrived at this corner rather more speedily than the majority of his associates, he was better able than they to recognise its muddiness: and since mud, quâ mud, was not irresistibly delightful to him, and he was not as yet inextricably embedded in it, he thought it worth while to try and get out of it; and made shift tolerably well to do so, though no doubt

carrying plenty of stains along with him. All this time he had been secretly giving way to attacks of poetry, more or less modelled upon the Byron and Shelley plan; one day he took these scraps out of the portfolio in which he had hidden them, read them over, thought there was genius in them here and there, and made up his mind to be a great poet. There are always poetasters enough; but of great poets, you know, there are never so many as not to leave room for one or two more."

"Here, then," observed Mr. Grant, who had followed this history with complete attention—indeed, he was an excellent listener—"here, then, you and Mr. Yorke were on sympathetic ground. It was probably at this epoch that you formed his acquaintance."

"I came to know him very well then, at all events," replied Lancaster, taking a sip from his tumbler, and then resuming his walk up and down the room. "He had a curiously mixed character. It was difficult to help liking him at first sight. He was handsome, cheerful, many-sided, easy-natured; but though he loved his ease, both of mind and body, he was capable on occasion of great physical or mental exertion. He was more comprehensive than commanding; but perhaps he seemed less strong than he really was, because he doubted the essential expediency or virtue of any particular line of conduct; and would rather observe the leadership of others than lead himself. He had great intuitive insight into the moral constitution of other people, but was not so keen-eyed towards his own structure; in considering an event, he had the habit of taking it upon its artistic or symbolical side—it was a device to parry the touch of realities. But often he allowed his imagination to get him into real scrapes—imagine himself to be this or that person, for instance, and act the character into actual consequences. He had a genial way with him, and shunned giving direct pain, or coming into hostile collision with anybody; but the reason of that was, not the generous humanity of a powerful spirit, but the knowledge of a secret weakness that was in him, and a fear of revealing it. This weakness was a passionate, violent temper, which, once he had given way to it, would strip him of dignity and self-restraint, and uncover all manner of hatreds, revenges, jealousies, burning envies, and remorseless cruelties. There was nothing noble in his rage: it was underhand and malignant. In fact, subtlety was at the very base of his nature: so that he would constantly be secret and stealthy when there was no reason for it: he would conceal a hundred things which he might more conveniently to himself have left open; he would give a false impression when he might more

advantageously to himself have told the truth; though I never met a man who could upon occasion speak the naked truth more boldly and recklessly than he. I should say he was by instinct and organisation a coward, but a brave man by determination. Back to a certain point he would yield and yield; but then he would leap out and fight like a mad tiger. He was liable to wicked conceptions: although, whether from constitution or caution, he commonly did what was right, and did not like to be suspected of acts of which he secretly knew himself either guilty or capable. In short, there was an ignoble, treacherous region, underlying his visible and better character, which he made use of that better character to disguise. The peril he stood in was, lest the baser nature should get the upper hand; and if he was saved from that, it was, I should say, by virtue of what may be called his genius. It was his good genius, in more senses than one. It filled his imagination with lofty images: when his pen was in his hand, no man was more pure-minded, well-balanced, and upright than he. In those moods he was even reverential, which in practical affairs he never was. The custom of those moods influenced him like association with good men and women: or like some beneficent spell, which should suspend the action of a poison until either it lost its virulence, or he had recovered strength enough to disregard it. Have you heard enough about my friend Yorke?"

In putting this abrupt question, Lancaster stopped as abruptly in his walk, and fixed his eyes upon Mr. Grant, who lifted his face and met the look thoughtfully.

"'Tis a portrait not devoid of life and substance, and does credit to your discernment more than to your charity," he replied. "But the features are in a measure typical; I have met men who resembled him, and therefore I may modify your interpretation by my own. With all his sensitiveness to rebuke and his fair-seeming, was he not a man given to self-depreciation?"

"Sometimes—yes."

"The issue of that kind of vanity which would simulate what is dark and terrible, to make the hearers stare. He would not do the evil that he uttered. Besides, he was aware of a certain softness or womanishness in his nature, which his masculine taste condemned, and which he sought to rectify at least in words."

"But that would show a fear to let the truth about himself be known."

"Ay; and a moral indifference to ill repute. On the other hand, I doubt not he often sinned in thought, when a physical or

mental fastidiousness withheld him from fixing his thought in action. As to his genius, I grant you it was purgative to him; but less because it put him in noble company than because it gave vent through the imagination, and with artistic balance, to the wickedness which might else have forced a less harmless outlet. You say his general bearing was genial?"

"Yes; but his bearing was often much pleasanter than his feelings. He disliked to say or hear ugly words: though he could write savage letters, and could imagine himself being very stern in intercourse; but when he came to the point, he was apt to sweeten off—more, I think, from dread of being tempted to lose his temper than from natural kindliness."

"You judge him too harshly, because too minutely. Every human motive has its shady side. He was a man—if I may hazard an opinion—who was never so gay and good-humoured as under specially trying or perilous circumstances: upon slighter occasions he might be less agreeable."

"You have chanced upon a truth there," said Lancaster, apparently somewhat impressed by his interlocutor's sagacity. "We were once in a boat together on the Lake of Geneva, and a storm put us in imminent danger of our lives for a couple of hours. He was laughing and jesting all the time—not cynically or mockingly, but from genuine light-heartedness. Perhaps you can explain that?"

"No further than to remind you that great or dangerous crises burn the pretence out of a man and leave him sincere: and then it will be known, to others as well as to himself, whether he be brave or craven. In the case of your friend Yorke, with his dread of being accused of fine feelings, imminent peril would annul that dread, because he would perceive that no one about him was likely to be in a state of mind serene enough to be critical: therefore his self-consciousness would leave him, and he would become his spontaneous self. The chief vice of your friend seems to me, indeed, to be that same self-consciousness. He would be for ever watching and speculating about himself. Pray, did you consider him of a fickle disposition?"

"He has given many instances of it, both in mind and heart."

"Nevertheless," rejoined Mr. Grant, taking a pinch of snuff between his fingers, and regarding Lancaster with a smile of quiet penetration—"nevertheless, I will wager that he was, at bottom, no more fickle than you or I. His fickleness was of the surface merely; within, he was perhaps more constant than most men."

"You speak confidently, sir."

"Nay, I am no conjuror, nor no dogmatist either. Your friend's character is, in reality, not quite so complex as it appears. What are its main elements? Powerful imagination, independence, affability, love of approbation, evidenced by the pride that veils it; a sceptical habit of conversation, to conceal a perhaps too credulous faith, unweariable spiritual curiosity, noble ideals; modesty, unless depreciated, sensitiveness to beauty, and docility unless opposed. That enumeration might be condensed, but let it pass. Here, then, we have a man open to an unusual variety of impressions, and fond of experimenting on himself; in the habit, therefore, of regarding himself as a third person. What more probable than that such a man should imagine changes in his beliefs or affections, and should amuse himself by acting as if those changes were actual? Yet, when it came to some vital matter, his deeper-rooted sense of right and justice would take the reins again, and curb the vagaries of his fancy."

"But it might happen," said Lancaster, "that some person became involved in this amusing experiment of his, who should mistake the experiment for earnest. What would my friend's sense of right and justice have to say to that?"

"Nay, that lies between him and his conscience," quoth Mr. Grant, applying the pinch of snuff to his nostrils, "and you and I have no concern with it."

Lancaster took a couple of turns up and down the room, and then seated himself in a chair at the opposite side of the table. "Enough about my friend Yorke," he said; "between your analysis and mine, he has grown too big for his share in the story. What I intended was to bring him into relations with a woman who should be a match for him: and this Marquise Desmoines, as I conceive her, will answer the purpose as well as another. Even while yet a girl at school, she had, as Marion's anecdote showed, the instinct of woman's power and conquest. She had already divided the human race into male and female, and had appraised the weapons available on her side. She had perceived that the weak point of woman is the heart, and was resolved to fence her own with triple steel. To marry a rich foreign nobleman of more than thrice her age was precisely her affair. She would have the world before her, as well as at her feet. She was—I imagine her to have been—beautiful, dimpled, luxurious, sceptical, and witty. She was energetic by nature, selfish by philosophy, clever and worldly-wise by training. She could appreciate you like a friend, rally you like a critic, flatter and wheedle you like a mistress. She would caress you one moment, scoff at you the next, and put you in the wrong be your argument what it might.

She could speak in double-meanings, startle you, deceive you, and forgive you. She was fond of intrigue for its own sake, fertile in resources and expedients; she was wilful and wayward from calculation, and dangerous at all times. She was indolently despotic, fond of playing with her sensations, and amusing herself with her passions. She was the heroine of a hundred perilous anecdotes, which showed rather the audacity of genius than commonplace impropriety. She could say with grace and charm things that no other woman could say at all. She could assume a fatal innocence and simplicity; and to have seen her blush was an unforgettable experience in a man's life. Physical exercise, especially dancing and riding, were indispensable to her; her toilettes, baths, clothes, and equipment were ideals of luxury. She was superstitious, because she believed in no religion; indifferent to inflicting suffering, because never suffering herself; but she loved the pleasure of pleasing, was kindly in disposition, mindful of benefits as well as of injuries; and in her loftier moods she could be royally or savagely generous, as well as fiercely implacable. She had a lawyer's head for business; was a better companion for men than for women; was even capable of genuine friendship, and could give sound and honest advice: and it was at such times that the real power and maturity of her understanding were revealed. That is the sort of woman that the plot of my story requires her to have been. When Yorke met her, she was the Circe of a distinguished company of noblemen, authors, actors, artists, abbés, soldiers, wits, and humourists; all of whom, by her magic, she could cause to assume the forms of turkey-cocks, magpies, poodles, monkeys, hogs, puppies, parrots, boa-constrictors, and other animals, according to their several dispositions. But Yorke was the Ulysses upon whom her spells had only so much effect as to incline him to spend most of his time in her company."

Here Lancaster paused, and drank off the remains of his tumbler of brandy-and-water.

"Well?" said Mr. Grant, moving the bottle towards him.

"No more, thank you," said Lancaster.

"You are not going to leave your drama just as the curtain is ready to go up?"

"I have come to the end of my invention."

"Ah! I should scarce have thought you had begun upon it, as yet," returned the other drily.

Lancaster made no reply. At last Mr. Grant said, "Unless my genealogical inferences are at fault, you and Sir Francis Bendibow should be of kin."

"It is one of the impertinences of human society," said Lancaster, with a twitching of his eyebrows, "that whatever filibuster happens to marry the sister of your father, has a right to call you nephew. It might as reasonably be decreed that because I happen to cut the throat of some hook-nosed old money-lender, his women and children would have the right to style themselves my cousins and aunts. That law might, to be sure, prove a beneficial one, for it would do more than hanging to put a stop to murder. But the other law makes marriage a nuisance; and one of these days the nephews will arise and compel its repeal at the sword's point. Meanwhile, I remain the baronet's nephew and your humble servant."

"You would abolish all but blood-relatives, then?" said Mr. Grant, resting his elbows on the arms of his chair and interlacing his fingers.

"I would have no 'buts'; abolish the whole of them!" exclaimed Lancaster; "even the rich uncles and the pretty cousins. Take a leaf from the book of animals, and let each human creature stand on his own basis, and do the best he can with it. When I found a republic, there shall be no genealogies and no families. So long as they exist, we shall never know what we are really made of."

"The Bendibow Bank is, however, a highly prosperous and trustworthy concern?"

"You must get my uncle to sing its eulogies for you; I know nothing. But I am of opinion that Miss Marion Lockhart has an intuition for detecting humbugs. That Charles Grantley affair . . . . is none of mine. But Sir Francis had two sides to him in his youth, and there may be some passages in his account-book that he would deprecate publishing."

"Ah! I had contemplated calling at the bank to-morrow ——"

"Oh, don't interpret my prejudices and antipathies as counsel," interrupted the young man, throwing back his hair from his forehead and smiling. "The bank is as sound as the Great Pyramid, I doubt not. Bless your heart, everybody banks there! If they ruin you, you will have all the best folks in London for your fellow-bankrupts. I'm afraid I've bored you shamefully; but a little brandy goes a long way with me."

"You have said nothing that has failed to interest me," returned the old gentleman courteously. "As you may conceive, I find myself somewhat lonely. In twenty years, such friends as may have been mine in England have disappeared; and the circumstances in which those years have been passed—in India—have precluded my finding others. At your age, one can afford to wish to abolish

kindred, but by the time you have lived thirty years longer, you may understand how I would rather wish to create new kindred in the place of those whom fate has abolished for me. Human beings need one another, Mr. Lancaster: God has no other way of ministering to us than through our fellow-creatures. I esteem myself fortunate, therefore, in having met with yourself, and with these kind ladies. You cannot know me, as the vanished friends I spoke of would know me—my origin, my early life, my ambitions, my failures; but you can know me as an inoffensive old gentleman, whose ambition, for the rest of his life, is to make himself agreeable to somebody. If you and I had been young men together in London, thirty years ago, doubtless we might have found ourselves in accord on many points of speculation and philosophy, wherein, now, I should be disposed to challenge some of your conclusions. But intellectual agreement is not the highest basis of friendship between man and man. I, at all events, have been led by experience to value men for what I think they are, more than for what they think they think. I will make no other comment than that on the brilliant and ingenious . . . . confidence, shall I call it?—with which you have honoured me to-night. If it should ever occur to you to present me to your friend Yorke, under his true name, I am sure that I should enjoy his acquaintance, and that I should recognise him from your description. Perhaps he might be able to reinforce your invention as to the Marquise Perdita. Well, well, I am detaining you. Good-night!"

Lancaster coloured a little at the latter sentences, and a cloud passed over his face; but in another moment his eyebrows lifted with a smile. "God knows what induces me to masquerade so," he said. "I care to conceal myself only from those who can see nothing on any terms—which is certainly not your category. Let Yorke and Lancaster be one in future. As for Perdita . . . . there goes twelve o'clock! I was startled at hearing her name to-night; she has just returned to London in the capacity of widow. It only needed that . . . . however, what is that to you! Good-night."

"Perdita! a pretty name, is it not?" said Mr. Grant musingly, as he followed the other to the door. "It makes one hope there may be some leaven of Shakespeare's Perdita in her, after all."

"'Tis an ominous name, though; too ominous, in this case, for even Shakespeare to save it, I'm afraid," returned Lancaster. With that he went out, and left Mr. Grant to his meditations.

Chapter XI.

The next day Mr. Grant hired a saddle-horse, and rode up to London, where, among other business, he made the call at the Bendibow Bank which has been already mentioned. His affair with that institution having been arranged, presumably to the satisfaction of both parties, Mr. Grant set out on his return home. As it was already six o'clock, however, he stopped at the "Holy Lands" hotel in the Strand, where he dined. By the time he was ready to resume his journey it was nearly dark, the rather as the night was moonless, and the sky was overlaid with heavy clouds. Partly by chance, partly because he fancied it would save him some distance, he took the northern or Uxbridge road, instead of that which goes through Kensington. After passing the north-west corner of Kensington Gardens, this road lay through a region which was, at that epoch, practically uninhabited. Mr. Grant rode easily along, absorbed in thought, and only occasionally taking note of his direction. He was a practised horseman, and riding was as natural to him as walking. It was a very still night, though a storm might be brewing; and the only sounds audible to Mr. Grant's ears were the steady tramp of his horse's feet, the slight creaking of the saddle, and the rattle of the bit as the animal flung up his head. By-and-by, however, the rider fancied he heard the noise of another horse's hoofs beating the road at a gallop, and coming up behind him. He drew his left rein a little, and glanced over his shoulder.

Meanwhile, at Mrs. Lockhart's house in Hammersmith, dinner was ready at the usual time; but as Mr. Grant did not appear, it was resolved to wait for him. He had informed Mrs. Lockhart, previous to setting out, that it was his intention to go to London, and added that he might be detained some hours by business. No anxiety was felt, therefore: but, as Marion observed, dinner would not seem like dinner without Mr. Grant; and it was not worth while sitting down to table so long as any chance remained of his being present. Accordingly, the dishes were put to warm in front of the kitchen fire; and Marion and Lancaster went to the piano, and tried to set to music some words that the latter had written. But singing conduces to appetite; and appetite will get the better even of sentiment. When more than half an hour had added itself to the abyss of the past, it was generally admitted that Mr. Grant was hopelessly derelict, and neglectful of his social duties: the dishes were brought in from the kitchen, and the trio seated themselves at table, with Mr. Grant's chair gaping vacantly at them all.

Now, whether a man be well or ill spoken of behind his back depends not so much upon the man himself as upon those who speak of him; but probably the worst thing that can happen to him is not to be spoken of at all. Mr. Grant fared well in all respects; he was spoken of, he was well spoken of, he was well spoken of by honest people; and it may not be too much to add, that he was not undeserving of having honest people speak well of him. The goodness of some good men is a long time in getting the recognition that it deserves; that of others is appreciated at once; nor does it follow that the latter's virtues are necessarily shallower or less honourable than those of the former. Ten days ago, for example, Mr. Grant had been as good as non-existent to the three persons who were now discussing him with so much interest and even affection. There was something in his face, in his glance, in the gradual, kindly brightening of his smile, in the pleasant melody of his voice, in the manly repose of his general walk and conversation, that inevitably inspired respect and liking in such persons as were disinterestedly susceptible of those sentiments. And yet, Mr. Grant was far from being handsome either in face or figure; and no one knew what his life had been, what was his social position, whether he were rich or poor, or wherefore he was living in lodgings at Hammersmith: none of which subjects of inquiry are apt to be disregarded in the life of a country so compact and inquisitive as England. But even in England, sheer and naked individuality has vast weight, altogether unaccountable upon any general theory whatever: and Mr. Grant was in this way the passive subject of a special social dispensation.

"He told me last night," remarked Lancaster, "that he had been living in India for the last twenty years. I had been puzzling myself whom he reminded me of—physically, I mean; and that enlightened me. You have probably seen the man I mean, Mrs. Lockhart. I saw him the year he was acquitted, when I was eight or nine years old; and I never forgot his face—Warren Hastings."

Mrs. Lockhart replied that she had never seen Mr. Hastings, but she was sure Mr. Grant bore no resemblance to him in character. Mr. Hastings was a cruel and ambitious man; whereas Mr. Grant was the most humane man she had ever known, except the Major, and as simple as a child.

"There is mystery about him, too," said Lancaster.

"Not the kind of mystery that makes you suspicious, though," said Marion. "I feel that what he hides would make us like him better if we knew it."

"What I hide is of another colour," Lancaster observed,

"I'm sure it can be nothing bad," said Mrs. Lockhart.

Marion broke out, "So am I! Mr. Lancaster thinks it would be picturesque and poetical to be wicked, and so he is always talking about it. If he had really done anything wicked, he would be too vain to make a mystery of it; he could not help telling. But he has only been good so far, and he has not outgrown being ashamed of it. If he had committed more sins, the people in his poetry would have committed much fewer."

When Marion struck, she struck with all her might, and reckless of consequences. Mrs. Lockhart sat appalled, and Lancaster winced a little; but he was able to say good-humouredly, "I shall give up being a hypocrite; everybody finds me out. If I were a whited sepulchre, detection would not humiliate me: but when a bottle labelled 'Poison' is found to contain nothing worse than otto of roses, it can never hold up its head again."

"Anybody can say what they please," rejoined Marion; "but what they do is all that amounts to anything."

"That is to say, you are deaf, but you have eyes."

"That is a more poetical way of putting it, I suppose. But some words are as good as deeds, and I can hear those."

"It is not your seeing or hearing that troubles me, but your being able to read. If I had only been born an Arab or an ancient Hebrew, I might have written without fear of your criticism."

"I suppose you wish me to say that I would learn those languages for the express purpose of enjoying your poetry. But I think you are lucky in having to write in plain English. It is the most difficult of all languages to be wicked in—genteelly wicked, at least!"

"You convince me, however, that it must have been the original language spoken by Job's wife, when she advised him to curse God and die. If she had been as much a mistress of it as you are, I think he would have done it."

"If he had been a poet, 'tis very likely."

"I hope," said Mrs. Lockhart with gentle simplicity, "that nothing has happened to Mr. Grant."

Lancaster and Marion both turned their faces towards the window, and then Lancaster got up from the table—they had finished dinner—and looked out. "It has grown dark very suddenly," he remarked. "I fear Mr. Grant will get wet if he does not return soon."

Marion also arose and stood at the other side of the window. After a while she said, "I should like to be out in such a night as this."

"I hate darkness," returned Lancaster. "Come what come may, as long as I have a light to see it by."

"I love darkness, because then I can see my mind. When father was alive, and I had more time to do what I wished, I used to be awake at night as much as in the day-time."

"Your mind must be fuller of light than most people's, if you can see it only in the darkness."

"I am light-minded—is that what you mean?"

"No, I am serious. You never are serious except when you are angry."

"If I am never serious, I must be light-minded. Very likely I am light-headed, too, sometimes; mother has often told me so. I like to be out in the rain, and to get my feet wet and muddy. I should like to have been a soldier in my father's regiment; he said I would make a good soldier."

"And shoot Frenchmen?"

"I prefer killing with a sword. Washing dishes and marketing becomes tiresome after a while. I shall probably kill the baker or the greengrocer some day; I have a terrible temper, and if I don't let it have its way once in a while it will become worse. Hitherto I have only broken dishes; but that is not terrible enough."

"I'll be hanged if I can understand you," said Lancaster, after a pause.

"You are such a handsome man, you don't need to understand people. The object of understanding people is to get the better of them; but when one is handsome, people open their doors at once."

"Then, why don't you open yours?"

"If I don't, it is as much on your account as on mine."

"How is that?"

"When I tell you that, I shall have told you a great deal. But why didn't you protest that you had no notion you were handsome, and that I was a flatterer?"

"I know I'm handsome, and I'm glad of it."

"Do you often speak the truth like that?"

"You get more truth out of me than I suspected of being in me. But if, some day, you provoke me to some truth that I had better have kept to myself, it will be your fault."

"I don't think there is much danger. I like this first truth of yours. If I were handsome I should be glad of it, too. Ugly women are suspicious, designing, and jealous. They talk about the charms of a cultivated intelligence being superior, in the long run, to beauty. But beauty does not wait for the long run—it wins at

once, and lets the cultivated intelligence run on to Jericho, if it likes. I imagine most cultivated intelligences would be thankful to be fools, if they could afford it."

"But beauty doesn't always imply folly."

"Oh, I am speaking of women!"

"Thank you. But, speaking of women, what have you to say to the Marquise Desmoines, for instance?"

"So, you know her?"

"I héard you speak of her last night as being both beautiful and clever."

"But, you know her?"

"I ran across her abroad," said Lancaster, with an indifferent air. But before saying it he had hesitated for a moment, and Marion had noticed the hesitation.

"How did you like the Marquis?" she inquired.

"He was a very distinguished old gentleman, very punctilious, and very bilious. He always wore a red ribbon in his button-hole and sat in a large armchair; and four times a day he had a glass of absinthe. 'Tis a wonder he lived so long."

"Oh, did he die?"

"He is dead."

"What did you do then?"

"I did not know of it until a few days ago. He has been dead six months."

"Then, Perdita is in England!" said Marion rapidly, meeting Lancaster's glance with her own. Except when she was angry, or for some other reason forgot herself, she habitually avoided another person's glance. For she was of an extremely sensitive, nervous temperament, and the "personal equation" of those with whom she conversed affected her more than physical contact would affect other people.

At this point the dialogue was interrupted by a startling glare of lightning, succeeded almost immediately by a crash of thunder so loud and so heavy as to rattle the window in its frame and jar the floor on which they stood. Marion laughed, and, opening the window, leaned out. Mrs. Lockhart, who had fallen into a gentle doze in her chair, awoke with a little jump and an exclamation.

"Oh, Marion . . . what has gone off? Mr. Grant? Why is the window open? Dear heart! is that the rain? He will be drenched to the skin, Mr. Lancaster."

"So will you, if you don't shut the window," said Lancaster to Marion.

She looked round and appeared to answer; but her words were inaudible in the thunderpeal that accompanied them. The rain drove straight downwards with such force and weight that the drops might have been liquid lead. The sky was black.

"I shall take an umbrella and go out and meet him," Marion was now heard to say.

"Oh, my child, you are mad!" cried Mrs. Lockhart. "Do put down the window, Mr. Lancaster."

Lancaster complied. Marion glanced at him with an odd, quizzical kind of a smile. He did not know what she meant; but he joined Mrs. Lockhart in denouncing Marion's project as impossible.

"He would be as wet as he is capable of being before you found him," he said; "besides, he couldn't use an umbrella on horseback; and even if you knew where he was and which road he was coming by, it's a hundred to one you'd miss him in a night like this."

"La! what a regiment of reasons," she answered, with her short irregular laugh. "I only wanted a reason for going out. As to being of use to Mr. Grant, 'twould be but a chance, of course; but so is everything, for that matter."

She did not persist in her intention, however, but began to move restlessly about the room, and made no answer to several remarks that her mother and Lancaster addressed to her.

When nearly half an hour had passed away, her bearing and aspect suddenly changed; she went swiftly out of the room, shutting the door behind her. Then the outside door was heard to open, and Marion's step going down to the gate, which was likewise flung back. Then, after a minute's silence, the sound of voices; and Lancaster, peering out of the window, saw, by the aid of an accommodating flash of lightning, Marion and Mr. Grant (who was without his hat) coming up the paved way to the porch.

"What a strange thing!" he exclaimed. "How could she possibly have known he was coming?"

"Marion has wonderful ears," said Mrs. Lockhart, with a sigh, as if the faculty were in some way deleterious to the possessor of it. But Lancaster thought that something else besides fine hearing was involved in this matter.

The girl now came in, her cheeks flushed, her hair, face, and shoulders wet, conducting Mr. Grant with her arm under his. He was splashed and smeared with mud, and looked very pale; but he smiled, and said with his usual courteousness, "I am not going to spoil your carpet and chairs, dear madam. I do but show you my

plight, like a truant schoolboy who has tumbled into the gutter ; and then I retire for repairs."

"No : you shall sit down here," said Marion, determinedly but quietly ; and in despite of himself she led him to the stuffed easy-chair which her mother had just quitted, and forced him into it. "Mr. Grant has had some hurt," she added to the others ; and to Lancaster, "Go up to his room and bring down his dressing-gown. Mother, get some water heated in the kitchen. I will attend to him."

Her manner to the old man was full of delicate and sympathetic tenderness ; to the others, of unceremonious authority. Lancaster went on his errand with a submissive docility that surprised himself. He had seen a great deal of Marion in the last few hours ; but he was not sure that he had seen into her very far.

When he returned with the dressing-gown, Marion had got Mr. Grant's coat off, and was wiping the mud from a bruised place on his right hand with her wetted handkerchief. "Nothing dangerous, thank God!" she was saying, in a soothing undertone, as Lancaster approached.

"You got a fall?" asked the latter of the elder man, who nodded in reply. Marion said brusquely, "Don't you see that he is too exhausted to talk? Wait, and you will know everything."

In truth, Mr. Grant appeared a good deal shaken, and for several minutes could do little more than accept passively the ministrations bestowed upon him. Marion continued to direct the operations, the others assisting with abundant good-will. At last Mr. Grant said,

"It is very pleasant to find you all so kind—to be so well taken care of. I fear I'm ruining your chair, Mrs. Lockhart. There was really no need for this. I am none the worse, except for the loss of a hat. Thank you, my dear, you are very good."

"Have you had your dinner?" inquired Mrs. Lockhart.

"Yes, I am obliged to you, madam. I was belated, and . . . But you must hear my adventure. I thought the highwaymen days were over in this neighbourhood."

"I wish I had been with you!" murmured Marion resentfully.

"Highwaymen? oh!" faltered Mrs. Lockhart.

"My highwayman was not so ceremonious as the best of the old-fashioned ones," continued Mr. Grant, smiling. "He came upon me just before the storm broke. I heard his horse overtaking me at a gallop, and I drew aside to let him pass. But he rode right against me—he was mounted on a very powerful animal—and nearly threw me down. As I turned towards him, he held a pistol in his hand and fired at me. The ball knocked off my hat, and missed me. I

had a heavy riding-whip, and I struck at him with it. I think I must have hit him across the wrist; at all events, he dropped the pistol. Neither of us had spoken a word. It was at that moment that the first flash of lightning came. It showed me that he was a large man, dressed in dark clothes; he put his arm across his face, as if to prevent my seeing it. The thunder was very loud, and my horse plunged and burst his girths; and I slipped to the ground. What with the rain and the noise, and the suddenness of it all, I was confused, and hardly knew what happened for a few moments. When I got on my feet again I was alone; my highwayman had disappeared; and so had my horse, though I picked it up on the road later."

"He may have thought, from your falling, that he had not missed his shot after all," said Lancaster.

"It was the lightning that frightened him away," said Marion. "He counted on darkness, and dared not risk recognition."

"How did you get home? did you have to walk?" asked Mrs. Lockhart.

"Only a short distance. A waggon happened to come along, and the driver gave me a lift as far as the corner. And there Marion met me. What spirit told you I was coming, my dear?"

Marion replied only by a smile.

"It seems singular," remarked Lancaster, "that he should have ridden at you and fired at once, instead of going through the customary formality of inquiring whether you preferred your life to your purse. Those fellows are usually more cautious, for their own sakes."

"He was as much afraid of having his voice heard as of having his face seen," said Marion. "He wished to kill Mr. Grant more than to rob him. You didn't have much money with you, did you?"

"Not much, as it happened, my dear; though, as I had been to the Bank, whoever had taken the trouble to follow my movements might have inferred that I did have."

"The Bendibow Bank?" demanded Marion.

"Yes; I introduced myself to your friend Sir Francis."

Lancaster chanced to be looking at Marion, and noticed a troubled expression pass across her face. She laid her hand lightly on Mr. Grant's shoulder, and passed it down his arm; the action seemed at once affectionate and reproachful. "You disapprove of that, don't you?" the young man said to her, smiling.

The question appeared to annoy her: "I am glad he got home," she said coldly. Then she got up and went out of the room.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BARGAIN WITH THE QUEEN.

EVERYBODY who has read Rabelais will have a genial recollection of the giant Gargantua. With that minute precision which not unfrequently accompanies the art of romancing, we are told that the giant required merely for the body of his shirt 900 ells of linen, whilst 200 more went to the gussets ; 406 ells of velvet went to make a pair of shoes, which required 1,100 cow-hides for the soles. His toothpick was an elephant's tusk, and precisely 17,913 cows were daily milked for his sustenance. Being the creation of a Frenchman, he was of course fond of salad, and once incidentally swallowed five pilgrims (and their staff) who had got up among the leaves of the lettuce that grew for his refection.

It was said at the time that herein Rabelais desired to call attention to the extravagance of the Court, and to the large sums drawn from the people for the pleasure of their sovereign. Such a fable drawn with similar application to this country at the present time would fall exceedingly flat. We have no extravagance at the Court to deplore. Rather it is among the many recommendations of royalty that an example of frugality is set before us in the highest place in the kingdom.

Nevertheless, there arises from time to time brief but fierce controversy on the question of that portion of the national revenue directly appropriated for the use and pleasure of the Royal Family. Fortunately, when Queen Victoria came to the throne the question was in considerable measure removed from the field of controversy by a settlement of the Civil List. Once for all a given sum was set aside for the maintenance of the Royal Household and the replenishment of the privy purse, and there it might reasonably have been thought the business ended.

But this expectation is not realised, and that the question periodically comes up for discussion we know; for at the present time we happen to be on the verge of a fresh wrangle. Her Majesty has enjoyed in exceptional degree the blessedness that pertains to the quiver-full. Sons and daughters, as they grow up, first reach their majority, and with great regularity thereafter enter upon the

state of matrimony. Each of these occasions, satisfactory in itself, is tempered to that shorn lamb the British taxpayer by a fresh demand upon the earnings which in many cases he finds barely sufficient to cover the cost of his own household. He learns that when, more than forty years ago, a pledge was given in his name to set apart considerably over a third of a million sterling per annum for the maintenance of the Queen and her household, the bargain did not include the maintenance of Her Majesty's children after they had reached their twenty-first year.

The recurrent occasions when the question has been raised in the House of Commons have been marked by significant protests and eloquent divisions. The latter, there is no doubt, do not represent in any adequate manner the feeling throughout the country. There are many reasons which may make it awkward for a member of the House of Commons to join the stalwart little band which boldly stands forth and makes its protest whenever the hand is again thrust into the pocket of the taxpayer to draw out large sums on further account of the maintenance of the Royal Family. One argument which eases the conscience of many and permits them to vote with Ministers is, that they are representatives of their constituencies as a whole; and whilst some portion openly speak their minds on the question, the great majority are dumb. Therefore they feel at liberty to suppose that these approve the vote, and they act accordingly. A still larger number abstain from voting, and in recent times, during which these applications have recurred at brief intervals, it is rarely more than one-half of the House of Commons who go the length of voting in favour of the proposed grant. The largest number got together to approve such a vote was in the case of the dowry of the Princess Louise, for which 352 voted, a triumph doubtless largely due to the exceptional popularity of what was at the time regarded as a love-match. When, five months later, in the same session, it was the cruel fortune of Mr. Gladstone to come forward with a fresh demand for £15,000 a year for Prince Arthur, only 208 members could be whipped up to carry the vote. In 1873, the question being the granting of a similar annuity for the Duke of Edinburgh, not more than 162 members voted for the proposal—something less than a quarter of the representatives of the People.

It may be useful at the present time, when the public mind is once more turned to the subject, to review the history and actual conditions of the relations of the sovereign with the People from the point of view of the Civil List. A good deal of nonsense is talked on the subject, and persons desirous of forming a just judgment of

the case, and therefore frankly reviewing facts, will probably be accused of disloyalty. That is a charge they will share in very distinguished company. This question of the Civil List, and of the periodical augmentations in the shape of annuities and dowries, was not born yesterday, nor even with the reign of Her present Majesty, and there have not been wanting in times past men prepared to deal with it according to the dictates of common sense and upon the ruthless principles of arithmetic. So long ago as 1792 the question was before the then Parliament, being raised in respect of the establishment of the Duke of York. Charles James Fox was in favour of the proposed vote, and he put the whole question into a nutshell when he declared that "the first question should be, Is the Civil List inadequate to the purposes of fully maintaining and supporting the children of the Crown?" That was the question ninety years ago, and that is precisely the question to-day. Of course, if the answer be in the negative, there is an end of controversy, and what the House of Commons would have to consider would be whether it were more convenient to increase the amount of the Civil List, or to continue the course now adopted of voting annuities and dowries when individual claim is made. If the question be answered in the affirmative, it might be supposed that there also would be an end of the controversy.

The Civil List was settled immediately on the accession of the Queen in 1837. Before the close of that year it was ordered by the House of Commons "that the accounts of income and expenditure of the Civil List from the 1st of January to the 31st of December, 1836, with an estimate of the probable future charge of the Civil List of Her Majesty, be referred to a select committee of 21 members." The heads of the various departments of the household of William IV. were ordered to furnish full particulars of the expenditure of the year 1836. These appear to have been gone through pretty closely by the committee, who very faithfully took the total charges in the various departments in the late King's household, and with slight variation fixed them as the amount to be thereafter allowed for the same department in the household of the Queen. The net result was that the committee appropriated a total annual allowance of £385,000 "for the support of Her Majesty's household, and of the honour and dignity of the Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland."

The amount was subdivided in the following manner :—

FIRST CLASS.

Her Majesty's Privy Purse	£60,000

SECOND CLASS.

Household Salaries :—			
Lord Chamberlain's Department		£66,499	
Lord Steward's	ditto	36,381	
Master of the Horse's	ditto	27,650	
Mistress of the Robes'	ditto	730	
			131,260

THIRD CLASS.

Tradesmen's Bills : —viz.			
Lord Chamberlain's Department		42,000	
Lord Steward's	ditto	86,000	
Master of the Horse's	ditto	39,500	
Mistress of the Robes'	ditto	5,000	
			172,500

FOURTH CLASS.

Royal Bounty and Special Services	9,000	
Alms and Charity	4,200	
		13,200

FIFTH CLASS.

Pensions not exceeding £1,200 in the aggregate may be granted, annually, by Her Majesty.

SIXTH CLASS.

Unappropriated Money	8,040
Total	£385,000

The plan adopted by the committee was reasonable enough as the basis of an arrangement. They must get at the possible cost in some way, and to look into the accounts actually running was a means as good as any other. But the fashion in which the list was adapted will appear in a single incident. In the year 1836 the amount of tradesmen's bills in the Lord Chamberlain's department was £41,898. But it so happened that in that year William IV., unconscious of his approaching end, had spent a large sum of money in "doing up" his residences. Here are items which show how the money was disposed of:—

Upholsterers and Cabinet-makers	£11,381
Joiners and Blind-makers	1,038
Carpet Manufacturers	225
Locksmiths, Ironmongers, and Armourers	4,119
Clock-makers and Opticians	895
Pianoforte-makers and Organ-builders	356
Japanners	654
Lamp and Lustre Manufacturers	268
Paper-hangers	898
Artists, Decorators, and Heraldic Painters	400
	£20,234

It might be supposed the committee would take into account these

exceptional circumstances, and would have argued that the young Queen was not likely to spend over £11,000 every year with the upholsterers, nor nearly £1,000 with the paper-hangers. But, strictly bound by the narrow principle they had laid down for themselves, the committee not only accepted this extraordinary expenditure as the average cost to be looked forward to from year to year through the reign then entered upon, but threw in a couple of sovereigns to make even money.

Another example of what may be called clear profit made by the Civil List of to-day, as compared with that on which it was ostensibly founded, is to be noted in respect of the Lord Steward's department. William IV. had his Civil List charged with the expense of maintaining the royal gardens, which in 1836 cost £10,569. That is a charge now borne by the State, the royal parks and pleasure-gardens figuring every year for a large sum in the estimates. The estimates also from time to time show large items for purchase, commissioning, and maintaining the royal yachts.

It will be seen, from a reference to the particulars of the estimates for the Royal Household, that everything is provided for on a scale of liberality designed to meet those charges which are usually connected in the vulgar mind with the magnificent hospitality of a royal establishment. By a happy accident, the bearing of which has subsequently been seen, a provision was introduced in the Act settling the Civil List, by which it was arranged that, in the event of any one department not being able in a single year to spend the sum allotted to it, it might at the general balance pass over the surplus to some other department. It is a proposition of at least mathematical propriety that, viewing the Civil List as settled in 1837, one of two things must since have happened. Either the amount then fixed upon must at one time have been found too little for the support of Her Majesty's household, and the due maintenance of the honour and dignity of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, or at others it must have proved alarmingly excessive. At the time it was fixed, it was done with an eye to the maintenance of the Court according to ordinary precedent. William IV. was not an extravagant king, but he fulfilled all those duties of ceremony and hospitality which have from time immemorial pertained to the royal state. The same fact held good up to within the last twenty years of Queen Victoria's reign. The Court was kept up with at least a moderate measure of splendour. The Queen lived in the midst of her Court, and showed herself from time to time to her people, surrounded with all the attributes of royalty. For reasons which

everyone deplores and respects, it has pleased the Queen for twenty years to live in a state of seclusion, sometimes absolute, but of late, more particularly during the supremacy of Lord Beaconsfield, occasionally varied by public appearance at the opening of Parliament and one or two other spectacular displays. But for all practical purposes the ceremonial duties of the Sovereign have been abrogated; and inasmuch as it is possible for royal ceremonial to maintain the honour and dignity of the crown in the United Kingdom, those attributes must have suffered.

At the same time it follows with equal certainty that the expense of maintaining the Royal Household cannot have been equal to what it was previous to 1860. In these circumstances, and but for that happy thought of enabling the head of one department to pay over to a colleague any sums that may be in his hand as surplus at the end of the year, there would have been an extraordinary plethora in the various departments of the Royal Household. But here is followed a system which exists in other departments of the State, though there it is unfortunately rarely called into play. When the House of Commons votes a particular sum for a department, and such department finds that, owing to circumstances over which, doubtless, the officials have no control, the whole sum cannot be spent within the financial year, the surplus is paid back to the Treasury. A parallel case happens in the Queen's household. The accounts being audited and the surpluses ascertained, these are in due course handed over to the Keeper of the Privy Purse. It cannot be quite strictly said that this is the money of the Sovereign. It has been set apart by a solemn vote of the House of Commons for particular purposes. Owing to peculiar circumstances of a private nature these purposes remaining unfulfilled, the money is not wanted. It would not do for the Lord Chamberlain to put his surplus into his pocket, nor for the Lord Steward to appropriate his, nor for the Master of the Horse to ride off with his. Failing the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who certainly does not get it, the Privy Purse seems to be the natural reservoir for the tricklings from these several surcharged founts.

The allowance of £60,000 a year for the Privy Purse is the carrying out of a commendable generosity with which a great nation treats its Sovereign. Every want of the Sovereign is already provided for. She has houses to live in, horses to ride, food and wine provided in abundance, servants all paid, £13,000 a year set aside for her dispensations in charity, and a small balance of over £8,000 a year left for contingencies; and all this with that exceedingly liberal

estimate of expenses indicated by the particulars given of the bills in the Lord Chamberlain's department.

It will not appear clear to the ordinary mind what channels of expenditure the Queen finds for this £60,000 allotted for the Privy Purse, nor would it in some circumstances be any business for the ordinary mind to trouble itself with the problem. But the question is thrust upon the public by the repeated demand for fresh supplies made on account of the Royal Family; and as Mr. Fox, neither whose statesmanship nor whose loyalty can be called in question, has put it, "the question is, Is the Civil List inadequate to the purposes of fully maintaining and supporting the children of the Crown?"

We have seen that every possible want of the Household is liberally provided for, with a trifling sum of £8,000 in supplement of £60,000 for the Privy Purse. But that by no means represents the private income of the lady on behalf of whose children a fresh demand is now made on the taxpayer. On the accession of Her Majesty the Civil List was arranged on the basis described. There was added as a sort of bonus the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster. This of course is a national estate, the property of the People. But, with a generosity not here or elsewhere, as far as I know, called in question, it was bestowed upon the Queen for her private use and benefit. Since its appropriation the revenues of the estate have more than doubled. I have not at hand the figures of 1837, but ten years later, in 1847, the net revenues of the Duchy were £29,000. In 1878 they had reached to £63,000; and on the 31st December, 1880, the last date on which the accounts are published, the net receipts from this were £78,177, all of which goes to the Queen for her private use. In addition to these items, there is a capital sum of a quarter of a million which just thirty years ago a person named Neild bequeathed to the Queen for her personal use.

If from these data we attempt to ascertain the means at the disposal of Her Majesty for family objects, we reach this conclusion: Civil List, £60,000; Duchy of Lancaster, £78,000; interest at £3 per cent. on the Neild bequest, £7,500. This gives a total of £145,000 a year, for the spending of which anxious thought fails to discover any possibility on the part of a lady living in the manner adopted by the Queen.

In endeavouring to answer the question put by Mr. Fox, I am careful to eliminate anything in the form of conjecture. The three items from which this total of the Queen's personal and private income is derived are set forth either as Parliamentary estimates or in official documents. The £60,000 from the

Privy Purse is the most familiar sum. Ministers of the Crown and others, who from their point of duty very properly endeavour to minimise facts, are accustomed to keep this figure in the forefront, as if it were the only source of the private income of the Queen. I quote the figures of the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster from the balance-sheet issued on the authority of the right honourable gentleman the Chancellor of the Duchy. As for the Neild bequest, the will of that eccentric legatee was proved in Doctors' Commons by the Keeper of Her Majesty's Privy Purse and other executors on October 24, 1852, and the estate was sworn under £250,000.

But it would be an insult to common sense to suppose that these items compose the full tale of the private income of the Queen. It is clear that the amount allotted by Parliament in 1837 for the maintenance of the Royal Household cannot be spent in the circumstances of the semi-retirement in which it pleases the Sovereign to live. There must needs be, year after year, great savings in the various departments, for which, as we have seen, special provision is made, with the object of appropriating them to other accounts. This has been going on for twenty years, and within that period the accumulated savings of the Privy Purse must have reached enormous proportions.

But, supposing that this, which is admittedly only conjecture, should be altogether baseless, and that by some means, certainly invisible to the public eye and not comprehensible to the ordinary business mind, the sum allotted for the Royal Household on the basis of ordinary State pageant has been spent during a period when, as it were, the windows of the royal palaces are clouded with newspaper, the head of the household is out of town, the carriages are put down, and the servants are on board wages. Let us put altogether out of account the general Household allowances, and take only the private sources of income derived from the Privy Purse, the Duchy of Lancaster, and the interest on the Neild bequest. These accumulations, year after year, for a period—not to go further back than 1860—of twenty-one years must form an embarrassment of riches which it would be awkward to wrap up in a napkin, if indeed any napkin were large enough to hold it, and bury in the garden at Balmoral or in the vaults of Windsor Castle. What has become of this vast and accumulating surplus? Here, again, we need not indulge in conjecture. In 1873 a Bill was brought in by the Solicitor-General in Mr. Gladstone's then Government, which was passed through the Commons very quietly in the closing months of the last session of a worn-out Parliament. It was called the Crown Private Estates Bill, and the

simple object of it was to enable Queen Victoria, or any successor on the throne, to accumulate property, and to give or bequeath it in the form of realty or personalty, as an ordinary individual might do.

This, it will be at once seen, was a notable blow at a fundamental principle of the Constitution. Rightly or wrongly, Parliament, but slowly overcoming its well-founded jealousy of hereditary sovereigns, had set its face against their holding or accumulating money. A simple principle in money matters established between the People and the Sovereign was, that, whilst one pledged itself to provide in liberal measure for the wants of the other, it was careful that there should be no hoarding of funds which in moments of emergency might be used either secretly or openly to subvert the liberties of the nation. To put it briefly, it is the wholesome principle on which the hospitable board is spread. Those who are bidden as guests may eat as much as they like, but must pocket none.

The Crown Private Estates Bill of 1873 simply repeals this old constitutional undertaking. Possibly, and indeed probably, the original cause had ceased to exist. It is not easy at this time of day to conceive circumstances under which the Sovereign might use his or her private wealth to hire force against the People or to bribe to its hurt. That is a question widely apart from the one under consideration. It is enough that the mere fact of the passing of this Act discloses the condition of affairs in respect of the Privy Purse. If the private fortune of the Queen had not become too unwieldy for investment through indirect channels that might suffice in ordinary circumstances, there would have been no need for such a Bill to be presented to the Commons. This Bill became law, and for more than eight years Her Majesty has been at liberty to go into the market, and invest a yearly income which accumulates as a snowball regularly propelled through rich fields of snow increases to monstrous girth.

It would be idle to indulge in wild guesses as to what the Queen's income may be when we add the interest of accumulated savings to the ordinary sources. Figures are supplied that indicate the true state of affairs, and anyone accustomed to the miracles of compound interest may form his own estimate. I am content to take my stand on the £145,000 which Her Majesty now receives over and above all possible and conceivable charges for household expenses, and submit that, with this in view, we must answer Mr. Fox's question in the affirmative.

By a happy coincidence, the sum available for appropriation in this natural manner would very nearly meet the exigencies of the

case. The Princess Royal draws £8,000 a year; the Prince and Princess of Wales have between them £50,000; the Duke of Edinburgh, £25,000; the Duke of Connaught, £25,000; Princess Helena, £6,000; Princess Louise, a similar sum; and Prince Leopold, £15,000. These make a total of £135,000 per year. It is now proposed to add to Prince Leopold's £15,000 an additional £10,000, which would bring the total demand upon the head of the family to £145,000—a sum so near that available that there could be no difficulty in amicably adjusting the small balance in a family council. It will be seen that such an arrangement could in no measure incommode Her Majesty. She would still have £325,000 a year to spend, putting entirely out of account any interest from accumulated savings.

This is, however, an offhand arrangement which it does not come within reasonable probability to suppose would be adopted, or even seriously discussed. It would be said that it is none of our business, and that we have no more right to interfere with the family arrangements of Queen Victoria than with those of our next-door neighbour. That is quite true; but it is equally true, when the British taxpayer is asked for a fresh subsidy in relief of family arrangements, that he has the melancholy right to look into the matter in the same way as he might examine any other proposed business transaction. There is no argument in such favour with official advocates of these advances as that they are made in fulfilment of "a bargain with the Queen." Mr. Gladstone has been in times past, and doubtless will be in the forthcoming debate, particularly emphatic in his declaration that when the Civil List was settled the nation entered into "a bargain with the Queen." Mr. Peter Taylor—in one of those manly protests against these incursions on the national purse, the credit of which will be more fully, or at least more openly, acknowledged in history than in contemporary comment—has boldly traversed this argument. In his speech in 1871 on the proposed dowry of Princess Louise Mr. Taylor is thus reported:—"The right of the House of Commons to discuss and decide upon this question in all its bearings and phases had been called in question by the assertion that the refusal of the proposition of the Government would be a breach of faith to the Crown. It had been more than hinted that the Civil List granted on the accession of Her Majesty was the result of a bargain, by which, for the greater convenience of the Sovereign, the Crown lands have been handed over to the Government to farm and administer, on condition that a Civil List equivalent in amount should be provided in their stead. Now, in his view of the case,

such statement was quite inexact and wholly unconstitutional, as he would directly bring the highest authority to prove. In voting the Civil List, Parliament was in no degree bound to do anything whatever beyond what in its wisdom it should deem sufficient to uphold the dignity of the country and the Sovereign. No reason could be shown for granting to the Crown more than in the opinion of this House was necessary, simply because the Crown lands were the property of the State, and were in no sense the personal property of the Sovereign."

In this connection Mr. Taylor quoted, not for the last time, the dictum of Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1857. In supporting a proposal for the dowry of the Princess Royal he laid down this weighty principle: "It has been deemed a matter of policy in this country to strip and denude the Sovereign of all hereditary property, and to render him during his life entirely dependent upon the bounty of Parliament."

These views would certainly seem more in unison with the constitution of a free country than those which allege the Sovereign has hereditary proprietorial rights, and they will perhaps be accepted as answering the arguments which it is the misfortune of Mr. Gladstone's official position that he must put forward. Apart from this, it will occur to the candid mind that the introduction of the bargain argument is exceedingly unfortunate. A bargain cannot be all on one side, and if it be admitted that the Sovereign has any hereditary rights in what are called Crown lands, it must also be conceded that in apportioning certain sums of money for particular purposes—which the committee of 1837 described as "for the support of Her Majesty's Household and the honour and dignity of the Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland"—an undertaking was given on the other side that the sums apportioned for this definitive purpose should be spent in its fulfilment.

The question of allowances to members of the Royal Family, regarded as one of policy, lies within very narrow limits. In the earlier years of the century, after the death of the Princess Charlotte, a natural anxiety was displayed to secure the succession, and propositions were held out to various more or less eligible members of the family forthwith to marry. There was accordingly quite a rush of royal marriages, which led to debates that are well worth the study of any member of the present House who may presently be called upon to vote on the clause for an additional annuity to Prince Leopold. Lord Brougham, then in the Commons, spoke on the question of the marriage of the Duke of Kent, and on the proposal,

modest as compared with the demands of the present day, to make him an allowance of £6,000 a year. Mr. Brougham declared "he was justified in saying that, while the House would not hesitate to vote some allowance to those members of the Royal Family whom it was desirable to see married, and who could not be enabled otherwise to contract marriages, so they were bound by their duty to their constituents to refuse grants to those to whom they were not necessary. . . . It was also understood that Her Majesty had very considerable property. It was natural for those in the family who had saved to help the others." Even with more precise bearing upon the condition of events at the present day was the case put by another member, Mr. Curwen, a man whose name does not fill a large place in history, but who was known among his contemporaries as one who possessed in large measure that sound common sense which distinguishes the cultured agriculturist. Mr. Curwen—who to the Parliament of 1817 held something of the relation of Mr. C. S. Read to the Parliament of 1874—said "he did not know that he had ever acceded to any pledge by which he was bound in all cases to make a provision for every branch of the Royal Family when a marriage was about to take place. . . . Had not the illustrious Duke parents? Was not Her Majesty in possession of a very considerable sum derived from the privy purse?"

This is a variation, or rather a modification, of the question put by Charles James Fox, and it does not appear to leave anything else to be said. Mr. Curwen's case in 1817 is the case of every M.P. in 1882, and by an odd coincidence the two questions with which the honourable member supplemented the definition of his position are those which rise to the lips of everyone when they consider this latest demand for a vote on account of the children of Queen Victoria. They are not always articulately uttered, the Parliaments of Queen Victoria being apparently more courtly than those of George III. But it seems well, not less in the interest of royalty than of the nation, that discussion of the question should not be stifled, nor its true bearings obscured.

HENRY W. LUCY.

LITERARY LIKENESS.

"IT is a courteous, ingenuous modesty to acknowledge by whom thou hast profited, but thou art worthy reproofe if thou dost conceale the name, and dost arrogate to thyselfe the labour and invention of another." Nothing could be in better harmony with common sense, if, as Lord Lytton would have it, common sense is the constant crystallization of just thought—so long as it is applied to the age in which it was said. But then, *idem quod duo faciunt, non est idem.* And the necessities of the generation require the presentation of literary results in a modern condensed form as much as they require the concentration of the business energy of a year of the eighteenth in a week of the nineteenth century, or the compression of force in the locomotive engine. There would seem, therefore, ground for the censure of Sir Walter Scott on that "laborious dulness" which delights to trace resemblances between considerable authors.

But, indeed, this tracing has its distinctive uses. It is at times a curious comment on history, or even the strong expression of an historical fact. When we see almost within the compass of a generation Bacon calling to mind that "one of the seven[1] was wont to say that laws were like cobwebs, where the small flies were caught, and the great brake through;" the now forgotten Richard Brathwayte, in his "Fly from Care," singing:—

> Should I sigh, because I see
> Laws like spider-webs to be;
> Where lesser flies are quickly ta'en
> While the great break out again?

Massinger making Order describe Sir Giles in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts":

> He frights men out of their estates
> And breaks through all law-nets made to curb ill men,
> As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove *him*;

and Warre, in his prosaic "Corruption and Deficiency of the Lawes of England," asking: "Who knows not that the web of the law entangles the small flies, and dismisseth the great?"—when we see these, with

[1] Rather Anacharsis, the Scythian.

others to the like purpose, condemning, but with sufficient freedom to condemn, a particular defect in the laws, we appreciate the early Stuart period, if we are wise, in the light of which the fact that underlies these sayings is a ray. For this is a particular defect quite apart from that general tendency to inequality which the author of "The Dispensary" associated with

> That most celebrated place
> Where angry Justice shows her awful face;
> Where little villains must submit to fate,
> That great ones may enjoy the world in state.

There is a second distinctive advantage in marking coincidences. It tends to show the essential unity of mankind—not, of course, where the mere copyist or servile translator is concerned, though even here something might be urged, but (as well as in the method and process of working in the human mind) in those instances which, beyond the cavils of the most ungracious, are wholly undesigned. To borrow from the page of history more than we have lent: when Witsen and Dykvelt appeared at Westminster on their mission of congratulation to William, they were met with unusual frankness and cordiality. But it was rather by the Dutch applause than by English popularity that, as Macaulay tells, the King was touched. "Here," said he, "the cry is all Hosannah to-day, and will, perhaps, be crucify to-morrow." The Tory poet, Richard Duke, in his unfinished poem, "The Review," had only a few years before applied the same illustration to Royal James:—

> Was not of old the Jewish rabble's cry,
> Hosannah first, and after crucify?

Nothing occurs without its parallel. Tacitus relates that when Augustus was dead, Tiberius wished to have himself nominated Emperor. Messalla Valerius moved—"Renovandum per annos sacramentum in nomen Tiberii;" whereupon, Tiberius, with a view to disclaim all foreknowledge of Valerius's intention, and affecting a disrelish for the honour proposed, asked, "Num, se mandante, eam sententiam promisisset?" M. Valerius replied that "spontè dixisse; neque in iis quæ ad rempublicam pertinerent, *consilio nisi suo usurum, vel cum periculo offensionis.*" Now, in our own country Ludlow tells us that when Col. William Jephson moved that Cromwell be made King, Cromwell reproached him; on which the other replied "that, while he was permitted the honour of sitting in that House, *he must desire the liberty to discharge his conscience, though his opinion should happen to displease.*"

Analogies of this description are frequent enough, but very

different in number to those occurring in literature. There is not an age so remote, of which we have any the least authentic record, that does not show similarities in thought and expression between the literature of that and of a yet remoter age. An unknown author, cited by Porphyry, composed a treatise accusing Herodotus of having borrowed entire passages in his description of Egypt. A philosopher of Alexandria, and a grammarian, Latinus, composed treatises, the former on the plagiarisms of Sophocles, the latter on those of Menander. Æschines, according to Diogenes Laertius, assumed the authorship of certain dialogues of which he was not the author. Diodorus Siculus, if we may believe Salmasius, has copied entire pieces from Agatharchides. Plautus, Caecilius, Terence, on Jerome's authority, took not merely lines, but entire sections from writers of an earlier age. Virgil is said to have been a mere compiler ; Cicero took from the Greeks. Euripides, Livy, Sallust, have been subject to a like reproach. Homer himself, as Eustathius in his commentary upon the Odyssey writes, is charged with "literary thieving" by Naucratis. Of the writings of St. Ambrose, some are full of the sayings of Origen ; others are from St. Basil. In the middle ages, Matthew of Westminster pillaged Matthew Paris, who in turn copied from Roger de Hoveden. Villani has borrowed from Malaspina without citing him. The *Summa Theologiæ* of Thomas Aquinas is in great part from Vincent of Beauvais. Macrobius has transcribed much of Aulus Gellius. In the Eclogues of Calpurnius and Nemesius the same verses may be read. Aristotle, the property of others restored, would be as the raven stripped of its borrowed colours. Plato in his *Timæus* has copied largely from Philolaus. The books of the moderns are but centos of the ancients' works.

The attempted solutions of the practical difficulty of winning *proper* fame with such a condition of things as Solomon noticed, that there is nothing new under the sun, have been as fairly various as the narrow circumstances allow. Perhaps that of Sheridan Knowles was the least wise. "With the classics of his own country," we are told, "he was little acquainted, as, from the moment that he became ambitious of authorship, he designedly abstained from reading them, lest he should be guilty of plagiarism." Yet in Knowles at least the influence of Shakespeare is continually seen, and occasionally a resemblance to others' writings—doubtless accidental. Virginius presents his daughter, before Numitorius, to Icilius. She is

> A virgin, from whose lips a soul as pure
> Exhales, as e'er responded to the blessing
> Breathed in a parent's kiss.

the principal thought is in two exquisite verses of the strongest part of Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus"—

> Sweet Helen! make me immortal with a kiss!
> Her lips sucke forth my soule: see where it flies.

The natural feelings of Sir Thomas Wyatt, though the passage, curiously enough, is a literal translation of one in Serafino, seem to have compelled their expression "to his love when he had strived against her will" in the same sense—

> For to my mouth the first [kiss] my heart did suck;
> The next shall clean out of my heart it pluck.

And Dryden represents Almeyda as addressing Sebastian, preferred by her to Muley Moluch, when that barbarian Emperor menaces Sebastian with death—

> How can we better die than close embraced,
> Sucking each other's soul while we expire?

So, with original Pope, nothing could seem more appropriate than that Eloïse should utter the impassioned lines—

> See my lips tremble and my eyeballs roll;
> Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul—

which occur in Oldham's earlier "Death of Adonis" in another shape—

> Kiss while I watch thy swimming eyeballs roll;
> Watch thy last gasp, and catch thy flying soul.

The problem seems to have presented itself in a slightly different form to the mind of the Rev. George Crabbe. His pious horror of "thieves of renown and pilferers of fame" hurried him into an apology for possible transgressions: in his large-heartedness, forgetful of the malevolence, and therefore the injustice, that whispers, "qui s'excuse s'accuse." "To borrowing from others I plead," says he, also in a preface, "with much confidence, 'not guilty.' But while I claim exemption from guilt, I do not affirm that much of sentiment and much of expression may not be detected in the vast collection of English poetry; . . . . yet resemblances are sometimes so very striking that it requires faith in a reader to admit they were undesigned." The reverend gentleman lived in an age when it was the fashion, as honest as ever fashions are, to lay great stress on the argument of design from coincidence: but surely no great exercise of faith will be needed to believe that because he has the line—

> He tried the luxury of doing good,

it is necessarily taken from Garth's description of the Druids—

> Hard was their lodging, homely was their food,
> For all their luxury was doing good;

or that because "the Borough" reminds us—

> But monuments themselves memorials need,

it is adapted from the Satires of Juvenal—

> Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulchris,—

any more than that Byron should have had the passage in mind when, to his imagination, was presented some

> Half-forgotten grave
> Where the gray stones and unmolested grass
> Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave.

But if Byron did not read the prefaces of Crabbe, he undoubtedly did the dedications of Dryden—relying, no doubt, on what M. Nodier represents as forming a class of imitations without the pale of plagiarism, the translation of prose into poetry. In the dedication to the "Rival Ladies," Dryden says of the progress of the work:—"when it was only a confused mass of thoughts, tumbling over one another in the dark; when the fancy was yet in its first work, moving the sleeping images of things towards the light, there to be distinguished, and there either to be chosen or rejected by the judgment." This in the 'Doge of Venice' becomes—

> As yet 'tis but a chaos
> Of darkly-brooding thoughts; my fancy is
> In her first work, more nearly to the light
> Holding the sleeping images of things,
> For the selection of the pausing judgment."

It is said by Milton that he only is a plagiary who knows not to improve. What was Milton's art in this respect those can tell who have studied him and read Sylvester. The opening of "Il Penseroso," compared with a piece on Sleep, is an instance:—

Sylvester:—

> Morpheus gently rockt.
> . . . . .
> Confusedly about the silent bed,
> Fantastick swarms of dreams there hovered,
> Green, red, and yellow, tawny, black, and blue,
> Some sacred, some profane; some false, some true.

Milton:—

> Hence, vain deluding joys.
> . . . . .
> — fancies found with gaudy shapes possess
> As thick and numberless
> As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,

They made no noyse; but right resemble may
Th' unnumber'd motes which in the sun do play.
. . . . . .
The gaudy swarm of dreams is put to flight, &c.

Or likeliest hovering dreams
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

With what consummate art has the great author of "Paradise Lost" generalised the too dispersed and fanciful descriptive "green, red, and yellow," &c., into the single word "fickle," and so pruned and re-disposed the entirety as to give it at once a richness and a simplicity far truer and far more striking than the wayward luxuriances of Joshua Sylvester would ever have permitted. The simile—

As thick as motes in the sunne beams,

occurs, by-the-by, in Chaucer; and Thomson represents the sons of indolence to be

As thick as idle motes in sunny ray.

Shakespeare carries this moulding principle to an extent much greater than is commonly supposed: the calculations of Malone show prodigious figures, and the soundness of Voltaire's position, that a good imitation is the most perfect originality. A good sample of the process is in the speech of Coriolanus—

I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and scattered.

North's translation of Plutarch runs thus:—"He said they nourished against themselves the naughtie seede and cockle of insolencie and sedition, which had been sowed and scattered abroade amongst the people." This is to convey the very spirit of history; but it is scarcely so to transfer on the plan of Mason from Strada, or of Strada from Tacitus, the reflections occurring in an historical writer. An early and interesting example of borrowing from Shakespeare is in "The Mirror of Martyrs," the performance of his contemporary John Weever—

And all the armie, vent'rous, val'rous, bold,
Hote on the spur, now in the spur lie cold:

of which the original is in 2 King Henry IV.

The reference to Malone reminds one of a complaint he had occasion more than once to make (a complaint reciprocated—probably unfairly), which he expresses, with the semi-conscious humour of indignation, in

his "Inquiry into the Authenticity of the Ireland Papers." "Previous to my publication of this great poet's works in 1790" (the reference is to Shakespeare, not to Ireland) "I had collected some curious circumstances relating to himself . . . which, according to the modern method of *making* books, after having been properly sliced and hashed and stewed, have been served up in a late work without any acknowledgment where the ingredients of the literary mess were found." To those of the present generation it may be difficult to see the grounds of such an outburst; but in Malone's day hard and ugly words were thought to have some fitness when applied to, say, the pseudonymous author of "An Historical Account of Mr. R. Rogers's Three Years' Travels over England and Wales," who "surreptitiously," and "of dishonesty and plagiarism," had obtained the materials and published a garbled account of the real travels undertaken by James Brome, and truly set forth by him some years after. But in an advanced and cultured age the public inconvenience is no doubt less. It is scarcely forty years since there appeared a work, printed in London, under the title of "Anecdotes of Napoleon," which—though somewhat, it must be admitted, out of conformity with the scientific spirit in which history, it is now thought, should be studied—was neither more nor less than a compilation, literally rendered from the German, of a life of Frederick the Great, the name of the Emperor being substituted for that of the hero of Carlyle. And for the private disadvantage, it *is* at first considerable; but as the gloom of an eclipse adds lustre to the stars, so the lost honours of a pretender add to the splendour of their rightful lord. What are the fears of Akenside before the discomfiture of "Robert;" or the doubts of Albertet de Sisteron in the prudence and fidelity of Peyre de Valieras before the chastisement of Fabre d'Uzès? These instances are indeed very far from solitary; but when the facts are discovered, the principle will apply. In 1829 one P. Massey published a few satirical essays on the celebrities of his day. In travelling from Tyrone he had passed through Épinal on his way to Paris, and had there seen M. Pellat, a resident, who had handed him a MS., and desired him to find an editor. The MS. proved to correspond with "Les Deux Écoles," the title given by Massey to his book, who thus, as M. Quérard holds, "escamota gloire et profit à M. Pellat." Not unlike was the mischance of Dr. Archibald Campbell, of St. Andrew's, who, having written "An Enquiry into the Original of Moral Virtue," consigned the MS. to the Rev. Alexander Innes. Mr. Innes unquestionably exceeded his commission by publishing the work with his own name as the author.

But this is not the only way in which two living writers may appear as claimants of a single piece. In 1735 the Academy of Marseilles proposed as the subject of a prize essay—"The Advantage Merit derives from Envy." Abbé Moult was successful. In 1746, the Academy of Dijon made a similar offer in respect of the same subject. There were twenty-two competitors. Two, from different French provinces, were found to be alike, and each of them to be a faithful copy of the Abbé Moult's essay—the motto not excepted. It was perhaps the absence of this "unconscious likeness" that gave room for Dr. Smiles's complaint. In a number of the *Athenæum* of a few months since he writes:—"The directors of the National Thrift Building Society recently offered prizes for the best essay on National Thrift. The essays were written and sent in, and the adjudicators made their award. The first prize has been given to a person residing at Chichester. . . . . It is right to state that the prize essay is almost entirely copied, word for word (without acknowledgment), from a book which I wrote and Mr. Murray published some years ago, entitled 'Thrift,' and of which about 35,000 copies are in circulation." This is inexcusable folly. A writer should bring himself within the scope of Butler's plea—

> Why should he that's impotent
> To judge, and fancy, and invent,
> For that impediment be stopt
> To own, and challenge, and adopt,
> At least th' exposed and fatherless,
> Poor orphans of the pen and press,
> Whose parents are obscure, or dead,
> Or in far countries born and bred?

Surely, neither is "thrift," itself so prolific, fatherless; nor is Dr. Smiles obscure or dead, or even in far countries born and bred.

The advantage of taking from a foreign source is curiously illustrated in the life of Arthur Murphy. He was sadly preparing himself for London to get ready a number of the *Gray's Inn Journal* for press, when Foote, saying, "There is no need to go for that," produces a French magazine, and tells him he will find in it one of the prettiest Oriental tales imaginable, which he has but to translate and send to the printer. Murphy takes his advice, and so gets promoted to the notice and friendship of Johnson, whose tale it turns out to be that the French magazine had itself translated from a number of the *Rambler*. A reverse circumstance befell the late Thomas Binney. Going into the country, he heard a sermon of a "half-fledged" minister, which struck him as of peculiar power. On returning to
ן he preached it to his own congregation, but being presently
called away, invited the younger orator to his own pulpit. He

delivered the sermon Binney had heard ; who was obliged presently to receive the indignation of his officers, fired by the audacity of a man who could give their pastor's sermon in their pastor's pulpit ; and of course readily resolved the whole affair.

A clever acknowledgment is not without its wit. Addison was particularly adept in this ; Mr. Tennyson adds new grace to a line figuring even in Shakespeare or in Marlowe, and Wordsworth has sometimes known, if sometimes forgotten, how to give a fresh turn to a gem in Daniel. Byron, who told so much as pleased him, points intentionally to Cowper when he quotes the line—

> England, with all thy faults, I love thee still ;

though Cowper scarcely deserved to be singled out, since in "The Farewell" of Churchill the patriot had already said—

> Be England what she will,
> With all her faults she is my country still.

So, when Malherbe had sung—

> À la fin, c'est trop de silence
> En si beau sujet de parler,

Scarron is careful to insist on his indebtedness :—

> Or ça, tout de bon, je commence.
> Aussi bien, c'est trop de silence
> En si beau sujet de parler.
> Ces vers sont ici d'importance ;
> J'ai fort beau fait de les voler.

Alexis Piron, in his masterpiece "La Métromanie," adopts another plan. Baliveau addresses his nephew in terms—

> Rentre dans le néant dont je t'avais tiré—

very much like those in the "Bajazet" of Racine—

> Rentre dans le néant d'où je t'ai fait sortir.

But, however disposed we might otherwise be to challenge Piron's integrity, Damis' immediately preceding speech unfits us. He is speaking of Corneille and Racine, and delivers this extraordinary opinion :—

> Ils ont dit, il est vrai, presque tout ce qu'on pense;
> Leurs écrits sont des vols qu'ils nous ont faits d'avance ;

of which the second line does not differ materially from the later expression of Lord Jeffrey—"The ancients have stolen most of our bright thoughts," or the earlier of Donatus : "Percant illi qui, ante nos, nostra dixerunt ;" and the first of which is seen in the "Nullum

est jam dictum quod non sit dictum prius" of Terence, and the "Tout est dit" of La Bruyère.

It is a matter of legitimate regret that Lockman never undertook the work on plagiarism he is reported to have contemplated. Had, however, he done so, there could have been no chapter of greater interest than that which would have dealt with Epitaphs. But a kindred subject, for which we do not know whether in his time there would have been much material, is the panegyric, and here we have several modern instances of a most instructive but of a perfectly justifiable kind. We must crave the indulgence of the reader so far as to permit our making rather long extracts from two of these instances, both readily pursued further, if it should be thought worth while, in accessible authorities. If the speech of Mr. Disraeli, delivered 15th November, 1852, and reported in Hansard's third series, vol. 123, be compared with the report of M. Thiers' speech, in the *Morning Chronicle* for 1st July, 1848, the result will be this :—

An engineer, a geographer, a man of the world, a metaphysician, knowing men knowing how to govern them, an administrator in great things, a clerk in small—all these things it is necessary to be, but these are as yet nothing. All this vast knowledge must be exercised on the instant, in the midst of extraordinary circumstances.

. . . . . .

To think in the quiet of one's cabinet, clearly, strongly, nobly, this undoubtedly is great; but to think as clearly, as strongly, as nobly, in the midst of carnage and fire, is the most perfect exercise of the human faculties. —*M. Thiers on the Marshal Gouvion de St. Cyr*, 1829.

It is not that a great general must be an engineer, a geographer, learned in human nature, adroit in the management of men, that he must be able to fulfil the highest duty of a Minister of State, and then to descend to the humblest office of a commissary and a clerk; but he has to display all this knowledge and to exercise all those duties at the same time, and under extraordinary circumstances.

. . . . . .

To be able to think with vigour, with depth, and with clearness, in the recesses of the Cabinet, is a great intellectual demonstration; but to think with equal vigour, clearness, and depth, amidst the noise of bullets, appears to me the loftiest exercise and most complete triumph of the human faculties. —*Mr. Disraeli on the Duke of Wellington*, 1852.

The second example arises from the likeness to W. E. Channing's "Character and Writings of John Milton," of an article entitled "Hunter, Macartney, Rasori, and Carswell on Inflammation," printed in the April, 1839, number of the *British and Foreign Medical Review*. The citation is made from the third edition, printed in 1830, of Channing's "Milton." The articles are concerned with objections

made against the prose style on the one hand of John Milton, on the other of John Hunter:—

We mean not to deny that these charges have some grounds, but they seem to us to be much exaggerated; and when we consider that the difficulties of Milton's style have almost sealed up his prose writings, we cannot but lament the fastidiousness and effeminacy of modern readers. We know that simplicity and perspicuity are important qualities of style; but there are vastly nobler and more important ones, such as energy and richness, and in these Milton is not surpassed. The best style is not that which puts the reader most easily and in the shortest time in the possession of a writer's naked thoughts, but that which is the truest image of a great intellect, which conveys fully and carries furthest into other souls the conceptions and feelings of a profound and lofty spirit. To be universally intelligible is not the highest merit. A great mind cannot without injurious constraint shrink itself to the grasp of common passive readers. Its natural movement is free, bold, and majestic, and it ought not to be required to part with these attributes, that the multitude may keep pace with it.—*Dr. Channing*, p. 17.

On this point we shall take the liberty of stating our own sentiments. . . . . While we mean not therefore to deny that the charge which has been made has some grounds, we think, at the same time, that it has been much exaggerated: and when we reflect that the obscurity of Hunter's style has deterred many from availing themselves of his invaluable labours, we cannot but regret the fastidiousness and effeminacy of modern readers. We are aware that simplicity and perspicuity are essential attributes of a good style; but there are others, as energy and depth of thought, equally noble and important; and in these we will not admit that Hunter has ever been surpassed. To be universally intelligible is not the highest merit. The best style is not that which puts the reader in the shortest time in possession of the author's naked thoughts, but that which is the truest image of a great intellect, and which conveys fully and carries farthest into other minds the conceptions and feelings of a profound and lofty spirit. A great mind such as Hunter's cannot, without injurious constraint, lower itself to the grasp of ordinary individuals. Its own natural movement is free, bold, and majestic, and it ought not to be compelled to part with these attributes in order that the multitude may be able to keep pace with it.—The *Medical Reviewer*, p. 419.

It is worthy of notice that the occasion of these remarks is in one case a literary work, "A Treatise on Christian Doctrine;" in the other a scientific work, "A Treatise on the Blood, Inflammation, and Gunshot Wounds."

Severus Cassius compares those who appropriate the writings of others, introducing an occasional variation, to the thief of a cup who, to prevent the stolen property being traced, removes the handles. This is a reproach not applicable where the original is abundantly

known. Few of the verses of Sir John Suckling have greater charm or choicer expression than this:—

> Her feet beneath her petticoat,
> Like little mice, stole in and out,
> As if they fear'd the light;
> But oh! she dances such a way,
> No sun upon an Easter day
> Is half so fine a sight!

Yet, familiar as this is, not only has Wycherley employed the simile in one of his plays, and Herrick spoiled it—

> Her pretty feet, like snails, did creep
> A little out;

but Congreve has *prosed* it in "Love for Love," in the mouth of Valentine—"The prettiest foot! Oh, if a man could but fasten his eyes to her feet, as they steal in and out, and play at bo-peep under her petticoat, ah, Mr. Trapland!" This sort of writing has sometimes almost the force (and merit) of the parody. No writer is happier in its use than Mr. W. S. Gilbert. Chrysal—the name itself oozes with humour—is represented in the "Palace of Truth" as in violent efforts to appreciate a passage of poetry just rehearsed—

> The moon, my lord?
> Of course—the moon! See how, in ignorance,
> We seek upon the surface of the wave
> For pearls that lie uncounted fathoms deep.

The remark would be far too profound, were it not commonplace. Everyone remembers Dryden's—

> Errors like straws upon the surface flow;
> He who would search for pearls must dive below.

A curious use of the resemblance is its occasional serviceableness in freeing an author from censure. In the "Bride of Abydos" it is said of the heroine: "The mind, the music of her face." Byron was at some pains to vindicate the justness and appositeness of the expression. But it does not seem to have occurred to him that (as Sir Egerton Brydges has pointed out) the same illustration was used by Lovelace in a song of Orpheus lamenting the death of his wife:—

> Oh, could you view the melody
> Of every grace,
> And music of her face,
> You'd drop a tear;
> Seeing more harmony in her bright eye
> Than now you hear.

The comparison has taken another shape, tracing philosophically the cause rather than poetically the effect, in "The Spectator": "All the features of the face and tones of the voice answer, like the strings of a musical instrument, to the impressions made on the mind." Sir Egerton Brydges doubtless discerned the sympathetic qualities of Lovelace's muse. Thoughts which have occurred to him have occurred to more than one subsequent writer. In his address to Lucasta he was the first inspired to breathe the line—

> Like to the sentinel stars, I watch all night,

with which Robert Montgomery's soul was possessed when composing the "Omnipresence of the Deity"—

> Ye quenchless stars, so eloquently bright,
> Untroubled sentries of the shadowy night :

attributed by Lord Macaulay, in his most brilliant and least solid essay, to Campbell's "Soldier's Dream"—

> And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;

though one of the lines, omitted in the representation, of Nat Lee's long popular "Theodosius" contains the same idea—

> The stars, Heaven's sentry, wink and seem to die.

Ben Jonson, who has furnished some phrases which lingered in the memory of Milton, has enriched his writings pretty freely from the Roman poets. In "Sejanus" he exclaims—

> O! what is it proud slime will not believe
> To its own worth, to hear it equal prais'd
> Thus with the Gods?

Juvenal prefers the form of a statement—

> Nihil est quod credere de se
> Non possit, cum laudatur Diis æqua potestas.

But there is none of this sort more striking than Crites' speech in "Cynthia's Revels"—

> O how despised and base a thing is man,
> If he not strive to erect his grovelling thoughts
> Above the strain of flesh!

The immediate source is Seneca—

> O quam contempta res est homo, nisi super humana se erexerit!

But the passage has been wrested by poet after poet to enforce one of the grandest, and therefore most poetic, of truths that can be taught to man. Emerson, who has sifted with the delicacy and

utterness of his profound and gentle mind the essence and accidents of originality, has made the motto of one of his essays the words of Daniel—

> Unless above himself he can
> Erect himself, how vain a thing is man !

Charles Kingsley repeats and emphasises, with all the power of a great soul agonising to communicate the principle with which it is possessed, the lines of Vaughan—

> Except above himself he can
> Erect himself, how mean a thing is man !

Addison, as applying a familiar thought, complains of the Pindaric writers of his day that there is "nothing of that divine impulse which raises the mind above itself, and makes the sounds more than human." Sir John Denham, in "The Sophy," keeps the root-notion, but gives it yet a new turn—

> Man to himself
> Is a large prospect, raised above the level
> Of his own creeping thoughts;

while Young, in "The Force of Religion," controlling the thought, marks its relation to Christianity—

> 'Tis the Christian's praise
> Above impossibilities to raise
> The weakness of our nature;

and, each in his language, more or less akin, has Newton, has Tennyson, has Longfellow reproduced it; and many another, out of doubt, if filled with the spirit of the maker, and if Bacon has worthily said of poetry, "that it was thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind, whereas reason doth truckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things."

No example could better serve as an introduction to the views of the original on originality. Goethe's own words are ample authority for the recent expressions of an able writer in respect of Goethe. But the range of the expressions is wider; for they are the embodiment of the thought of the greatest thinkers of the century. "Perhaps no one," Mr. Coupland says, "who has attained the same spiritual elevation, ever had a profounder contempt for the fame of a discoverer or creator. All that he cared for was that the world should be enriched. He did not value the pitiful distinction of having the good thing trumpeted as his peculiar property. He knew that it was an impossible task to separate the result of culture from the inventions of the individual. . . . Not originality, but

productiveness, in his opinion, constituted genius—not productiveness in the sense of being able to flood the world with a mass of literary *material*, but in the ability to scatter vital force."

This train of argument sets in a ridiculous light the nervous *attempts* which have been repeatedly made to see a plagiarism in the use of some innocent phrase. Sweet, or purple, or imbrowned, or curled is in this way selected for hot pursuit; and even Mr. Breen (an author to whom writers on this subject are indebted for *much* on their crowded pages, too full to mention him) has gravely quoted that passage in the ninth book of the "Excursion"—

> On a grassy bank
> A snow-white ram, and in the crystal flood
> *Another and the same*,

and represented that it is borrowed from Horace's "Odes"; or the title of Bishop Hall's romance, "Mundus alter et idem"; or, "still more probably" from a passage in Darwin's "Botanic Garden," which everybody knows; or, he might have added, from the "Borough Tales," or from the "Dunciad."[1] "Un *imbécile* prétendait un jour que Voltaire le copiait, parce qu'il terminait ses lettres, ainsi que lui, par *votre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur*."

The literary public of to-day seems, however, to be deeply impressed with the absolute truth of at least one of the definitions of Jacobus Thomasius:—"Qui fatetur per quem profecerit, reddit mutuum, qui non fatetur fur est," and that it is to be applied "to the bitter end." It is but a few months since Mr. Hawker was accused of "something like literary fraud." The circumstance is that Mr. Hawker wrote a spirited ballad with the burden—

> And shall Trelawney die,

and that Macaulay quoted the burden as a popular one, still remembered—adding, that he derived the information from Mr. Hawker. Now, "if," it is said—"if the poem is Mr. Hawker's, the burden cannot be traditional, and if the burden be traditional, the poem has *no right* to a place in Mr. Hawker's works." But shall we deny to Richard Edwards the fame of a part-author of the "Paradise of *Dainty* Devices," because the beautiful refrain—

> The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love—

bears the strangest similarity to a few words in Terence—

> Amantium iræ amoris redintegratio est?

In the works of Bishop Hurd there will be found a number of

[1] "Alter et Idem" is the title of some graceful verses composed by Mr. W. H. Mallock when a boy of eighteen.

THE LAWLESSNESS OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

IN no case is the tendency to exaggerate the "present evil" more strongly marked than in the passionate appeals and violent recriminations which have accompanied the investigation of deeds of fraud or violence in every period of society. This phenomenon, indeed, is sufficiently explained by the existence on both sides of a strong personal interest, which is too rarely modified by a calm consideration of incontrovertible evidence, or even of extenuating circumstances, such as are readily admissible to succeeding generations. It is so obviously to the interest of the injured party to exaggerate the amount of damage which he has sustained, in order to ensure the conviction of his antagonist, and, again, to that of the latter to retort indignantly upon his accusers with a story of innocence violated by official brutality, that it really becomes difficult for the mere historian to decide impartially upon the merits of the case, however well contemporary judges may have been able to go straight to the point at issue. The moral to be drawn from such a condition of things is, clearly, that the utmost caution should be exercised in receiving the evidence of an interested statement as an illustration of the state of society at the period.

The only safeguard against the charmed impetuosity of an *ex parte* narrative, is to withhold a decision as to its truth till the other side has been heard, and then, by balancing the two accounts, to arrive at the most cautious conclusion possible. It is needless to say that this scrutiny is best carried out, as it were, behind the scenes, by referring directly to the original records bearing on the event in dispute whenever these are accessible.

It would be painful to contemplate the result of an examination of the respective claims of romantic lawlessness and official repression, conducted according to the evidence of the political songs, the ballad-lore of Robin Hood, and of the Puritan libels, without the check of such living witnesses as the inquest of sheriffs, the Statute of Winton, and the examinations of piratical mayors before the

Privy Council. It might be supposed, for instance, that the criminal records of the forest courts would teem with instances of the stirring deeds familiar to disciples of the gallant-outlaw and Norman-tyrant theory; yet it would be found that in most cases these are of a very commonplace and trivial character, and this may be the reason that they have been so little meddled with by the old chronicler or the modern popular historian. The cases for trial are mostly of this description:

Presentation and conviction were made of six men with bows and arrows for chasing one deer. Amongst whom Elias, parson of the church of Thornhawe, was present, and gave his consent to the evil-doers.

The foresters found in the house of W. of Clapton one deer, and three antlers and two greyhounds.

It befell that John Hog and John Ive were in the park, and heard one man prowling in the park after nightfall.

It befell that Hugh of Goldyngham came to the forest and took one horseman with bow and arrows, who straightway fled.

The following instances have been expressly chosen to illustrate the exaggerated form of evidence, in which the intensity of detail, which might have been viewed soberly enough by contemporary counsel or jurors, will seem to the modern reader often more ludicrous than pathetic, and never wholly convincing. The most characteristic points are given in the parties' own words, and the connecting details are supplied as nearly as possible in the spirit of the original.

It will be observed that these anecdotes have been chiefly taken from the Tudor and early Stuart periods; the reason being, that personal litigation is always conducted under more favourable auspices when political and parliamentary interests are remote or subservient,—a fact which is borne out by the extreme instance of judicial activity throughout the Wars of the Roses.

It was during this last period that we find, in a petition to the Crown, the most ingenious defence, perhaps, of presumptive murder that was ever imagined before the "Old Bailey" era. The story, as it appears to the world, was this. One Richard Wood was detected in a murder, and pursued by the hue and cry; took sanctuary; was starved out; confessed; and fled the country before his day of trial. To Richard Wood himself, in the calm seclusion of the Continent, the matter appeared slightly different. For being, as he was wont, engaged in "labourynge besely abought his housbandry, as a trewe man of his pour condicion ought to do," he was suddenly surprised and attacked "of forthought, malice, and evil wille" by "certayn ryotous personnes" (the hue and cry), "who lay in a wayte to have

made an assaulte and to have murdred hym." So that, though reluctantly, yet "standing in direct feare of his lyve, and doubtinge (*veritus ne*) the malice of his enemies," he "fledd for his refuge" to the monastery of Bath. Here he abode for some time, until the prior and convent took it into their heads to be alarmed lest the riotous persons aforesaid should presume to assault and rob their house "under colour" of arresting a murderer; and with singular meanness recommended their guest to communicate confidentially with the coroner, to the effect that he was guilty of an (imaginary) murder some years back, in order that this official might relieve him from the importunate attendance of the hue and cry. Unfortunately, however, the coroner took him a little too much at his word, and committed him for a murder of which "God and the country-side" knew him to be innocent, so that he was reduced to stand his trial or fly the realm. For reasons of his own—weighty ones, no doubt—the accused chose the latter course, and now commends his case to the credulity, or more probably the interest, of the Crown.

It would be difficult to imagine a more skilfully conceived defence than that in which an interesting autobiography, a serious reflection on the local executive, a substantial counter-charge, an implied alibi, the good-will of the Church, and the king's pardon, are all dexterously interwoven.

Scarcely less creditable to their inventive powers was the defence, in the same reign, of two worthy citizens of Calais, who had fallen under the displeasure of the Crown entirely through their excessive zeal for its dignity. For being "in the parts of Flanders," and falling in with a "suspecte person" laden with certain merchandize, they concluded that he must be a thief, or smuggler at the least; and so pursued him with intent to bring him to justice. Thereupon the miscreant "flewe and left the seid goodes," which our two amateurs took possession of—intending, of course, to convey them to the mediæval police-station. But being overtaken on the way by the real minions of the law, their tale was—from feelings, no doubt, of professional jealousy—utterly scouted. Then, as unfortunately part of the stolen or contraband property was found on them—notably, "two felte hattes which they had upon theyr hedes"—they were sent to prison, "and have great duresse there; and there lykly for to perysshe"—for what the dull officials persisted in calling highway robbery.

Let us take next a later instance of alleged official violence—an outrage laid to the charge of two very humble servants of the law, a Tudor Verges and his subordinate.

A certain worthy chaplain, exercising his ministry within the classic precincts of the liberty of St. Martin-le-Grand, happened one day to make a call upon a humble neighbour, Jeffery Dyall by name. Whilst engaged on this harmless and perhaps charitable errand, "a certeyn ympostoure then and there brake upon him, by force whereof he was enforseid to have dyverse vomitts and other *percolous* agonyes and paynes, to the great perell and daunger of his lyf." Being naturally alarmed at this untoward event, the good man "made speedy haste to his chamber, and by the waye mette with on Agnes Andrewe, wydowe, which dyd frequent and use to kepe sicke folkes." Her he "desyred, for Christ's sake, to helpe to bryng him to his chamber, and to make him a fier," besides "other necessaries to and for a syk man requysitt." He would give practical evidence of his gratitude, for "he wolde pay honestly therefor." But his trial had but begun; for scarce had Dame Agnes got him to bed and made him a fire, when William Selbye, under-constable of the liberty of St. Martin-le-Grand, "being a man of lyght conversacon, muche lyvinge by extorcon, accompanyeng himself withe Hugh Harryson and other dyverse vacabons and suspecte persons to the nomber of iij or v— forcibly and wrongfully brake in," and apparently "without any good or juste grounde, or cause resonable," arrested the pair, and removed them to the tower of the liberty of St. Martin-le-Grand: "where as yett they do remain by strong dures of ymprisonment." This is all very mysterious so far, but now we have the motive for the outrage, which was to plunder the priest's chamber at leisure whilst he was safe in gaol. Accordingly, the dirty work having been got through by the under-constable, his official superior duly puts in an appearance, and the two proceed to divide the spoil, consisting of certain articles of wearing apparel. In the next place, the natural difficulty suggests itself—what to do with the plundered priest? This doubt is soon solved, for "dayley they threaten hym to beate, wounde, and destroye, which they entend shortly to accomplishe." Moreover, his liberty would avail him little, for the neighbours, "for fere of disspleasure of the seid constable and under-constable, have utterlie refused to testifye" their knowledge of the outrage.

Such is his own version of the handling of a "jack priest," detected in fornication by the notoriously anti-clerical London mob of the last days of Henry VIII.

The next case of official violence is less romantic, though perhaps equally unpleasant in its consequences to the presumed victim. Here a sheriff arrested a man against whom he seems to have borne a grudge, having first invited him to his house "for to speke with hym."

When he arrived there, he was asked "where he was at masse upon Sunday the xiij day of February;" to which he answered innocently enough, that "he was at Lesant at masse, as he doth remember." Hereupon the sheriff "yncontynently called him arrant theſe," and proceeded to accuse him of having stolen a "brasse pott" from the church and hidden it "under his bedde." The accused denying this, search was made, which resulted—as another famous search did—in finding "no other thing but that was his propre goods," after vainly attempting to make his woman-servant confess "by force agayne her wyll and mynde." None the less, however, this wicked officer called for ropes and tied the accused "hand and foote, and sett hym on an old horse—and nothing under hym to sytt on." Then, when he arrived at the gaol, after being sorely jolted on the road, the sheriff took away his purse, "with the intent that he should have no meate, nor non he could have for the space of xx^{ti} houres;" and "commanded hym to warde" with "a greate paire of gyves upon his legges." Here he has since lain, and meantime, "with intent further to werey hym," his enemies, including neighbouring magistrates, with his landlord, have broken down his mill-dams and committed other damage to his property. One result, however, there was—they found the stolen utensil. The retribution that a Cornish or Devon Catholic gentleman would be likely to exact from an unwary spoiler of churches sufficiently explains this incident of the time of Edward VI.

The following case arose from the difficulty experienced by an executor in accounting for a certain sum of money received by a creditor of his brother, who met his death in the following remarkable manner:—"By misfortune, as he wolde have passed over a water, he fell of the brigge into the seid water and was drowned. Wherupon, by inquisicon upon the syght of the body of the seid Thomas, it was founden that he was drowned by mysfortune, and against the will of the seid Thomas." Next it is implied that the deceased was last seen in company with his creditor, a 'bailey' of Derby, who dunned him, or, as it is expressed, "excersively appeled hym and toke from hym all such sumes of money as he then hadde in his purse." The executor had "oftentimes requered him to restore the seyd money so exercively taken against right and good conscience—which at all tymes he hathe denyed and yet denyeth." This view of the case leaves upon the reader's mind, in spite of the coroner's verdict, the unpleasant suspicion that such a creditor was quite capable of throwing a troublesome debtor into the river, after emptying his pockets, "against right and good conscience."

The bitterness of religious and political feeling which found its suitable expression in the Anti-Supremacy riots of the reign of Henry VIII., and the Anti-Mass reaction of the worst days of his successor, furnished nearly contemporary chroniclers with abundant materials for violent tirades. This same period, too, witnessed the commencement of those scenes of determined repression and desperate reprisals which were to make Ireland famous as the worst governed and most turbulent country in Europe.

The following is the official character of an Irish rebel chieftain of the period,—taken from the pardon of Barnard O'Connor, Lord of Offayley.[1] The whole contents of the Statute Book seem, as usual, to have been emptied into this document. He has been guilty of "treasons, rebellions, insurrections, misprisions, confederacies, seditious words, enmities, misprisions of treason, murders, robberies, felonies, homicides, rapes, burglaries, conspiracies, champartis, maintenancies, riots, routs, unlawful conventicles, arsons, depredations, transgressions, concealments, contempts, and all other misdeeds, offences, negligencies, extortions, ignorancies, and trespasses whatsoever." The pardon is made conditional on the surrender of the grantee's estates.

The prevailing tone of exaggerated invective which characterised public and private suits also found its way into the articles exhibited against political offenders, especially such as were suspected of "backwardness in religion." As an example, we may take the case of the feud between Charles Arundel and the Earl of Oxford, which cost them both their liberty, and the former eventually his country. These two had once been friends, till religious and party prejudices separated them. Oxford was a good example of Ascham's and Lyly's aversion, and of the truth of the proverb, "An Italionate Englishman is an incarnate devil." Arundel, on the other hand, was a sincerely religious and bigoted Catholic, and very credulous; while, as a proof of his imaginative temperament, it may be mentioned that he once excused his neglect of one sister and attention to another by giving out that he only desired to pay his addresses to the former through the medium of the latter. This gentleman had been accused, through Oxford, of Catholic tendencies, such as being present at a supper in Fleet Street, where seditious speeches were made; attending mass celebrated by a Jesuit; and amusing himself with a book of illuminated prophecies in the Catholic interest. But the gravest charge was that "he should bringe in a Jesuite to see

[1] The Barony of Offayley originally belonged to the Fitz-Geralds, and was committed by Edward I. to the *custody* of Thomas de Cluno.—*Cotton MSS. Tit.* B. xi.

the queen daunce in her privie chamber." This last charge of disrespect to royalty was dexterously retorted by Arundel: for Oxford, through Leicester's influence, stood well with the queen. He testifies to the Earl's "raylinge at (Francis Southwell) for comendinge the queene's singinge one night at Hampton Court, protestinge by the blud of God, that she had the worst voyce and did every thinge with the worst grace that ever any womā did."

Arundel's main charge against Oxford is an extraordinary production of malignity. It begins: "To reporte at large all the viceis of this monsterous Earell were a labour without end, bycause they are so manye, so vile, and so scandalus, that it should be paine to write them and lost time to read them." Nevertheless, he goes on to attack his character at great length. "And first I will detecte him of the most impudent and sencelesse lies that ever past the mouth of any man—divers of a million at the least that hathe past his tongue." The second count is that "he is a notorious drunkerd and verye seldome sober;" whereupon the writer proceeds to rake up all the foolish things the Earl ever said over his cups. Then follows a circumstantial and startling account of his unnatural practices. Fourthly, we have his "detestable practices of hireid[1] murders." These, however, seem only to have comprised shooting a man's hat off with a caliver; giving a servant £100 to escape from justice; and a wild plot to have "Mr. Sidnei" murdered. Lastly, his blasphemies are repeated, both to show that the world "never brought forthe suche a villonous monster, and for a partinge blow to geve him his full payment." The alleged blasphemies comprise an allegorical interpretation of the Trinity, and a still more scandalous theory of the Incarnation. The "parting blow" is really contained in the peroration, "In him no vertue to be found and no vice wantinge."

A careful perusal of the State Papers of the reign of Elizabeth will show at once the enormous prevalence of privateering, and the exaggerated views of the Government on the subject. No national crime has ever, perhaps, been held more venial by the people themselves. Restricted in every form of commercial enterprise, the sea was the only outlet for their pent-up energy. The feats which Drake performed in the queen's cause were emulated in their own by a hundred "village Drakes," and plentiful traces of them will be found in the reports of the commissioners of piracy. The officials, too, were accomplices with the people in this as well as in smuggling—for such the "piracies" generally amounted to—and at the

[1] So I read it. The Official Calendar has 'horrid,' which makes poor sense.

very time that the Spanish treasure taken by Drake was being stored in the Tower, a humble "pirate" was thrown into Exeter gaol for plundering a Spanish ship, and made his escape with the manifest connivance of the mayor and gaoler.

The following case, in the reign of Charles I., bears a greater resemblance to a modern smuggling outrage.

Thomas Gyar, mayor of Weymouth, and others, were found to be engaged in a gigantic smuggling enterprise, in the shape of exporting woollen goods free of duty, and importing French wines, and of other offences against the statute concerning the "exportation of goods and bullion, and the importation of trayterous and seditious bookes and pamphletts."[1] When once at sea, they evaded search of their vessels "by the strong hand." But to embark illicit goods they contrived to have them "secretlie laden out of the backe doore (of Gyar's house), and carried through the fould or yard." Hence they conveyed them to the beach in carts. But one day they were intercepted by John Gardiner, a custom-house officer, who stopped them till the leader of the party, "with his then ryotous associates, did then and there violently sett upon the said John Gardiner, and did cruelly assault, beate, wounde, and bruise him, soe as his face appeared visibly to bee blacke, and very much bruised"—they all the while crying, "Kille the rogue! kill the rogue!" After which one of them, "in boasting and scoffing maner, shortlie after affirmed that John Gardiner did not loose all his labour in coming to the beache, for he had given him a dozen good knockes with his sworde for his paines."

Indeed, the good man did not "loose his labour," for he by making out a grievous case of assault and battery got £100 out of the Government as compensation. If every modern coast-guardsman who received a black eye in a skirmish were to obtain £500 as amends, what harrowing tales would be inflicted on the public ear!

The two last cases relate to ejectments, and the account given by the officials concerned must be considered as a little overdrawn, even if we admit the truth of the proverb—"the Englishman's house is his castle."

To execute, in the year 1625, a writ of ejectment issued against the tenant of "Gates and Glossomes," co. Sussex, the deputy sheriff went with a party to the house, but did not approach, as he was informed from the windows that the ground under his feet was mined, and that "provision had been made to blow up anie five hundred men." Thereupon the deputy "took to his heels" and repaired to the

[1] Notably from Geneva.

sheriff, who came in person, but at once retreated on being told that it was intended to "kill and shoot" him. But meanwhile the deputy had brought up reinforcements in the shape of "one hundred men and three justices of the peace." These, however, dared not approach, so a justice bearing the equivocal name of Sir John Wildgoose [1] foolishly volunteered to carry terms to the rioters, and was promptly seized by them as a hostage. Not even the arrival of a hundred more "specials" and three "commissioners" could mend matters, for the defenders made a sally, armed with "long staves," and laid about them, inflicting "many cruel blows" and routing the whole company. The officials were content to report the matter to the "honorable court" that issued the writ.

The concluding case is that of an ejectment attempted to be served upon the tenant of the manor of Bradley. Here too an obstinate defence was made, the leader swearing "very deeply" that "if any did but offer to breake downe the walles" he would shoot the sheriff, "and soe thruste forthe a naked sworde out of windowe, and fyred of a pece." The sheriff then summoned six hundred men of the county, with two pieces of ordnance, and three justices of the peace. "But they in the house with gun and sword kept them off, to the great terror and amasement of them all;" and "having fortified the house in a very warlike manner," returned the fire of the cannon by "letting off six or seven musketts; and continued shooting all that day," though with more zeal than accuracy, it would seem, as they only hit three persons—the leg of one of whom was "broke almost a-peces." Finally the sheriff judged it wise to retire altogether.

The above are only a few scattered instances of a form of pertinacious misrepresentation which, with all its circumstantial details, approaches closely to the most common delusions of subjective insanity. Such reckless charges and counter-charges have, indeed, lost much of their weight through the narrowed personal jurisdiction of the king in his chancery. We no longer hear of a claimant who bases his demands upon the convenient assertion that he well remembereth that the defendant's grandmother demised her estates to his own respectable ancestors by certain writings under her hand, as therein more at large appeareth, though where he has deposited the same he for his part remembereth not. But if this will not hold good, then, being in sore anguish of mind, and remembering not what he did, he put the same precious documents upon the fire.

[1] I have by chance found that this worthy had just before incurred large liabilities by becoming bond for his brother—a notorious bankrupt.

Neither is there any longer occasion for the apt retort of the honourable court, that in their mind the plaintiff remembereth but what he liketh. Otherwise, the more charitable doctrine prevails of attributing these figurative licences to the highly poetical temperament of certain nationalities, or even to mere local aberrations from the fixed principles of dry narrative. Such, at least, is the case of the modern Essex peasant, who stoutly maintained under examination that his adversaries "hurled" his sister (then waiting to give, perhaps, similar evidence) "out of the field—and broke her back!"

It is only when we remember how many great events, and how many great characters in history, have been warped and blackened by what a modern scholar has called "the small-talk of dead gossips," that the subject wears a more serious aspect. In another direction, too, it may exert a warning influence, for we ourselves are engaged in "making history" no less than were our forefathers.

HUBERT HALL.

THE POETS' BIRDS.

IV. BIRDS OF OMEN AND SUPERSTITION.

Birds of omen, dark and foul,
Nightcrow, raven, bat, and owl.—*Scott.*

IF there are any three "birds," as they call them, which poets are rude to, they are "the night raven, bat, and owl." The preposterous conjunction of a myth, a mammal, and a harmless bird, as typifying the horrific aspect of Night, is thoroughly poetical. But, after all, the night raven is the poets' own, and they are therefore at liberty to do what they like with it; while the bat, not being a bird at all, can afford to be generous to such misdirected animosity. But the owl has very solid grounds for complaint indeed.

For myself, I trace the poets' dislike of this delightful bird to their intolerable affectation of thinking Night to be hateful. It is one of the poet's stock sentimentalisms; one of his original data of consciousness, that since Light is in itself salubrious and beautiful, and in its effects amiable and admirable, *therefore* Darkness is the reverse. He forgets that in Holy Writ, Night is specially mentioned with the Morning on each of the six days as pleasing to the Creator and satisfying Him. But, taking it for granted that they are therefore the children of Light, the poets make it a family matter to abuse Darkness and everything pertaining to it, even owls. They call Night a time of horrors, and even extend their objection to its colour, and speak of black as if it were the criminal of the paint-box. But, as a matter of fact, it might be contended that darkness is *not* favourable to horrors, and that a murder in broad daylight is far more shocking than one in the dead of night. Fancy is here opposed and contradicted by fact. "To be murdered in the dark saves the victim," it might very plausibly be argued, "half the horrors of violent death. It may rob the murdered man of the powers of defence and Justice of her revenge on the murderer. But if his death was certain, it was better for him that he should not see the act and its shocking accessories, the threatening weapon, the crimeful eyes, and the blood. Darkness really hushes up horror. Light, on the other hand, aggravates

it. And it is in the daytime that the atrocities of human life are chiefly committed. Ask the Police. Read history. The minds and bodies of wicked men are then most active ; and, in most cases, the criminal needs to *see* his victim." Poets may argue that it is an allowable exercise of poetical licence to extend to Darkness the abuse they really mean for Night only, but I contend that they are not, in the first place, justified in making Night the abominable converse of Day at all, nor, in the next, of lumping up Darkness in this way with Night. Night is no doubt the hour for burglars, and for caterwauling cats, and waits, and other detestabilities, and yet the tragedies of life are enacted, as I have said, between sunrise and lamp-time. So far, then, the poets are not in court at all. Further, as regards this confusion of Darkness with Night, this is, in a poet, most reprehensible, for Darkness is Mercy itself. Crime goes out in darkness as inevitably as a candle goes out in disoxygenised air. Darkness suffocates wickedness. It cannot live in it. For crime must not grope and go tumbling about, knocking its shins noisily against furniture. It must have *light*—or else be a cat. It must see its way before it to move noiselessly, to stab fatally. No. Darkness is not the accomplice of crime. They cannot murder any more than they can fight when there is no rascally light to show them the way to each other's throats. On one occasion only was Egypt absolutely without guilt in all its length and breadth, and that was when it was plunged into universal darkness. There was abundant profanity, no doubt, but the Egyptians, men, women, and children, were all of them, for once, under the spell of a compulsory innocence, and next day there were white gloves for the magistrates in the land of Pharaoh.

This being the case, I do not find myself going *à quatre pattes* with the poets when they abuse the owl. It is only a cat on wings, and many points better than a cat; for if its conversation is a trifle disconcerting to nervous folk, it does not pass the whole of its night under bed-room windows in the transaction of melancholy business. The owl reserves its remarks for the seclusion of the copse and the solitude of the belfry, and for Strephon and those belated; but it does not foregather with its kind in areas in populous streets and squares, and then, like the cat, dolorously confide its interminable miseries to all the parish, breaking off at intervals in a pyrotechnic climax of ill-temper and fizzing.

Three poets, Shelley, Wordsworth, and Burns, speak kindly of "the secret bird whom sunset wakens," and pity it as "the *sad* bird of night":—

Sad Aziola, many an eventide
Thy music I have heard,
By wood and stream, meadow and mountain side,
And field and marshes wide,
Such as nor voice, nor lute, nor wind, nor bird,
The soul ever stirred,
Unlike and far sweeter than them all;
Sad Aziola, from that moment I
Loved thee and thy sad cry.

Again:—

Shut out, lone bird, from all the feathered train,
To tell thy sorrows to the unheeding gloom,
No friend to pity when thou dost complain;
Grief all thy thought, and solitude thy home.
Sing on, sad mourner! I will bless thy strain,
And, pleased, in sorrow listen to thy song.
Sing on, sad mourner! to the night complain,
While the lone echo wafts thy notes along.

Yet Shelley, elsewhere, calls the owls "gibbering night-birds":—

As two gibbering night-birds flit
From the bowers of deadly hue,
Through the night to frighten it;

while Wordsworth calls it "boding." Shelley and Wordsworth also refer to the owl being sometimes of a mirthful kind—"concourse wild of mirth and jocund din"—"in a merrier glen to hoot and play"—to which may be added Coleridge's "jubilant."

But the majority, I might almost say "all the rest," are harsh to the owl, and describe it as a fowl of forbidding, melancholy, and disastrous ill-omen. Here and there we find phrases which seem to express a certain compassion, like Cowley's "sad companion of the night." Mallet's "wailing owl screams solitary to the mournful morn." Thomson's "wailing owl plies his sad song." Montgomery's 'wails the screech owl to the deaf cold moon;" and Wilson's

The hermit owl slow takes her gloomy way,
And frets and grudges at th' approach of day.

But Mallet and Montgomery are certainly not sympathetic elsewhere; Wilson is especially rude, threatening to shoot it for hooting, and Thomson's sympathy is, from the context, purely superficial. So that it is really difficult to enumerate any references that are kindly without any qualification.

The natural bird, "the downy owl," with its "silken flight" and "large eyes all bright and glistening grey," is, with the poets, "a bird of mean degree," "grim with talons armed," and "beak uncomely

bent," that "winks and goggles—like an owl." As a mouser it receives delightful recognition from Butler :—

> An owl sat in a barn,
> Sees a mouse creeping to corn,
> Sits still and shuts his round blue eyes
> As if he slept, until he spies
> The little beast within his reach,
> Then starts and seizes on the wretch.

And from Grahame, when in the barn :—

> Unwelcome guest,
> His meteor eyes shoot horror through the gloom,
> And numb the tiny revellers with dread.

That the barn-owl has recourse to subterfuge of feigned sleep is of course a Hudibrastic image, and the fascination of its eye, an allowable licence of fancy. In Gilbert White, Faber, Hurdis, and Wordsworth it has found more exact importraiture :—

> The still owl skims round the grassy mead.
> The bird who ceased with fading light to thread,
> Silent, the hedge or streaming rivulet's bed.
> What time the preying owl, with sleepy wing,
> Sweeps o'er the cornfield, studious.
>
> The eye
> May trace the sailing pirates of the night,
> Stooping with dusky forms to cleave the gloom,
> Scattering a momentary wake behind,
> A palpable and broken brightness shed,
> As with white wing they part the darksome air.
>
> The twilight-loving solitary owl
> That skims the meadow, hovers, *drops*, her prey
> Seizes, and snarling to her tower returns,
> Her woolly little ones there hiss on high.

While the Horned Owl receives from Barry Cornwall the honour of an ode as "King of the Night," and "Lord of the dark green-wood," but mingled with such acidulated compliments as qualify the honour very materially :—

> And the owl hath a bride, who is fond and bold,
> And loveth the wood's deep gloom,
> And with eyes like the shine of the moonstone cold,
> She awaiteth her ghostly groom.
> Not a feather she moves, not a carol she sings,
> As she waits in her tree so still,
> But when her heart heareth his flapping wings,
> She hoots out the welcome shrill !
> O ! when the moon shines and dogs do howl,
> Then, then is the joy of the Horned Owl.

While Jean Ingelow makes the snowy owl the subject of one of her inimitable poems. She tells us how in "the luxury of mischief" she went into the copse to steal the great owl's brood, "her downy snow," while the mother herself was away looking for mice "with her yellow, cruel eyes." She lies in ambush there:—

> The great fanning wings
> Troubled the dreams of rock-doves slumbering nigh,
> And she and her mate, like evil things,
> Skimmed the dusky fields.

And then she climbs up to the nest and steals "the imps," and, terrified at her own boldness, runs away.

> But afterwards, belated in that wood,
> I saw the mother moping on the tree,
> And my heart smote me for her, while I stood.
> So still she looked with moonlight round her shed,
> So motherlike she drooped and hung her head.

But the epithets applied to the owl generally, which are found scattered up and down the passages referring to the *natural* bird, suffice without lengthier quotation to reflect the opinion of poets of this bird:—"the bird of darkness," "bird of eve," "grave owl," "solemn," "bashful," "sad," "lone," "sobbing," "wailing," "moping," "dull," "moody," "sullen," "dismal," "hoarse," "grim," "boding,"[1] "spectral," "ghostly." These are the epithets applied to the owl, in plainer descriptive passages, and give in a sentence the poets' acceptation of the bird.

Out of nature—and it is in this form that the poets chiefly use it—the owl rises from mere sullenness to appalling malignity, and instead of "ghostly" becomes "ghastly."[2] Its sobbing note becomes a "terrific song" (*Beattie*), and its "sad wailing to the moon" changes to "the gloom-bird's hated screech" (*Keats*). Lovers "curse the owl's ill-omened hoot" (*Baillie*), and "to the screaming owl's accursed song" the murderer "attunes the dreadful workings of his heart" (*Akenside*). Witches use "scrich-owles' eggs and their feathers black" (*Percy's* "Reliques") for their villainous concoctions, and "foule goblins" are (in *Spenser*) their usual companions. The "screech owl" (or otherwise the beautiful "white" owl) is indeed a creature of surpassing horror. It is "deadlie" in Drayton, "of evil omen" in

[1] The Red Indians have a superstition about a little species of owl, from which it derives its name of "death-bird." When heard in the woods, the passer-by challenges it to reply by imitating its note, and the bird's refusal is accepted as an augury of early death.

[2] Spenser, *Æglogs*, and again *Faerie Queene*.

Scott, "fearful" in Chaucer, "curst" and "fatal" in Chatterton, "baleful" in a score of poets, "ruefull" and "ghastly" in Spenser, "dire" in Churchill; [1] and in Shakespeare,

> The scritch owl, scritching loud,
> Puts the wretch that lies in woe
> In remembrance of a shroud.[2]

All these adjectives are applied also to owls generally, with, in addition "terrific," "unhallow'd," "rude bird of hate,"

> Shrieking harbinger,
> Foul precursor of the fiend,
> Augur of the fever's end,

"Messenger of death," and "ill-faste."

> The owl was awake in the white moonshine.
> I saw her at rest in her downy nest,
> As she stared at me with her broad white eye,
> She dropt poison on me as I past.
> Here are the wounds!

Every one of the species is as sinister as Crassus' bird.

It would seem impossible to add a new insult to this list. Yet the poets have done so, for they *laugh at* the owl. They say it "goggles," pretend to think it "reverend," and call it a "headless owl," and "*round-faced prodigy*." This is surely the climax of provocation. Nero, it is said, was terrified when he heard he was to be put to death, but over and above his terror he was inexpressibly annoyed to find himself called by his private name, instead of his imperial one, in the proclamation announcing his fate. So, too, Richmond might never have fought the battle of Bosworth, if King Richard had not ridiculed him in the royal proclamation as "one Henry Tudor *or Tidder*." Mr. Pickwick, again, might have forgiven Jingle for swindling his companion out of the ten pounds, overlooked

[1] The owl at Freedom's window screamed,
The screech owl dire; whose breath
Brings sickness, and whose note is death.—*The Duellist.*

[2] Pliny says, "The scritch-owle betokeneth alwaies some heavie newes, and is most execrable and accursed in the presages of publicke affaires. He keepeth ever in the deserts; and loveth not onely such unpeopled places, but also that are horribly hard of accesse. In somme, he is the verie monster of the night, neither crying nor singing out cleare, but uttering a certaine heavie grone of dolefull moning. And, therefore, if he be seen either within citties or otherwise abroad in any place, it is not for good, but prognosticateth some fearfull misfortune." The source of our poets' "natural history" is fairly evident from the above.

the abduction of his host's antique sister, but his indignation fairly boiled over when Jingle spoke of his victim as "Tuppy." So with the owl; it might have forgiven, from its grandeur, the infamy thrust upon it by the poets, but to be called, on the top of it all, "a round-faced prodigy"! It is bad enough to be told that they "make a funeral sadder by their joys;" and to be set down as the companion of "infernal hagges," "hellish harpyes" and "wolves;" to have one's home, an ordinary ivy-bush, described as "a grievous yune," and "a hateful bowre;" to be described as spitting poison, and hankering after human corpses, is not calculated to conciliate any bird; but, after all, to be addressed as "*headless owl*"! The owl, it is true, is of a phlegmatic kind and not easily provoked to excitement, but even owls should be met half-way, and given a chance of amiability.

In metaphor, the owl stands as the symbol of Night and of Sleep. Coleridge speaks of "the owled atheism, sailing on obscene wings," and Butler of "sceptic owls." It typifies dulness or "owl-wisdom," as Southey calls it; the learning of the "scholiasts," and

> The owl-eyed race whom Virtue's lustre blinds.

Yet in Egypt it was the symbol of judicial death, the supreme award of law. In the East it is still sacred to the Ganges, and the bird on which Rahu rides; and

> In classic ages men perceived a soul
> Of sapience in thy aspect, headless owl!
> Thee Athens reverenced in the studious grove.
> And when the golden sceptre grasped by Jove—
> His eagle's favourite perch—where round him sate
> The god revolving the decrees of Fate,
> Thou too wert present at Minerva's side.[1]

In mythology, indeed, there are many owl men and women to keep Ascelephos and Nyctimene company, and at one time a goddess joined the group, for Minerva, flying to the woods in shame, accepted for the time the form and feathers of her favourite bird.

Moreover, in nature, the owl has some very remarkable points. No other bird exceeds it in service to man—silent, unobtrusive service; and we have very few birds in Britain to compare with it in beauty of plumage. And does it not, as differing from other birds, rear a family of varying ages, instead of filling its nest with babies all of the same age? And has it not—worthy of a poet's respect—ears so formed as to receive impressions equally acute, *both from above and below?*

[1] Wordsworth.

Associated, with exemplary punctuality, with the owl is the raven.[1]

> A cursed bird too crafty to be shot,
> That always cometh with his soot-black coat
> To make hearts heavy—for he is a blot
> Upon the book of life.

It is true that the one is a day bird and the other nocturnal, but this does not prevent them being, in poetry, comrades and confederates.

> Each bird of evil omen woke ;
> The raven gave his fatal croak,
> And shrieked the night-crow from the oak ;
> The screech-owl from the thicket broke
> And fluttered down the dell.
>
> The owl and the raven are mute for dread,
> And the time is meet to wake the dead.
>
> Here no night ravens look more black than pitch,
> Nor elfish ghosts, nor ghastly owl do flee.
>
> Let wolves be gone, be ravens put to flight,
> With hooting owls and bats that hate the light.
>
> Nor where the boding raven chaunts,
> Nor near the owl's unhallowed haunts.

I confess I do not find it in me to sympathise with the poets' abhorrence of the raven, the Methusaleh of the birds.

There seems to me great dignity in the raven in nature, in its courage (which makes the eagle respect it), its indomitable seclusion, and its self-reliance ; while in history it is positively a grand bird.

> Denmark's grim raven ![2]

---

[1] "That owls and ravens are ominous appearers and pre-signifying unlucky events, as Christians yet conceit, was also an augurial conception. Because many ravens were seen when Alexander entered Babylon, they were thought to pre-ominate his death; and because an owl appeared before the battle, it presaged the ruin of Crassus. Which, though decrepit superstitions, and such as had their nativity in times beyond all history, are fresh in the observation of many heads, and by the credulous and feminine party still in some majesty among us. And therefore the emblem of superstition was well set out by Ripa in the picture of an owl, an hare, and an old woman. And it no way comfirmeth the augurial consideration, that an owl is a forbidden food in the law of Moses ; or that Jerusalem was threatened by the raven and the owl, in that expression of Isaiah xxxiv., that it should be 'a court for owls, that the cormorant and the bittern should possess it ; and the owl and the raven dwell in it ;' for thereby was only implied their ensuing desolation, as is expounded in words succeeding : 'He shall draw upon it the line of confusion, and the stones of emptiness.'"—*Sir Thos. Browne.*

[2] Scott's *Marmion.*

What a terrible fowl it was, this bird of the Vikings, on the conquering banners of the Danes! and what a romance encompasses it as "the raven prophet of the North-Sea folk"! It was as the symbols of Mind and Memory that these "messengers of Valhalla" are engraven resting on the shoulders of Odin, the god of war; and it was as the augur-bird of the national fortunes that the daughters of Regner embroidered its fatal image on "the desolating standard." In Christian art it is immortal also. Noah's first choice fell upon it as the most intelligent of the feathered kind and a bird of the tempest; and no other bird, perhaps, except the eagle, could have sustained with adequate dignity the honourable office of the prophet's sustenance. It is the bird of Isaiah and St. Paul, of St. Oswald and St. Benedict; and if anyone should hesitate to shoot a raven lest he kill King Arthur unawares, I could hardly charge him with a criminal cunctation. In the mythology of the West it is the fowl of Saturn and the emblem of old Kronos; in that of the East it is the counsellor of Savi, and itself a potent constellation. Saturday is "the raven's day," and woe to the armies that fall on that day under the gloom of that ominous wing, that casts, in the poets, the shadows of darkness, desolation, and despair.

Like the crow, the raven was once a bird of beauty and the familiar of the god of art. But, indiscreet in its gossip, it told Apollo how faithless his Coronis was, and the god, in wrath,

> Blacked the raven o'er
> And bade him prate in his white plumes no more.

And since then Kahgahgee and his "black marauders" have been held in such poor esteem that even their connection with Olympus is discounted,

> As if the great Jupiter had nothing else to do
> But to dryve about jackdaws and ravens.[1]

And in the "black art" they are made to occupy a place of infamy. Medea used their "bile" as one of her most malignant ingredients, and Sycorax its feathers as best conveying her baleful dews.

The raven, however, presents itself to the poets under the following aspects, none of them of any dignity except such as attaches to supremacy in malignant crime.

They are (1) as being of excessive blackness; (2) as deriving a dreadful enjoyment from storms; (3) as haunting "not only un-

[1] "It is ful unlaful to believe that God showeth His privy counsayle to crowes."

peopled places, but also that are horrible hard of accesse"; (4) as building its nest out of reach; (5) as delighting in corpses, principally human corpses, and even among these preferring those of men murdered, hanged, or killed in battle; (6) as being fatally ominous, "death's foul messenger," and (7) incidentally, as the bird of the Ark, the caterer of Elijah, and a former favourite of Olympus. It stands also as the symbol of primeval Chaos, of Night, and of Darkness, of Desolation, Revenge, and Grief. "Black as the raven's wing" is a simile as old as language itself, and the "beautiful gloss of the raven's plumes" undoubtedly attracted the poets' admiration. This does not, however, prevent even Hurdis from ungraciously illustrating the bird's ingratitude with a sketch of its private life.[1]

> Observe the glossy raven in the grass,
> Croaking rude courtship to his negro mate.
> Yes, he's a flatterer, and in his song,
> If such it may be called, her charms recites.
> He tells her of her bosom black as jet,
> Her taper leg, her penetrating eye,
> Her shapely beak, her soft and silky wing,
> Her voice melodious—waddles courteous round,
> Vows to be constant, prays humane return.
> Solicitous in vain, he claps his wing
> And flies; she, much against her will, pursues.

Nor does it deter poets generally from using the epithet "raven" as adding a horror of colour to the subject of the moment.

Why the raven should be "the tempest-loving raven" there are no facts to prove, but the poets perpetually recur to the idea, as enhancing the general desolation of the bird they detest—"the raven in the tempest's gloom" being somewhat gloomier perhaps than the raven in the sunshine. How much "tempest" it likes we can fix with tolerable accuracy from Wordsworth, who says that "On windy days the raven gambols like a dancing skiff," but that "the storm keeps the raven quiet in her nest." Unless, therefore, the poets are only expressing a literal prejudice, we may infer that the raven likes just a moderate tempest, a *balmy* tempest, so to speak, with not too much hurricane in it.

And both natural history and the poets would support us in this compromise, for the raven builds on high, and excessive wind would

[1] "The raven is a peculiarly domestic bird, and a pattern of conjugal affection. It pairs for life, and both male and female take their share of sitting on the eggs and nurturing the young."—*Bible Animals. Rev. J. G. Wood.*

be especially dangerous to its "aerial wicker-work high-mounted." There are many allusions to the

> Shapeless rock of dusky height,
> The raven's haunt;

and the

> Oak, on whose forehead inaccessible
> The raven lodges with safety;

while the fact of the same pair of birds returning annually to the same nesting site is frequently recognised.

> On ancient oak, or elm, whose topmost boughs
> Begin to fail, the raven's twig-formed house
> Is built; and many a year, the self-same tree
> The aged solitary pair frequent.

"The Raven-tree" is indeed a recurring figure—what a dignity attaches, by the way, to the very name, "Raven-tree," "Raven's home," "Raven's-wood"! Coleridge founds an abominable fable of revenge upon the cutting down of one of these trees; and Cowper jeers at the raven for having its eggs, "a worthless prize," stolen out of the Raven-tree by Hodge. But how differently reads the narrative of a similar event in that true poet Gilbert White :—

> The fatal day arrived when the Raven Tree was to be felled. It was in the month of February, when ravens usually sit. The saw was applied to the butt—the wedges were inserted into the opening—the woods echoed to the heavy blow of the beetle or mall or mallet—the tree nodded to its fall; but still the dam sat on. At last, when it gave way, the bird was flung from her nest; and though her parental affection deserved a better fate, was whipped down by the twigs, which brought her dead to the ground.

Except when nesting—that is, whenever an unhampered preference is possible—the raven, according to the poets, haunts "blasted," "doddered" and "withered" oaks (which rhyme with "croaks"), the "she-wolf's den," the "cataracts," the "dusky cliff," and "gnome-haunted dales," and "greedy vaults." These miscellaneous places of residence are called "accursed haunts," and "black abodes."

In none of these aspects is the raven accepted as amiable or admirable. But in the rest it is portrayed as the very abomination of desolation itself. The raven is, above all, the bird of carrion, and of evil omen. As "flesh-birds" and "death-birds" they are especially popular with poets. Gathering to the field of battle, or croaking singly over the body of the murdered man—"raven's food"—with empurpled beak and claws and wings that flap heavily and low along the ground—

> Well does the raven love the sound of war!
> . . . . . There the peal

Of cannon-mouths summon the sable flocks
To wait their death-doomed prey, and they do wait ;
Yes, when the glittering columns, front to front
Drawn out, approach in deep and awful silence,
The raven's voice is heard hovering between.
Sometimes upon the far deserted tents
She boding sits, and sings her fateful song.
But in the abandoned field she most delights,
When o'er the dead and dying slants the beam
Of peaceful morn, and wreaths of reeking mist
Rise from the gore-dewed sward ; from corpse to corpse
She revels far and wide ; then, sated, flies
To some shot-shivered branch, whereon she cleans
Her purpled beak ; and down she lights again
To end her horrid meal ; another, keen,
Plunges her beak deep in yon horse's side,
Till, by the hound displaced, she flits
Once more to human prey.

Macaulay is perpetually feasting his raven with "armies" and similar cates, while Scott makes it the boon companion of the wolf, over the corpses of "caitiffs, outraged maidens, and slaughtered priests." They are [1]

The birds obscene, that croak and jar,
And snuff the carnage from afar.
The obscene raven clamours o'er the dead.

But "the birds obscene" of the poets is a large subject in itself, for it includes the most diverse species—"night-ravens," "night-crows," "night-hawks," "shricks," "whistlers," "bats," "harpyes," "hey-deggres," "choughs," and "jackdaws."

And fatal birds about them flockèd were,
Such as by nature men abhorre and hate,
The ill faste owl, death's dreadful messengere,
The hoars night-raven, tromp of dreadfull drere,
The leather-wingèd bats, daye's enemie,
The rueful shrick still waiting on the bere,
The whistler shrill that whoso heares doth dye,
The hellish harpyes, prophets of sad destiny.

It is a delightful stanza, and I would not spare a word from it. It may not be exactly true that men "naturally" abhor and hate owls, or ravens either ; that "screech-owls" feed on human corpses, or that bats are birds—and whether there are such birds as "whistlers" and "harpyes" I do not care to consider, for the stanza

[1] In Mackay and Shelley.

is admirable as poetry—and epitomises every one of the poets' faults with regard to nature.[1]

Apart, however, from the "night" and "midlight" varieties of the bird, the raven-ordinary is depicted for us in poetry in colours of surpassing gloom. It is the familiar of witches, of Sycorax, and other "hagges infernal." "It sounds its trompe of doleful dreere" whenever death or disease impends, and, "smelling graves," comes amongst men as

> The hateful messenger of heavy stings,
> Of death and dolour telling;

the bird that,

> Seldom boding good,
> Croaks its black auguries from some dark wood.

Antiquity has reflected on the raven, as on so many other birds, an "ominous" complexion, and our poets have misconstrued ominous as equivalent to *sinister*. Yet not only was black a colour of good omen, but the raven specially was as often auspicious as not, and the old woman in Southey was not wide of the mark when she twitted the nervous traveller—

> But though with the wind each murderer swings,
> They both of them are harmless things,
> *And so are the ravens beside.*

"Hideous," "funereal," "woe-boding," "lethal," it is the accomplice of guilty night, the comrade and fellow-lodger of toads and assassins, ghouls and wolves. It adds a horror to the dangerous gloom of rocks, the murderer's den, the witches' gatherings, the scene of yesterday's battle, the graveyard and the vault—a cruel and evil bird that delights in the disaster it forebodes, and rejoices in the disease which "it bears on its fatal wing."

Robins are "pious" birds, and therefore privileged, and so in a way "sacred"; and it is in these delightful phases that the poets prefer to notice them.

It is extraordinary how often in old ballads the idea of redbreasts covering over the bodies of dead men recurs:—

> Call for the robin redbreast and the wren,
> Since o'er shady groves they hover,
> And with leaves and flowers cover
> The friendless bodies of unmarried men.
> . . . . . .

[1] It illustrates (line 2) the apparent want of sympathy with nature that can suppose "abhorrence" of owls *natural* to us; (lines 3 and 4) their prejudice against special birds; (line 5) their error of fact; (line 6) their habit of using a second name for a bird already utilised under another; (line 7) their invention of birds to eke out their inadequate repertory, and (line 8) their candid enlistment of the fauna of fable.

And when they were dead,
The robins so red
Brought strawberry leaves,
And over them spread.

* * * * * * *

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
Till deathe doth end their grief,
In one another's arms they died,
As wanting due relief.
No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till robin-redbreast piously
Did cover them with leaves.

This last quotation is exquisite, and the idea certainly fascinated the poets. Among the more striking recognitions of the robin's "piety" may be cited Drayton, Grahame, Cowley, Prior, Collins, Leyden, Gay, Herrick, Rogers—all of whom point to the same reason for the bird's traditional reputation :—

Cov'ring with moss the dead's unclosed eye,
The little redbreast teacheth charity.

That lesser pelican, the sweet
And shrilly ruddock,[1] with its bleeding breast,
Its tender pity of poor babes distrest.

A veil of leaves the redbreast o'er them threw,
Ere thrice their locks were wet with evening dew.

Their little corpses robin-redbreast found,
And strewed, with pious bills, the leaves around.

When I am departed, ring thou my knell,
Thou pitiful and pretty Philomel,
And when I am laid out for corpse, then be
Thou sexton, Redbreast, for to cover me.

A primrose turf is all thy monument,
And, for thy dirge, the robin lends his lay.

And robin-redbreasts, whom men praise
For pious birds, shall, when I die,
Make both my monument and elegy.

---

[1] "The ruddock warbles soft."—*Spenser* (*Epithalamion*).

"The ruddock would,
With charitable bill, bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse."—*Shakespeare* (*Cymbeline*).

So the robin comes to be privileged, and with abundant merit; and what delightful lines the poets devote to it!

Thus Wordsworth—

> Brisk Robin seeks a kindlier home;
> Not like a beggar is he come,
> But enters as a looked-for guest,
> Confiding in his ruddy breast,
> As if it were a natural shield
> Charged with a blazon on the field,
> Due to that good and pious deed
> Of which we in the ballads read.
>
> And thou the bird whom we love best,
> The pious bird, with the scarlet breast,
> Our little English Robin.
> The bird that comes about our doors
> When autumn winds are sobbing.
>
> Art thou the Peter of Norway boors,
> Their Thomas, in Finland
> And Russia far inland?
> The bird who, by some name or other,
> All men who know thee call their brother,
> The darling of children and men.

And Thomson—

> One alone,
> The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
> Wisely regardful of the broiling sky,
> In joyless fields, and thorny thicket, leaves
> His shivering mates and pays to trusted man
> His annual visit: half afraid, he first
> Against the window beats, then brisk alights
> On the warm hearth, then, hopping o'er the floor,
> Eyes all the smiling family askance,
> And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is,
> Till, more familiar grown, the table crumbs
> Attract his slender feet.

Similar passages might easily be multiplied, but Wordsworth sums them all up:—

> Thrice happy creature, in all lands
> Nurtured by hospitable hands.

From being privileged, the superstition of sanctity has gradually attached to the redbreast, and folk-lore is filled with pretty legends about it. Its breast (which poets often erroneously describe as "scarlet" and "crimson") is said to be scorched by the fires of hell, whither it flies daily with a drop of water, every time in the hope of quenching them; or again, it wears its ruddy plumage in memory of that day on Calvary when it perched upon the cross and tried

with all its little might to diminish the anguish of the crown of thorns. So—

> The robin, ay, the redbreast,
> The robin and the wren,
> If ye take out o' their nest,
> Ye'll never thrive again.

And

> A robin in a cage
> Sets all heaven in a rage.

But, apart from all its legendary prepossessions, the robin deservedly commands the admiration of the poets as being the typical *English* bird, that gets merrier as the winter comes on, and is in full song on Christmas Day. "When staid Autumn walks with rustling tread," and "all her locks of yellow," he "cheers the pensive month," while he "mourns the falling leaf"—

> And plaintively, in interrupted trills,
> Sings the dirge of the departing year.
> . . . . . .
> Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest.

And then comes winter. But a long immunity from injury has taught him that he may seek alms without fear, and so he comes amongst us every frosty Christmas, as a welcome mendicant, and with a welcome carol. And could bird do more?

But it is impossible almost to think of "the robin" without "the wren," and could anything be more enchanting than the dreadful relations of these two birds!

> Ah! Robin,
> Joly Robin,
> Tell me how thy leman doth?

Think of the profligate in the case, and then of the victim of his unprincipled passion—a *wren*. The intrigue is certainly a delightful fiction.

But, after so much that is in praise of this bird, it would be showing an unfair partiality if I did not quote the Interpreter's moral of the robin, one of the quaintest passages in all that "book of delights," the "Pilgrim's Progress":—

> Then, as they were coming in from abroad, they espied a little robin with a great spider in his mouth; so the Interpreter said, "Look here." So they looked, and Mercy wondered; but Christiana said, "What a disparagement is it to such a little pretty bird as the robin-redbreast is, he being also a bird above many, that loveth to maintain a kind of sociableness with man; I had thought they had lived on crumbs of bread, or upon other such harmless matter. I like him worse than I did."

The Interpreter then replied, "This robin is an emblem very apt to set forth some professors by; for to light they are as this robin, pretty of note, colour, and carriage. They seem also to have a very great love for professors that are sincere; and above all others, to desire to sociate with them, and to be in their company, as if they could live upon the good man's crumbs. They pretend also, that therefore it is that they frequent the house of the godly and the appointments of the Lord; but when they are by themselves, as the robin, they catch and gobble up spiders, they can change their diet, drink iniquity and swallow down sin like water.

It is curious that a bird like the wren—"the viewless wren," as Wordsworth calls it—should be "a bird of necromancy;" yet such is the case. It is even more curious that the poets should avoid witnessing to the fact. Bird folk-lore is full of wren superstitions: how he obtained the kingship of all the birds by a fraud;[1] how the devil once entered into his little body; how a lovely but wicked siren used its form to decoy men to their destruction; and how it is a good deed to kill them.

The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
St. Stephen's day was caught in the furze.
Sing holly, sing ivy, sing ivy, sing holly,
A drop just to drink to scare melancholy.

And hunted he is to this day in many parts of England as a pious practice. *Per contra*, the wren is the object of the robin's affections, and as such receives from the bird of the ruddy breast a reflective sanctity.

Malisons, malisons, mair than ten,
Who harries the queen of heaven's wren.

And as everybody knows—

The robin and the wren
Are God Almighty's cock and hen.

Yet neither in the one aspect nor the other do the poets refer to the popular little subject of rustic tradition, "the tiny woodland dwarf." With them it is "the soft wrens" who "light rustling among the leaves and twigs"—

Their pretty gossip spread,
Or join in random roundelays;

"the busy wren," and "the wren with his little quill."

But, perhaps, the sweetest stanza is that of Jean Ingelow's, herself the sweetest of singers:—

[1] It was decided in a parliament of the birds that the one that flew highest should be their king. The wren hid itself on the eagle's back, and when the eagle had flown the highest the wren fluttered a little higher still.

With head beneath her wing,
A little wren was sleeping,
So near, I had found it an easy thing
To steal her for my keeping.

Could anything be more perfectly in sympathy with the wren?

The woodpecker has an abundance of tradition in the past and folk-lore in the present, but except for a solitary allusion to Picus in one of Hood's poems, and Montgomery's reference to the life of toil to which it was condemned by our Lord, the mythical antecedents and current superstitions of "the Taffie" are never referred to. Indeed, in all the range of English poetry, from Chaucer to Wordsworth, it would be difficult to collect as many as ten references to this picturesque and poetical bird, and I believe impossible to collect *twelve.*

The legend of the owl being once a baker's daughter, is sometimes transferred in folk-lore to the woodpecker, and Montgomery's line—

Thus am I ever labouring for my bread—

refers to the punishment inflicted on the baker's daughter by our Saviour, in consequence of her having refused Him and His disciples food.

Then our Lord waxed wroth and said, "Since you loved me so little as to grudge me a morsel of food, you shall have this punishment: you shall become a bird and seek your food between bark and bole, and never get a drop to drink save when it rains." He had scarce said the last words before she was turned into a great black woodpecker, or Gertrude's bird, and flew from her kneading-trough right up the chimney. And till this very day you may see her flying about, with her red mutch on her head, and her body all black, because of the soot in the chimney; and so she hacks and taps away at the trees for her food, and whistles when rain is coming, for she is ever athirst, and then she looks for a drop to cool her tongue.

One of the six "orders" into which naturalists divide the birds would comprise "the waders," and the first "family" of this order are the *plover* folk. Of these the poets recognise four species—the oyster-catcher and the dotterel, the grey plover and the lapwing.

The oyster-catcher, under its name of "sea-pie," occurs once in Mallet, who takes the liberty of making the bird "warble"; and the dotterel, unless Wordsworth really meant a "sand-lark" when he uses the name (for sand-lark is a provincial name for the dotterel) and says it "chants a joyous song," is only referred to by Drayton, who, after remarking that it makes a dainty dish, goes on to say that—

Its taking makes more sport as man no more can wish,
For as you creep or course or lye or stoupe or goe,
So marking you with care, the apish bird soth doe,
And acting everything, doth never mark the net
Till he be in the snare.

This is pure fancy, however, arising, it may be, from an imaginative observation of the plover—attitudes and gestures which are natural to the bird, or from a poetical tenderness for local tradition. So that these two birds only live in verse by the mistakes made about them.

The "grey plover" is noted only by Scott and Burns, both of whom make it a bird of melancholy associations—

Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover

says one; and—

Deep-toned plover grey
Wild whistling o'er the hill.

The lapwing—a name derived, by the way, from its lap-lapping manner of flight—receives more frequent recognition, and abundantly repays it by the picturesqueness which it invariably gives to the lines in which it flies—

From the shore
The plovers scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.
The purple moor where the plover cries.

The pretty artifice common to this tribe, and specially conspicuous in the lapwing, of pretending to be disabled so as to tempt enemies away from the nest, finds frequent reference in the poets. Thomson, with that truly awful disregard of nature that occasionally "shags"[1] his verse, perpetrates the following:—

Around the head
Of wandering swain the white-winged plover wheels
Her sounding flight, and then directly on
The long excursion skims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her nest.

After this, how beautifully do Shenstone's lines read:—

The plover fondly tries
To lure the peasant from her nest,
And fluttering on with anxious cries,
Too plainly shows her tortured breast.
O let him, conscious of her care,
Pity her pains and learn to spare!

The plover is a type of inconstancy, and in Scotland is held to

[1] One of this poet's peculiar poeticisms,

be ill-omened; and several Scotch poets refer to it in this sense. Thus Burns—

> Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear;

and Scott—

> Obsequies sung by the grey plover flying.

Grahame and Leyden are more precise, and give the traditional reason for the bird's ill repute:—

> But, though the pitying sun withdraws his light,
> The lapwing's clamorous hoop attends their flight,
> Pursues their steps, where'er the wanderers go,
> Till the shrill scream betrays them to the foe.
> Poor bird! where'er the roaming swain intrudes
> On thy bleak heaths and desert solitudes
> He curses still thy scream, thy clamorous tongue,
> And crushes with his foot thy moulting young.
>
> Ill-omened bird, oft in the times
> When monarch owned in sceptre but the name,
> . . . . . .
> Thou hovering o'er the panting fugitive
> Through dreary moss and moor, hast screaming led
> The keen pursuer's eye; oft hast thou hung,
> Like a death flag, above the assembled throng
> Whose lips hymned praise. . . .
>
> Bird of woe! even to the tomb thy victims by thy wing
> Were haunted; o'er the bier thy direful cry
> Was heard. . . . .
>
> Ill-omened bird,
> She never will forget, never forget,
> Thy dismal soughing wing, and doleful cry.

In the south of Scotland the lapwing is still looked upon as an unlucky bird. Mr. Chatto, in his "Rambles in Northumberland and the Scottish Border," refers to "the persecution to which the Covenanters were exposed in the reign of Charles II. and his bigoted successor;" and, quoting Dr. Leyden, alludes to the tradition that "they were frequently discovered to their pursuers by the flight and screaming of the lapwing." Hence the fact of this bird being regarded as unlucky in Scotland.[1]

Spenser's "Thracian king lamenting sore" is, of course, a reference to Tereus, who, in some Englished versions of the myth, was turned into a lapwing and not into a hoopoe. The same confusion of these two birds occurs in the Bible, where for "hoopoe" should be read "lapwing."

PHIL. ROBINSON.

[1] *English Folk Lore*, by T. F. Thiselton Dyer.

A MODERN SYBARITE.

ALTHOUGH few readers of the present day would echo Lord Byron's enthusiastic praise of "Vathek," and most would find in its incidents and descriptions as much of the absurd and bombastic as of the terrible and sublime, it must always be conceded a high place among the imaginative works of its class, and acknowledged to be an excellent imitation of the extravagances of Eastern fiction. But, it may be asked, who *does* read "Vathek" nowadays? Most people have heard of the Hall of Eblis, and many have read the famous description in some book of extracts, but of the adventures of the impious Caliph with the beautiful Nouronihar, and his wicked mother Carathis, once almost as familiar as the story of "Aladdin" or the "Forty Thieves," there is nearly universal ignorance. "Vathek" is now ranged among that peculiar class of solitary fictions—solitary in that you never hear their authors' names associated with any other work, such as Moore's "Zeluco," Croly's "Salathiel," Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein," Hope's "Anastasius"—which enjoyed exceptional popularity in their time, and have now become merely titles and nothing more. The sensation which "Vathek" excited was due probably as much to the extraordinary wealth of its author, his mode of life, and the mysterious interest which surrounded him, as to any literary merit it could claim.

The Beckfords were English settlers in the West Indies at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The great-grandfather of the author of "Vathek" was Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica, and his grandfather was President of the Council in that island; his father, although born in Jamaica, was educated at Westminster, having been sent over to England at the age of fourteen. Being enormously wealthy, he soon became a prominent personage. In 1747 he entered Parliament, and ranged himself on the side of the elder Pitt. Between 1762 and 1770 he was thrice Lord Mayor of London; indeed, William Beckford, as all readers of the history of this period know, was a very celebrated man in his day; he spoke out boldly against the introduction of Hessian and Hanoverian troops, and he bearded George III. for some discourtesy the King showed to a deputation

that he headed. Most famous was he, however, for his hospitality. He once gave an entertainment in the City to both Houses of Parliament at a cost of £10,000, and his dinners and assemblies at his town house in Soho Square were superb. He died in 1770, leaving his son, born in 1759, a minor, and the wealthiest commoner in England.

The mother, who was a daughter of the Hon. G. Hamilton, M.P. for Wells, a proud, arrogant woman, had an insuperable objection to public schools; so the boy was educated at home by private tutors. No mode of education could have been worse for a young Crœsus, who, above all, required that robust, manly life of equality, so opposed to pretentiousness and egotism, which constitutes the finest training of Eton or Westminster. As it was, the boy grew up shy, reserved, with an overweening sense of his own grandeur and importance. And it was probably this disposition which inclined him so strongly to Oriental studies; the stories of despotic caliphs, who held unlimited power of life and death over their subjects, and before whom all meaner mortals prostrated themselves in slavish adoration, were images congenial to the imagination of this golden calf, who doubtless longed to realise them in his own person. But, to do him justice, he was as diligent a student as though his future had depended upon his education. Besides Latin and Greek, he made himself proficient in five modern languages, took up the study of Persian and Arabic, was a good draughtsman, and studied music under Mozart himself. He used to relate that the air thereafter to be immortalised under the name of "Non Piu Andrai," was given him in one of his lessons as a theme upon which he was to compose variations.

Madame Beckford's objection to public schools extended to English universities, and young Crœsus was despatched to Geneva. At eighteen he made the tour of Europe, and returned to take possession of a fortune which amounted to a million in ready money, and an income of a hundred thousand a year. But he had already made his *début* as an author. Even from a boy there was a strong vein of sarcasm in his disposition. The housekeeper at Fonthill, who showed the picture gallery to visitors, used to give a wonderful description of the works of art contained therein, in which there was scarcely a particle of truth; this suggested to young Beckford the idea of writing a catalogue, with grotesque and imaginary histories of the different painters. The idea was carried out, the book was published under the title of "Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters," and thenceforth the visitors were regaled by their

loquacious guide with legends of Og of Bashan, Waterslouchy of Amsterdam, Sucrewasser of Vienna, &c.

It was soon after attaining his majority that he composed his famous romance, which, according to his own account, was written at one sitting of three days and two nights, during which so absorbed was he in his subject that he never rested and scarcely took food: it is probably the most extraordinary mental effort on record. The great hall at Fonthill was eighty-five feet long by thirty-eight feet broad, with a lofty vaulted roof supported by heavy stone pillars; numerous doors on each side opened into dim winding passages full of hollow and ghostly reverberations. "It was from that," he says, "I found my imaginary hall—the Hall of Eblis being generated out of that in my own house. Imagination coloured and invested it with the Oriental character. All the females mentioned in 'Vathek' were portraits of those in the domestic establishment at old Fonthill, their imaginary good or ill qualities exaggerated to suit my purpose."

Cyrus Redding points out in his life of the author, that the machinery of the romance is a curious mixture of the Hindoo and Arabian mythology, and he is of opinion that it was suggested by a book entitled "Abdallah: les Aventures du Fils de Hanif, envoyé par le Sultan des Indes à la découverte de l'Isle de Borico, où est la Fontaine Merveilleuse, dont l'eau fait rajeunir," Paris, 1723. "Vathek" was originally written in French; it was published in 1784, and two years afterwards an English version, by an unknown hand, was brought out. There were certain episodes in the MS. which for some reason Beckford withheld at the time of publication; many years afterwards he offered them to the booksellers, but demanded such an extravagant price—one thousand pounds—for matter that would have swelled a new edition only by a few pages, that all declined the risk, so they were never printed. A book written by a Crœsus is certain to be eagerly read, and as the life of the author became strange, secluded, and mysterious, and the stories of his wealth and magnificence grew year by year, so did its popularity increase. Every reader of fiction delighted to wander tremblingly among the gigantic ruins of Istakar, the palace of the pre-Adamite Sultan, Soliman Ben Daoud, and along the terrace, "flagged with squares of marbles, which resembled a smooth expanse of water, upon whose surface not a blade of grass ever dared to vegetate," and down the marble staircase which the yawning rock disclosed to the Caliph and Nouronihar, and so down to the Hall of Eblis, where the damned expiate their earthly crimes. As fine as any conception in Dante's "Inferno" is this picture:—

A place which, though roofed with a vaulted ceiling, was so spacious and lofty that at first sight they took it for an immeasurable plain. But their eyes at length growing familiar to the grandeur of the surrounding objects, they discovered rows of columns and arcades, which gradually diminished till they terminated in a point radiant as the sun. . . . . In the midst of this immense hall a vast multitude was incessantly passing, who severally kept their right hands on their hearts, without once regarding anything around them. They had all the livid paleness of death. Their eyes, deep sunk in their sockets, resembled those phosphoric meteors that gleam by night in places of interment. Some stalked slowly on, absorbed in profound reverie; some, shrieking with agony, ran furiously about, like tigers wounded with poisoned arrows; whilst others, grinding their teeth in rage, foamed along more frantic than the wildest maniac. They all avoided each other; and though surrounded by a multitude that no one could number, each wandered at random, unheedful of the rest, as if alone on a desert that no foot had trodden.

Twelve or fourteen years of Beckford's life were now spent chiefly abroad. His mode of travelling was almost regal: he carried with him a physician, an artist, a musician; he had never fewer than three carriages, besides led horses and outriders. As an instance of his lavish expenditure it may be mentioned that while at Lausanne he purchased Gibbon's great library, amounting to many thousand volumes, only that he might have something to read whenever he might be passing through the place. In 1783 he married Lady Margaret Gordon, a daughter of the Earl of Aboyne, and took up his residence at the Château de la Tour, near Vevay. The union, said to have been a very happy one, was but short-lived; after bearing him two daughters, the lady died in childbed in 1786. Overwhelmed with grief, he removed for a short time to Yverdon Lake, Neufchâtel, and afterwards travelled in Spain and Portugal. Fair Lusitania was his place of sojourn for some years, and the fabulous accounts of his wealth that were current, and the splendour in which he lived, soon rendered him one of the most important personages in the kingdom. Many years afterwards, in 1835, he published his reminiscences of this period in a book, "Recollections of an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaca and Batalha." During the earlier months of the Revolution he was in Paris, and was intimate both with Philippe Égalité and Mirabeau.

One of the most amiable features of Beckford's character was his love of animals; he would not have a hare coursed or a fox hunted upon his estate if he could help it, and all kinds of field sport excited his utmost indignation. "My God!" he exclaimed one day when looking at the picture of a fox-hunt, "I would give a complete existence to see a thousand of those fellows served in the same way themselves." He had a favourite little dog buried near his great tower

at Fonthill, and a marble monument placed over it. During his visit to Paris there occurred an extraordinary instance of that sagacity or instinct which seems to inform the lower animals of the presence of their friends. There was exhibited at the time a lion so ferocious and untamable that even the keepers feared to approach it. One day Beckford went to see it; after eyeing his visitor for a few moments, a singular change came over the savage beast; it rubbed its head caressingly against the cage, threw itself upon its back, and gambolled like a cat; fearlessly Beckford thrust his hand through the bars, and the creature fondled it and licked it, and ever afterwards evinced the same docility and affection whenever he approached.

In 1796 Beckford returned to England, and commenced the erection of that palatial mansion which for some years was one of the most talked-of wonders of the kingdom. The original house at Fonthill had been destroyed by fire in 1755, and magnificently rebuilt by the elder Beckford; even in his time it was famous for the splendour of its appointments and its superb art collection; but it did not satisfy the aspirations of his successor. The situation being low and damp, he resolved to demolish the old house altogether, and to raise the new building upon a more elevated spot. Five hundred workmen were employed for several years upon this gigantic monument of ostentatious wealth, the description of which reads more like that of some palace of the Genii from one of his Oriental tales, than an account of a private gentleman's house of the sober prosaic nineteenth century. It stood upon nearly as much ground as York Minster; it was in the form of a cross, and it has been compared to two such buildings as Westminster Abbey placed athwart each other, with the intermediate spaces filled up with offices. There was a tower 280 feet high: this monstrosity was unfortunate from the first; during its erection it caught fire, and Crœsus calmly enjoyed the magnificent spectacle of the destruction of many thousands of pounds; soon after, in consequence of a fault in the foundation, he sold the property, and it suddenly collapsed into utter ruin. Within this tower was an octagonal apartment 120 feet high, surrounded by galleries 100 feet above the floor; the idea of this erection was evidently suggested by the Caliph's tower in "Vathek." There was a grand hall; there were windows blazing with armorial bearings, and chiefly those of John of Gaunt, from whom he loved to believe that he was descended; there were doors from twenty to thirty feet high. Although wood and stone were in abundance upon the spot, the building cost the enormous sum of £273,000. Some idea of what even the old house was like may be

gathered from the fact that the materials fetched £10,000; while the announcement of the sale of the furniture and such works of art as the owner did not think worthy to be transferred to his new palace created such a sensation, and brought such flocks of people to the place, that the harvest was considerably delayed for miles round.

The grounds were as superb as the house. They were surrounded by a wall twelve feet high and seven miles in circumference, broken by numerous gates and lodges. This work was undertaken in order that no huntsman or sportsman might invade his property. Within were Alpine gardens, American plantations, thickets and dells impervious to light, flower parterres, and every device that the genius of the gardener could invent.

Although, when Nelson's intention to visit Salisbury in 1800 first became known, Fonthill was not nearly completed, Beckford resolved to give him a grand reception in his new mansion. Every cart and wagon in the neighbourhood was pressed into the service, though it brought all agricultural labour to a standstill. Even the royal works of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, were suspended, that 460 men might be employed night and day in pushing forward the building. These men relieved each other by regular watches; and during the longest and darkest winter nights they might have been seen at work by torchlight. And on December 23rd all was ready for the reception of his illustrious guest and the friends, including Sir William and Lady Hamilton, who accompanied him. In order to render the effects he had arranged more imposing, the visit was to begin at night. Upon passing through one of the numerous gates, the cortège entered upon a pathway bounded on each side by thickly-planted pine-trees, dotted here and there with coloured lamps. The carriages were escorted by a troop of soldiers carrying flambeaux, and accompanied by a band playing solemn airs and marches. Now and again the roll of muffled drums was heard in the distance, and the gloom was suddenly lit up by the blaze of beacon-lights, as the procession came in view of some hill rising above the blackness of the trees. So circuitous was the route, that it was three-quarters of an hour before they came within sight of the abbey. By the leaping and flickering torch-light, and its own illumined windows, the stupendous Gothic pile loomed imposingly through the thick winter darkness. Alighting from their carriages, the company entered the great groined hall, which was lit up by wax candles in silver sconces, hung with rich tapestry, and furnished with ebony chairs and tables inlaid with ivory. Between two lines of soldiers, they sat down at a table fifty-three feet long, to a banquet served in enormous

silver dishes : the fare, however, was plain and substantial, such as the monks of old might have regaled themselves upon. Sideboards and tables glittered with piles of massive plate. The company consisted of literary men, painters, musicians, connoisseurs, mingled with the grandees. When the meal was finished, the visitors were conducted up a staircase lighted by mysterious hooded figures bearing wax torches, into a room hung with yellow damask and decorated with cabinets of costly Japan work. On antique buffets were plate, cups, vases, and ewers of solid gold. They were next conducted into a library similarly fitted, and all in the monastic taste—shrines, reliquaries, and religious sculptures—illuminated by candles in magnificent silver candelabra. This room was separated by a screen from a gallery, upon entering which strains of music from some invisible organ broke forth, suggestive of the performance of a solemn mass.

Every part of the building was furnished with equal magnificence. Here until 1821 the owner lived in a studious and voluptuous solitude, only a few favoured friends—literary men, artists, and *dilettanti*—being admitted to his intimacy. As a matter of course, the most extraordinary stories were bruited abroad concerning the mysteries of Fonthill and its recluse, and everybody was eager to penetrate the *arcanum*. Frequently of a morning there would be a trayful of letters containing applications to view the grounds, which, had they been all complied with, would not have left their owner an hour's privacy, day or night. There were people who would not take a refusal, and who attempted a forcible intrusion. A story is told of two young men who one afternoon scaled the wall that surrounded the grounds, and, while enjoying their trespass, came suddenly face to face with Beckford himself. Their consternation may be imagined; they expecting nothing less than to be handed over to a constable, or to be hurried off by myrmidons to some terrible *oubliette*, where they would never more he heard of by their disconsolate friends. Their relief was intense when, after conversing with them very amicably for a time, he desired the pleasure of their company to dinner. It need scarcely be said that they eagerly accepted. The dinner and wines were of the most *recherché* description; the host's conversation was delightfully entertaining; and it was nearly midnight when he rose from the table, and, shaking their hands, said, "Gentlemen, I am delighted to have had the pleasure of meeting you; but as you found your way in without my assistance, you will have to find your way out in the same manner;" and the next moment they were politely shown out into the darkness of the night, without a clue to guide them through the wilderness that stretched away on every side.

Cyrus Redding gives a different version of this story; the beginning is the same, but the host acts more generously, and in the end has his uninvited guest (for there is only one) conducted safely without the gates. The anecdote is perfectly in consonance with many others, well authenticated, of Beckford's fondness for playing the part of Nemesis. One day, after driving his master to his destination, the coachman ventured to take up his wife, who was going to pay a visit to a friend; Beckford, hearing of this, sent him a footman to wait upon her, saying that, as she required a carriage, she could not possibly do without such an attendant; and for an entire year the couple were obliged to submit to this ironical vengeance. All his servants, however, were strongly attached to him, and some passed their lifetime in his service.

There is a capital story told in connection with him and the Duchess of Gordon. That a man of his enormous wealth should remain a widower was to the mother-world a most heinous offence, and every lure was cast out by gorgon mammas and siren daughters to capture such a splendid victim; but our hermit was proof against all temptations. Most famous of all the match-making mothers of the period was her Grace of Gordon, a resolute woman who cared nothing for rebuffs where a prize for one of her daughters might be gained, and under whose manipulation man was a weak creature indeed. Beckford was in the habit of paying a short visit to London once or twice during the year, but finding that he always contrived to avoid her and her darlings, the Duchess resolved to pay an uninvited visit to Fonthill and attack the lion in his den. Made aware of her coming, Beckford gave instructions to his confidential servant to see that the lady was sumptuously entertained as long as she chose to remain, and then retired to his private apartments. When her Grace arrived, she was informed that Mr. Beckford was engaged studying some new books that he had just received, and that it was more than any servant dared do to disturb him. The next day, and the next, similar excuses were rendered to her request to see the host; every attention was paid her, everything she could desire was at her command—except the master. During eight days this maternal fortune-hunter fretted and fumed, and resorted to every device her imagination could suggest to get at her proposed victim, but all in vain; and at the end of that time she was compelled to beat an ignominious retreat.

Although he hated to see his name in subscription lists, he is said to have given away a great deal of money in charity, and he never went out without loose silver in his pockets to give to beggars.

During his brief visits to London his slender figure, invariably clad in one style—green coat with cloth buttons, striped green breeches, buff waistcoat, brown-topped boots—was usually to be seen of a morning at the famous printsellers' and booksellers', especially at Bohn's. He was an indefatigable collector, and greatly thereby excited the jealousy of Horace Walpole; to such a height did the latter carry his spleen against his wealthier rival, that he entailed his Strawberry Hill collection in such a manner, as he fondly hoped, that nothing of it could ever be acquired by the proprietor of Fonthill. By a strange irony of fate, every one of the persons to whom these treasures were bequeathed died before Beckford; and at the sale that followed, the hated rival purchased all that he desired to possess. It was enough to make poor Horace rise from his grave.

In 1801 came the first blow to Beckford's colossal fortune; his title to two of his West India estates being called in question, there was an appeal to law, and the case was decided against him. The magnitude of the loss may be estimated by the fact that it included fifteen hundred slaves. But it was not until 1822 that he found it necessary to sell Fonthill. The excitement caused by the sale of the old building was insignificant when compared with the sensation the announcement created, that that mysterious palace and its contents were in the market. There were no fewer than ten thousand catalogues sold. "He is fortunate," said a writer in the *Times* of that date, "who finds a vacant chair within twenty miles of Fonthill; the solitude of a private apartment is a luxury which few can hope for. The beds throughout the country are (literally) doing double duty; people who come in from a distance during the night must wait to go to bed until others get up in the morning. Not a farmhouse, however humble, not a cottage near Fonthill, but gives shelter to fashion, to beauty and rank; ostrich plumes, which by their very waving we can trace back to Piccadilly, are seen nodding at a casement window over a depopulated poultry-yard."

"Fonthill Abbey," wrote Hazlitt in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for October 1822, "after being enveloped in an impenetrable mystery for a length of years, has been unexpectedly thrown open to the vulgar gaze, and has lost none of its reputation for magnificence, though perhaps its visionary glory, its classic renown, have vanished from the public mind for ever. It is, in a word, a desert of magnificence, a glittering waste of laborious idleness, a cathedral turned into a toy-shop, an immense museum of all that is most curious and costly, and at the same time most worthless, in the productions of nature and art. Ships of pearl and seas of amber are scarce a fable here; a

nautilus shell surmounted with a gilt triumph of Neptune, tables of agate, cabinets of ebony and precious stones, painted windows shedding a gauzy crimson light, satin borders, marble floors, and lamps of solid gold, Chinese pagodas,[1] and Persian tapestry—all the splendour of Solomon's Temple is displayed to the view in miniature," &c. Hazlitt, however, forms too low an estimate of the collection when he adds that it contained "scarce one genuine work of art, one solid proof of taste, one lofty relic of sentiment and imagination." It contained, among much that was uncertain, many magnificent specimens of art; to instance one, the "St. Catherine" of Raphael, now in the National Gallery. The house itself was purchased by a Mr. Farquhar, an Indian nabob, for £350,000. The contents, which were scattered far and wide, fetched a large sum, for everyone was eager to acquire some souvenir of so famous a place.

Nevertheless, Beckford contrived to retain most of his books and some of his choicest works of art. Most men so proud and ostentatious as he would have sunk under a sacrifice so stupendous, but he seems to have endured it with philosophic resignation, and although now over sixty years of age, he set about creating for himself a new paradise. From Fonthill he removed to a house in Lansdowne Crescent, Bath, which at that time was backed by a wild, uninhabited waste of down; he leased a stretch of land on the side of the hill, consisting of fields, quarries, and rough ground, and in a little while transformed it into a mimic Fonthill; rosaries, terraces, grottos, lakes, gardens filled with fruit and flowers and the rarest plants from Brazil, Mexico, the Himalayas, grew up as if by magic; and on the highest point, to render the imitation complete, he erected a tower. Truly, it could not compare in vastness with its prototype, being only 130 feet high. A writer in the *Athenæum* (1844) thus describes this work:—

> Mr. Beckford, at an early period of his residence there, erected a lofty tower, in the apartments of which were placed many of his choicest paintings and articles of vertu. Asiatic in its style, with gilded lattices, and blinds or curtains of crimson cloth, its striped ceilings, its minarets, and other accessories, conveyed the idea that the being who designed the place and endeavoured to carry out the plan was deeply imbued with the spirit of that lonely grandeur and strict solitariness which obtains through all countries and among all people of the East. The building was surrounded by a high wall, and entrance afforded to the garden in which the tower stood by a door of small dimensions. The garden itself was Eastern in its character. Though comparatively circumscribed in its size, nevertheless were to be found within it solitary walks and deep-retiring shades, such as

[1] A number of *outré* Chinese articles, that never belonged to Fonthill, were "rigged" in the sale by the auctioneer.

could be supposed Vathek, the mournful and the magnificent, loved, and from the bowers of which might be expected would suddenly fall upon the ear sounds of the cymbal and the dulcimer. The building contained several apartments crowded with the finest paintings. At the time I made my inspection the walls were crowded with the choicest productions of the easel. The memory falls back upon ineffaceable impressions of old Franks, Brenghel, Cuyp, Titian (a Holy Family), Hondehooter, Polemberg, and a host of other painters whose works have immortalised Art. Ornaments of the most exquisite gold filagree, carvings in ivory and wood, Raphaelesque china, gob!ets formed of gems, others fashioned by the miraculous hands of Benvenuto Cellini, filled the many cabinets and *recherché* receptacles created for such things. The doors of the rooms were of finely polished wood; the windows of single sweeps of plate-glass; the cornices of gilded silver; every part both within and without bespeaking the wealth, the magnificence, and the taste of him who had built this temple in dedication to grandeur, solitariness, and the arts.

In order that his studious solitude might not be disturbed by the tinkling of pianos or the ringing of bells, he purchased the adjoining house. He had a library fitted up after the Greek style; above the bookshelves were ranged priceless Etruscan vases, and over the tables were scattered the most beautiful specimens of antique ware. His store of jewels was marvellous; his cameos, agate and jade cups —one carved agate cup was estimated at several thousands—were numberless; every room overflowed with illuminated missals, rare books, drawings, paintings, old china, and works of art of all kinds. He had also a passionate love of flowers, and, winter or summer, every apartment was filled with them.

Only a very few select and congenial friends were admitted to this splendid retreat. He was a great reader, and besides pursuing his favourite Oriental studies, there was not a new book of any importance that he did not read. Thus among his art and literary treasures he passed the remainder of his days, always eager unto the very last to increase his collection. "I must have them—do not miss them," he would write to his agent whenever any important sale was on. On the 23rd of April, only nine days before his death, he wrote to Smith, of Lisle Street, the printseller, about the Dubois collection, then in the market.

He died on the 2nd of May, 1844, in his eighty-fifth year, and was buried in a sarcophagus of rose-coloured marble that he had raised in his grounds, and upon which was inscribed a line from "Vathek"—

> Enjoying humbly the most precious gift of heaven—Hope.

Twenty thousand spectators attended his funeral.

H. BARTON BAKER.

NEW FINDS IN SHETLANDIC AND WELSH FOLK-LORE.

I.

ARE Englishmen aware of the rich crop of living folk-lore that may yet be gathered in this country—more especially, I should say, in northern and south-western England, in Wales and in parts of Scotland, perhaps also in Ireland? Do people in general, nay, do the best-educated classes understand, as they ought to do, that these floating relics of a bygone faith often contain, under a wildly fantastic garb, curious ideas of what once was an endeavour to frame a natural philosophy, a cosmogonic system? Are the mythologies of Greece and Rome, of Egypt, Assyria, Persia, and India, even of Mexico, alone to be looked upon as worthy of the attention of cultured men, whilst the very threads which still bind the thoughts of the masses, in the more out-of-the-way places, to an ancient weird and charmful creed, are allowed to slip unobserved from our fingers—perhaps soon to be lost altogether? Why this neglect, when yet Germanic mythology and folk-lore—and whatever remnants there are still of their Keltic counterparts—often show poetical traits not less lofty or attractive than those of the classic nations?

However, the better knowledge of these things is surely, though slowly, making its way. In the English tongue, William Morris's powerful poem of *Sigurd and the Niblungs* has awakened a new interest in that grand heroic cycle which is the connecting link between the Divine Sagas and the popular tales of Scandinavia and Germany. Professor Rasmus Anderson's *Norse Mythology* and his *Younger Edda*, are strongly calculated to set men thinking again about the old circle of ideas. The *Folk-Lore Society*, recently founded in London, has already done some good work in the same direction. It were to be wished that painters and sculptors in England, like those in the Scandinavian countries and elsewhere, did more frequently that which Mr. W. B. Scott has done by his "Yggdrasil" picture. What an unexhausted mine of art produc-

tions there is in this uncared-for Germanic branch of mythology, if only artists were more serious students!

But enough of these forewords; for what I am going to present, in the way of fresh finds in Shetlandic and Welsh folk-lore, is simply a budget of bits and ends, of waifs and strays, though some of them have perhaps rather a large bearing upon moot or obscure points in our forefathers' view of the world and its origin. They might be called the flotsam and jetsam of a long-forgotten faith. The term seems all the more appropriate, because they mainly refer to a cosmogonic system of Water-Worship. They are scattered fragments; interesting wreckage, as it were, of tales and notions still current, here and there, in that far-away Thule, the Shetland Isles, as well as in South Wales. Some of these communications have reached me in consequence of casual remarks thrown out by correspondents in Lerwick, which led me to institute fuller inquiries. Others are the outcome of friendly investigations in the neighbourhood of Tenby, made in accordance with my own hints. Whatever merit belongs to the statements I now lay before the reader, I willingly attribute to those who have kindly helped me.

Before giving the result of these researches, a few words are to be said on the main point on which they bear.

I cannot perhaps assume it to be very widely known that among the Teutonic races there evidently was once a special creed, or religious system, which may be called the Vana faith—in distinction from the Asa religion of which Wodan, or Odin, was the chief God. This Vana cult, this adoration of the Vaenir, or Water Deities, either preceded, or was for some time contemporaneous with, the Asa creed which in its origin must have been mainly a Light- and Fire-worshipping religion. We thus get, in dim Germanic antiquity, two different systems, one of which—the Vana Creed—finally yielded before the other, or became merged in it. Two opposite cosmogonic theories were involved in these contending faiths; for they fiercely struggled against each other—so much so, that the believers of the Water-Religion on the one hand, and of the Light- and Fire-Religion on the other, at last gave battle to each other in the open field. This is, unfortunately, not a very rare occurrence in history.

In our days, when the upholders of the theory of Spontaneous Generation meet the advocates of the Germ Theory on the field of natural philosophy, they sometimes also get up a great deal of temper, as we know from the controversies between Pasteur, Huxley, and Tyndall on the one hand, and Professor Bastian on the other; but as their contending systems of growth and creation, or self-develop-

ment, do not involve hierarchical issues, they fortunately only come to intellectual blows.

In the case of our ruder forefathers, the question as to whether one ought to believe in a Neptunistic or in a Plutonic origin of the world, was to be settled by force of arms. The details of this struggle lie, historically, beyond our ken. It seems, however, probable that a Teutonic population which dwelt round the shores of the Baltic and on the coasts of the German Ocean, and which strongly held the Vana Creed, was met by a second Teutonic wave of immigrants under Odinic leadership, and that then the contest between the Water-worshippers and the Light- and Fire-worshippers was fought out. A dim record of that war is contained in the Edda, which might be called the Sacred Scriptures of the Northmen, but for the fact that their heathen contents, taken from oral tradition, were written down by the hand of Christians soon after Iceland had been converted to the New Faith. In The Eddic "Song of the Sibyl," [1] we read :—

Broken was the wall of the Æsir's burgh;
Battle-strong Vaenir tramp through the field.
Odin threw his spear all over the folk;
That was the first warfare in the world.

The struggle between the two creeds ended in a drawn battle, or at least in a compromise, such as has occurred in various ancient religions. Thereupon several of the Vaenir Deities were received into the community of the Odinic circle, in Asgard,—foremost among them Freyja, the Water-, Sun-, and Love-Goddess, together with her father, the sea-god Niörd, and her brother Freyr, the God of Love and Peace. On their part, the Asa Gods gave one of their own, Hoenir, as a hostage to the dwellers in Vana-Heim. Seeing that Hoenir is afterwards mentioned as one of the Asic Trinity which shaped the first human pair, and that it was even he who imbued the first man and woman with intellect, it will be easily understood that the Vana creed, though not victorious, must have made a deep imprint upon the Asa religion.

II.

With Freyja, who is called Vana-dis (Water-Goddess), the Cat is connected by way of attribute or symbol. Her car was drawn by a

[1] *The Song of the Sibyl;* 18.—The Völuspâ (Song of the Prophetess) may well be called "Song of the Sibyl"; the latter word being not of Greek, but of Skythic (probably Germanic), origin. "Sibylla" may, after all, be only a Hellenised form of "Völva," with one of the frequent Greek sibilants prefixed to it. (See the Icelandic-English Dictionary of Cleasby and Vigfusson.)

team of cats. In a series of essays[1] I have recently mentioned that the glowing cat's eye represents, since the days of Egyptian antiquity, the orb of the Sun or the Moon.[2] This fits in with the character of Freyja, who is both a Sun Deity, and, as we see from the Eddic Hyndla Song, a Nocturnal Rideress—hence, a lunar deity. Before the introduction of the cat into Northern Europe, lynxes were, in all likelihood, the turn-out, or in-span, of Freyja's chariot. Their shining eyes (from which the very name of the lynx comes in Greek and German) did, no doubt, similar symbolical service to those of their later tamer, domesticated relation. There are certainly additional reasons, both of a meteorological and an amatory character, which facilitated the subsequent selection of the cat as the typical animal of Freyja. For in mythology—as in Nature itself, of which mythology endeavours to render a more or less fanciful or poetical account—we must always be prepared to find rather a tangled skein of constituent parts, curiously intermixed. At all events, the Cat is so much identified with Freyja that in the still current Swabian and Bavarian tale of "Frau Wana" and the *Katzen-Wanen* we actually find the old circle of Vana-or Water-Deities transmogrified into demonialized pussies.

I have made these rapid introductory remarks about an ancient, pre-Asic creed of the Teuton race, in order to refer now to a fresh linguistic communication which has reached me from Shetland. I look upon it as a remarkable survival, or relic, from the Vana faith.

This Shetlandic word is VANEGA—meaning a cat. That is to say, it means a cat in that curious, mysterious, circumlocutory kind of speech which fishermen and sailors in the northern parts of this country use, when on the water. "Vanega" is what, up there, they call the sea-name of a cat. There are various such sea-names; but this "Vanega" name—which can only mean "*him or her that goes on the water*"—seems to me one of the most curious after-leavings of the old Vana creed. Having traced the word "vana," with the help of German, English, American, Hungarian, and Chinese scholars through a great many languages, from Sanskrit to the Teutonic and Slavonic tongues, and again from Finnic to Tamul and Chinese, I was pleasantly surprised to learn, in the course of repeated inquiries, that Shetlandic fishermen call, or once called, the Cat by the name of "Vanega." I believe this point to be of great importance for the fuller reconstruction of that Water

[1] *Contemporary Review* of August, September, and October, 1881.

[2] I take this occasion to refer to a valuable short treatise of Dr. Hyde Clarke, entitled *Pasht, the Moon, and the Cat.*

Religion which became fused, after a bitter struggle, with the Asa creed.

With this word "Vanega" we enter upon very strange mythological ground. *Vana*, in the sense of water, is traceable, as I have just mentioned, through Aryan and even Ugrian speech, and most frequently met with in Germanic languages. After repeated investigations, at first seemingly hopeless, I found it also in the Shetlandic tongue in various composite words, as well as in a single word, preserved in an old spell-song ("Robin cam' ower da *vaana* wi' a shü nü" . . . .), in which it evidently means the water, or the sea. Now, it is certainly remarkable that an animal proverbially so shy of water as the cat is, should nevertheless, in mythology, be spoken of as a water-being, as one that walks on the sea. We can, however, account for it by remembering, first, that the cat is the sacred animal of the Sea-god's daughter, who herself is also a Water- and Weather-Goddess, and who is called *Vana-dis* in the Edda;—and secondly, by keeping in mind the great Eddic story about the Cat which the God of Thunder was asked to lift in the dwelling of the Giant Utgard-Loki. That latter Cat was simply—the Sea.

This colossal and very amusing tale, which I think furnishes the key of the "Vanega" sea-name of the cat in Shetland, is contained in the Prose Edda, in "Gylfi's Infatuation." I will in a few words give its main incidents.

We learn from the Edda how Thor once made a voyage towards the Giant's Home, going over the seas, when he passed, with his companions, through a great forest, and at last came to a large empty hut. This they chose for their shelter over-night; but suddenly they were awakened by an earthquake: the soil trembled, and the hut tottered to and fro. In the morning they saw an enormous man lying not far from them, who snored so fearfully that the forest resounded from it. When the man woke up, he asked for his glove; and then it was found that what Thor had assumed to be a hut, was only the Giant's glove. In the course of this story, we see how the God of Thunder, who in comparison with these Titans was quite a little fellow, repeatedly tried to kill the Giant in his sleep, striking him with all his might on the head with his famous hammer. But each time the Giant, on opening his eyes, only drowsily said:—"What has happened to me? Has a leaf from a tree fallen on my head? Was it an acorn? Or are there perhaps birds sitting on the bough? and have they perchance dropped something?" At last, Thor comes to a castle, where the Giant-King Utgard-Loki dwells. There, Thor

is challenged to various trials of strength. Among them is the lifting of Utgard-Loki's cat from the ground.

It was rather a large grey cat; but though the God of Thunder, fortified by his girdle of strength, could just lift the cat so far that, with back put up, she was compelled to raise one foot from the ground, Thor was not able to do more with her. Then said Utgard-Loki:—"This game has ended just as I expected; the cat is rather large, and Thor is little and short, at the side of the tall men who are here with us." Then Thor became very angry, and wanted to wrestle with any one present. In all his efforts he was, however, not very successful, though he showed mighty strength.

When Thor left the castle, his Titanic host gave him the explanation of his ill success. "You really did a great deal," said Utgard-Loki, "when you lifted the cat a little. To tell the truth, all who saw you lifting one of her feet from the ground, were very much terrified; for the cat was not what it seemed to you to be: it was the Midgard Serpent which encircles all lands!"

Now, the Midgard Serpent—the Snake of the Middle Garden, or Earth—is the Sea. Here, then, the vasty grey, or foam-speckled, deep of the North, which often puts up its back in tumultuous waves, is conceived as a great cat—a *Meer-katze*, as we have it in German. So, from two parallel lines in mythology, from the cat of the Vana-dis Freyja, and from the animal in the Castle of those Giants who symbolise the enormous, untameable Forces of Nature, we can explain this Shetlandic sea-name of *Vanega*, which, so far as I know, has not yet been mentioned in literature.

I may observe here that Dr. Sullivan, the President of Queen's College, in Cork, traces the mythic meaning of the cats in all the Irish sea-legends to a northern growth, to Teutonic mythology, and more especially to Freyja's sacred animal. He incidentally alludes to the fact of the Vana Deities of Scandinavian (and I may add, German) mythology having sunk, in the Swabian and Bavarian tales to which I have before referred, to heathens bewitched into cats. He further says:—"The description of the great sea-cat in the Irish Brendan is based upon the knowledge of the sea-lion and other species of the same kind of marine animals."[1] (Indeed, as may be seen from the two specimens in the Brighton Aquarium, the so-called sea-lion has a very cat-like head and shape of the upper parts.)

Natural history and poetical fancy have thus combined to form this Germanic conception of the sea as a cat, and to make Shetlandic

[1] The *Kensington Magazine* for November, 1880, "The Aryan Soul-Land."

fishermen speak, in their secret language, of the ordinary pussie as of "her that goes on the water."

In "Folk Lore from the United States," Mr. William George Black says that, in reference to cats, he "heard this summer of an old woman in Block Island, who actually did put a cat under a barrel, and kept the poor thing there till it was nearly starved, *in order to prevent the sailing of a certain schooner*, at the captain of which she had some spite. The cat made her escape, and came down to the house where we stayed, to be fed. There was much indignation against the worker of the spell, but though Block Island contains a flourishing Baptist church, and a high school, and a good public library, people did, nevertheless, seem to feel that it was just as well not to offend this objectionable old lady, who might cause 'something to happen.' Moreover, though there had been no wind for many days, no sooner had the cat partaken of refreshment from the hospitable Mrs. . . . . than a brisk breeze sprang up, and the schooner sailed." [1]

Have we not here a remarkable survival of the symbolical identity of the cat with the carrying power of the water? The cat being imprisoned, the schooner cannot sail. As soon as the cat is free, the breeze springs up, and the ship sails. I assume this cat superstition on Block Island to have been brought over to North America by settlers from Northern Europe.

III.

Considering that Pussie is the hallowed animal of the Vana Goddess, and that the sea itself was symbolised as an enormous cat, we cannot wonder to hear that in Shetlandic folk-lore (as one of my correspondents, Mr. R. Sinclair, writes) "it is a good omen if a cat runs before a fisherman on his way to the fishing; a bad omen if she crosses his path"—which latter, of course, is a sign that he should give up his intention for that day." Again, I am told that—"if she is observed running to the boats' 'nust' [2] (place of landing) before a fisherman returns from sea, it indicates a good catch." "But time," my whilom fisherman friend adds, "would fail to tell all the innate virtues of the *Vanega*."

It may be that feline instinct, as regards the weather, has something to do with a cat's liking to run seawards, or with her aversion to going there; and then a fisherman's probable luck or ill-luck

[1] The *Folk-lore Record*, vol. iv. 1881.

[2] To nustle (older English: to nusle) = to nurse; to coddle; or to take care of ondly.

on certain days might be explained from the fine meteorological feeling of that very sensitive animal. In that case, the popular superstition, as happens very often, would have a basis in natural law. All huntsmen, shepherds, and other persons observant of the habits of animals, are able to draw many correct conclusions from the conduct of these latter, when changes of weather are impending. Thus, there might be, in some of these "Vanega" superstitions, even a grain of sense as regards weather-knowledge. Mythology is in a great measure made up of such inner sensible, or at least comprehensible, meanings which are afterwards overlaid by fancies run wild.

I know that Cat-Lore—if I may coin that word—is especially overgrown with the most contradictory tales. Thus, when we hear—as stated by the Rev. Walter Gregor, the author of *Notes on the Folk-lore of the North-East of Scotland*—that "it was deemed highly unlucky for a bride setting out to be married to meet a cat," I am inclined to think that this belief is a revulsion from that older conception of the cat as an eminently luck-bringing animal. I hold the present superstition to be the result of an anathema pronounced upon Freyja's sacred animal by the teachers of the New Creed; for Freyja was once eminently appealed to by lovers, and therefore a dangerous rival of the Madonna who replaced the Germanic Vana-dis. In the same way, the superstitious abhorrence in which the spider is, or was till lately, held by most women in Germany, is, no doubt, traceable to a similar anathema against Freia-Holda, or Berchta, in her character as a protectress of housewifely industry, especially of spinning. The spider, in German, is called *Spinne* ("Spinner," in Shakspeare's "Romeo and Juliet") from its spinning or weaving quality, and evidently was of old, like the Lady-bird, one of Freia's sacred insects.

The original Germanic idea of the cat being a beneficent being, is implicitly confirmed by the following communication :—

"One thing"—the thoughtful Lerwick correspondent beforementioned writes—"I have often wondered at is, the prominent figure that this animal presents in various ancient cults. But certainly, Shetland superstition takes away none of the feline honours in this respect. Here it would be too much to enter into all details in which the cat is made to play a part. In witchcraft, metamorphosis, auguries, cures of ills brought on by malignant influences, this useful animal becomes a handy instrument."

Unlike what the Rev. Walter Gregor says of that animal in the north-east of Scotland, it does, then, by no means "bear a bad racter in every respect" in Shetland. On the contrary, it is, or

was, held there in high esteem, not to say veneration. Undoubtedly the Shetlandic view represents the real old heathen notions of the sacredness and value of Freyja's team.

I am further told from Shetland that "a cat gaanin i' da lift' (German: *Luft*), that is, looking up into the sky, foretells wind. 'Sleepin' upo' her harns' (German: *Hirn*), that is, sleeping with the back of her head turned down, indicates a calm," and so forth. All these popular saws may be truly founded in the cat's great sensitiveness as regards changes of the weather; and this was perhaps an additional reason for her being chosen as the blessed animal of the Sun-, Love,- and Weather-Goddess Freyja. When primitive races find such prophetic sensitiveness in an animal, the transition to its being considered gifted with other mysterious powers of foreknowledge is for them an easy one. In this respect, our forefathers were, and some persons of the popular classes still are, as superstitious as men ordinarily were in classic antiquity, including not a few of the greatest statesmen and generals, unless they pandered, for their own purposes, to what was to them an exploded belief.

With these remarks I conclude what I have recently learnt of Cat Stories from Shetland. If these superstitions are very eccentric indeed, we must still remember that even highly civilised nations like the Egyptians did much worse. They had perfect Museums of embalmed cats. And so far as we can judge, the Germanic races combined their fanciful zoological symbolism of the phenomena of Nature at any rate with a great deal more of poetry, as well as with that peculiar grim northern humour which comes out in the story about Thor and Utgard-Loki's great cat.

IV.

Another piece of strange animal symbolism reaches me also from Shetland. I heard, from a friend there, that there was, until recently, a most extraordinary bit of lingering belief in a Great Monster "inhabiting a very remote region in the waters, to whose respirations the tides are due." It is a weird notion—a most oppressively fantastic conception of beast-worshipping polytheism. Yet it was once prevalent among a bold race of seamen, who, with all their religious, awe-struck reverence for the sea, were and are certainly not afraid of the water. In consequence of my inquiries I received the following statement from my Lerwick friend, the ex-fisherman. He says:—

"Referring to the now effete Shetlandic idea of the cause of the tides, I may say I have to fall back on reminiscences more than half a

century old. When a mere boy or young lad, and being in the wilds of Shetland, I ever felt a craving to understand the cause of this and the cause of that; but, being entirely cut off from the world, could get but sorry food to satisfy my mental cravings. I had no school-master near, nor even any educated individual, nor even a book but the Bible and catechism, which it was long before I could read properly. I was ever asking all and sundry; and an old man named John Georgeson, from whom I got many of my 'Finn' and 'Sea-Kye' tales, gave me his version of the cause of the tides. Namely, that away far out in the sea, near the edge of the world, there lived a monstrous Sea-Serpent that took about six hours to draw in his breath, and six hours to let it out; which sufficiently (to him at least) accounted for the rise and fall of the waters. I felt inclined to laugh at the monstrous idea, yet was entirely puzzled to know the real cause."

After having stated how in the end he got a more scientific explanation of ebb and flood through a seaman, the writer adds:—"At that time I knew nothing of any Northern Mythology, and know but little still; but after a peep into Mallet, etc., I was led to the conclusion that what I have referred to was simply some traditional idea of the Midgard Serpent which I had caught at the vanishing point."

This is certainly quite a correct interpretation. And the Midgard Serpent, or World Snake, of the Northmen is, I need not say, only the poetical counterpart of the Greek Okeanos, who locked the whole earth in his embrace as with a girdle of waves. More than this, the Greeks also had, at one time, a conception of the Universe as a giant sea-creature which in breathing produced the tides. This notion lasted down to the days of Pytheas who devoted a special refutation to it.

Incidentally it may be pointed out here that in Norse and German mythology and folk-lore there are frequent zoomorphic and anthropomorphic explanations of the phenomena of Nature. There is, for instance, the old German popular conception of the winds and the whirlwind as barking dogs, or as a wild boar. The boar's peculiarly curled tail was, by a poetising nature-worship, looked upon as a symbol of the twirl of dust created by a cyclonic storm or tornado. "*Sau-wedel! Sau-zagel!*" ("Pigs-tail!") German children, here and there, still call out mockingly, when the whirlwind shapes gyrating columns of dust. Nor must this conception of the Wind as a wild boar be thought to involve any disrespect to the former; for the supposed course of the Sun, also, was symbolised by Freyja's

quick-running boar Golden-bristles. The golden bristles represented the rays of the heavenly orb. Hence the boar was the sacred winter sun-solstice, or Yule, dish of the Teutons, being served up for a holy supper in heathen times—as he still is at Christmas time in Oxford.[1]

Anyone who will quarrel with this Teutonic zoomorphism, must also quarrel with Virgil's similar poetical renderings of the phenomena of the air. Why, then, should not the Edda imagine the Wind as a neighing horse?[2] An anthropomorphic representation of a natural phenomenon, in that Norse Scripture, is the Giant who, sitting at the end of Heaven in eagle's garb, stirs up the wind with his wings.[3] At the Downfall of the World, another Giant was said to play a powerful harp in accompaniment of the final conflagration. The mighty sounds of his harp, no doubt, symbolise the roar of the storm-wind arising during the fiery catastrophe. When we remember the storm-bag of Aiolos, and the winged figures by which the Greeks represented their wind-gods, these fancies of the Teutons will acquire a value of their own with all those who are able to enter into such poetical notions.

V.

Going by the idea of water being the great cosmogonic Power, the great evolutionary element in which everything was contained, involved, and foreshadowed, the Greeks had, by a process of reasoning which we find among all nations given to water-worship, their water-oracles and their prophetic Water-Gods. The same was the case with the Teutonic race. To this order of ideas belongs the following which I have received from Shetland :—

"A vast number of our superstitious beliefs"—says my informant—"especially those that are, or rather were, connected with forecasts, luck, injuring neighbours by witchcraft, or spells used to counteract such craft, have a direct connection with the Sea—though sometimes also with Fire. Water out of the 'third die,' that is, the wavelet that reaches your feet when you come to the 'shoor-mil,' namely, the edge of the water, was reckoned of great virtue, and could be used either in working mischief, or preventing it, or in retaliation. But only the initiated could safely use it, as it was a two-edged weapon. I could, if space allowed, give some of the mummery connected with it."

[1] "The Boar's Head Dinner at Oxford, and a Germanic Sun-God"; by Karl Blind, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of January, 1877.

[2] The Song of Alwis; 21.

[3] The Song of Wafthrudnir; 36, 37.

In explanation of the word "die," my Lerwick correspondent says :—

"The word 'die' is an old term for 'wave;' and so far as I know, has no reference to death. Before the introduction of the mariner's compass, tradition says that old fishermen could find the land in a dense fog through their knowledge of *da moder-die*—the Mother-Wave—or some wave-motion that indicates the direction of the land. This faculty seems to be lost by their modern representatives, perhaps because not required. I was long a fisherman, but although I tried studiously to mark every wave-motion, in order to revive the lost useful art, I never observed anything I could take as a safe guide in a *stackit mist*. 'A awfoo' die' may mean a heavy swell, or one large wave; more generally the latter. 'Die,' therefore, means wave, large or small. But why such occult virtue is attributed to the third, more than to the first, wave, remains alone with the initiated."

However, "three" is a sacred number [from the most ancient times. Trinities of gods are to be met with in classic, as well as in Germanic and other mythologies. Three Asa gods—Odin, Wili, and We—first arise from the marriage of Bör and the Giant's daughter. Three Vanic deities are received into Asgard. Three Aesir—Odin, Hoenir, and Lodur—form the first human pair. Three Aesir—Odin, Hoenir, and Loki—often journey together. Three Aesir—Odin, Thor, and Freyr—sit on the judgment-seat. Their images stood as a Trinity in the temple at Upsala. These trilogies are endless. It is, therefore, easy to account for the virtue of the third wavelet; three being so hallowed a number.

VI.

Being on the subject of folk-lore connected with the sea, I may turn over, for a little while, to the question of the so-called sea-names.

There is quite a habit, among the sea-faring class in parts of Scotland, of employing, on board ship, other words for many things, animals, occupations, and persons, than what is usually done on land. The same custom prevails in the Shetland Isles. The inhabitants of the latter are of pure Teutonic descent, though of a branch different from that of the Germanic Lowland Scotch. The Shetlanders hail from the Norse race, with perhaps an admixture of what might be called a German-Gothic element; which probably accounts for the fact of many Shetland words having greater affinity with Gothic and later German than with Icelandic. Politically

speaking, the Shetlanders, who were forcibly converted to Christianity, belonged to Norway and Denmark until the latter part of the fifteenth century, when they were given in pledge, in a redeemable way, to the Scottish Crown, through which their country afterwards was joined to England. From all that I have heard for years from Shetlanders, I conclude that among them the most valuable remnants of Teutonic mythology, which have died out almost everywhere else, are still to be found, but are rapidly becoming extinct now even there. My endeavour has been to gather up as much of them as is still possible before they become quite lost.

Now, as to the sea-names used in Shetland, many of them, like those in Scotland, are merely periphrastic for the ordinary words which are not lucky to name at sea. Others, on the contrary, bear the clear trace of having once belonged to the older stock of the people's speech, but are now obsolete. Others, again, are a kind of hieratic language.

The sea itself is, or was once, held in the Shetland Isles in such mysterious awe or reverence that its name, like that of Jehovah among the Hebrews, was never mentioned at all by fishermen on the point of putting out to sea. One of my Shetland correspondents writes :—"'*The sea*,' said an old woman who was regarded as a good authority in our occult lore, '*is the greatest witch in all the world.*'" This is clearly a remnant of an old view about the great cosmogonic power of the sea, the aboriginal or generative fluid—a view we find in Vedic, Persian, Babylonian, Hebrew, Greek, Roman, Germanic, and other creation-stories, as well as in Haeckel's *Schöpfungsgeschichte.*

This unspeakable, unmentionable sacredness of the sea, which necessitated the use of a number of words different from those used on land, may be gathered also from Mr. Walter Gregor's *Notes on the Folk-Lore of the North-East of Scotland;* published this year by the Folk-Lore Society. He says :—

"A fisherman, on proceeding to sea, if asked where he was going, would have put out with the thought that he would have few or no fish that day, or that some disaster would befall him. He might have returned, under fear of being drowned if he went to sea. Sometimes such an answer was given as: 'Deel cut oot yer ill tongue!'"

This fully corresponds to the Shetland notion of the mysterious character of the sea which must be thought rather than spoken of. Here it may be pointed out that the north-east of Scotland has, like the Shetland Isles, from ancient times borne a strong Germanic im-

print—witness, for instance, the name of the Norse God of Thunder, which appears in Thurso. The concordance in this special domain of sea folk-lore, between Shetland and north-eastern Scotland, is therefore easily accounted for.

In the *Notes* before quoted, it is also stated in regard to fishermen's habits in North-Eastern Scotland :—

"When at sea, the words 'minister,' 'kirk,' 'swine,' 'salmon,' 'trout,' 'dog,' and certain family names, were never pronounced by the inhabitants of some of the villages, each village having an aversion to one or more of the words. When the word 'kirk' had to be used, and there was often occasion to do so, from several of the churches being used as land-marks, the word 'bell-hoose' or 'bell-'oose' was substituted. The minister was called 'the man wi' the black quyte.' A minister in a boat at sea was looked upon with much misgiving. He might be another Jonah."

This, by the way, reminds us of a passage in the German Nibelungen Epic, where the grim hero Hagen throws a priest overboard, after having been told by a prophetic water-siren in the Danube that none of his knights would return living from the land of the Huns, except that priest. It almost looks as if the peculiar unluckiness attributed to the presence of a Christian priest on board ship, was connected with the survival of ancient heathen notions about the mysterious power of the sea and the strange semi-divine forms and figures which even now are believed by some skippers and fishermen to emerge from the waves. This would explain why the sea should be spoken of with 'bated breath by men putting out to it, and that even certain things and persons should be alluded to, on the water, in a kind of occult or hieroglyphic language.

I have before me a list of forty-two sea-words, drawn up by a Shetland lad, who, in a self-taught way, has constructed a most elaborate system of rendering, by signs, the vocalisation of his country's dialect. There are other valuable communications in it, bits of old songs and superstitions, and so forth, together with suggestions of his own. The Lerwick friend, who sends me his closely and beautifully written letter of fourteen pages, is Mr. Arthur Laurenson, whose paper on "The Colour-Sense of the Edda" was recently read by Mr. Ellis in the Royal Society of Literature—a paper which very forcibly made out the strong development of the colour-sense among the old Norse race; thus ably disposing of what I believe to be altogether a mistaken view as to the defective development of that sense among the nations of

ity. I hold that whatever defect may have existed, say, among

the early Greeks, was merely a linguistic one—not a failure of their perceptive qualities. But this only by the by. Mr. Arthur Laurenson, referring to his young friend's communication, says with perfect right :—"I am sure you will agree with me that a race which produces a peasant-lad who can write this, has some literary gifts of a hereditary kind, probably coming to us from our bygone days, when we were a more famous folk."

In the sea-words noted down by the young Shetlander, there are some easily recognisable as being simply periphrastic—for instance, *fair*, (or *fáir*) meaning a boat. This word is, of course, connected with the English "ferry," the German *Fähre*, and with *Ferge*, a boatman—from "to fare;" German *fahren*. Other sea-words, contained in the list alluded to, are onomatopoetic—like "da hobbob" and "da urru" for a turbulent tide-way. Then there are evidently remnants of an older speech; such as "reim" (or *réim*), meaning an oar. It is clearly connected with the Greek ἐρετμος; the Latin *remus*; the French *rame*. Again, there are sea-words evidently of what I called the hieratic kind—as, for instance, the expression "holy toyt" for the sea. What "toyt" means I have not been able to ascertain; but the word "holy" speaks for itself.

This list of sea-words, which the peasant-lad got from an old skipper[1] of Skerpagirt, Fetlar, gives for the cat the name "kasirt" (*kásirt*), which is clearly but another form of "cat" (German: *Katze*). A further sea-name, I learn from a different source, for the cat, is the "footie,"—a merely periphrastic expression, implying the one that walked or footed it. Another *alias* for the cat is "the snistal." This is a puzzling word, of probably mythological meaning, like the Vanega.

Mr. Robert Sinclair says :—"I have been thinking on the word 'snistal' and have a vague idea that it may mean the 'sneezer,' or the one that affects the weather by sneezing, because the sneeze of a cat prognosticates cold north winds in summer, and snow in winter. You see, then, if all this is true" (the writer humorously adds), "we have little need of storm-signals if the 'Vane-ga' is so profound a meteorologist." He observes, however, that the Shetlandic word for "sneeze" is "neeze" (German: *niessen*); and he adds :—"Your conjecture on this point may be the correct one, after all."

[1] For this and the following communications I have the names of the persons who are quoted as sources, before me. But as they are all well-known people in the Islands, and there is a certain bashfulness as regards publicity in small communities, I omit the names in print.

My conjecture was, that "snistal" may possibly be in connection with an old English verb "to snie"—to swim. If this were so, "snistal" would be a parallel term for 'vanega'—the one that goes on the water. This I only mention to show that, after much chaff has been threshed out from the sea-names, a small remnant may yield a mythological harvest.

VII.

From Cat Stories and sea-names, I now turn to some other fanciful forms in Shetlandic folk-lore. I have recently explained that the fairy Water-Horse, which the Shetlanders call the Nuggle or Nyogle (in Scotland: Kelpie; in the Isle of Man: Glashtin, or Euach Skeibh; in Ireland: Aughisky) is the close relation, in name, figure, and general doings, of the horse-shaped Nick, Nöcken, or Nix forms, which prevail in all lands where the Teutonic race has penetrated.[1] In some places in Shetland, the Nyogle name has, however, died out. The young Shetlander before mentioned writes:—

"Legends abound in the North Isles regarding mythical and other beings—trows, or elfs, or fairies; brownies; giants and gay-kerls; mermaids, selkie-women; and fairy-cows; princes magically disguised as flowers or dogs; bokies and grülies (undefined forms of horror); feynesses and ghosts; and lastly, devils. But Nyogle or Tangie are names that seem unknown in Fetlar or Yell."

This list shows that there is still a great deal of living mythological forms in Fetlar, and partly also in Yell. In his own immediate neighbourhood however, the writer, who dates from Mid Yell, says—"the old lore and the old spirit is on its last legs."

The gay-kerls whom he mentions, I suppose to mean hearty, strapping fellows. Or they may originally have been Spirits of the Earth; assuming that in Shetlandic speech there was once a word like the German *Gau* (in Franconian dialect form: *Gai*), in Greek *Gaia* (or *Gaea*), in the sense of earth, land, country. The selkie-women are human beings temporarily transformed into seals, and are usually called "Finns." I believe them to be a fanciful cross-

[1] The derivation of "Niogle" in Mr. Edmondston's useful "Glossary of Shetland and Orkney Words" (see "Transactions of the Philological Society," 1866), from Gothic *gneg*, a horse, and *el*, water, is, it need scarcely be said, an impossible one. The first literary mention of the "Neogle," so far as I am now aware, occurs in a small statistical print of 1832; entitled: "United Parishes of Sandsting and Aithsting; Presbytery of Lerwick, Synod of Shetland; by the Rev. John Bryden." In it, the "Neogle" is defined as a "trow, somewhat akin to the Water-Kelpie."

breed between an old mythological notion and the Norse or Scandinavian sea-rovers, or sea-dogs, that came as conquerors to Shetland, Scotland, and Ireland.[1] I further hold that the identical name of the Irish mythical heroes—the Finns, Fianna, or Fenians—is clearly to be ranged within the same category. The "bokies" are usually called bogies, or Pucks (in English and German). Their meaning in Slavonian shows that they were originally divine forms that have fallen into lower ranks, as demonialized figures. The "grülies" bear in their name their gruesome character; this word is connected with the German *grausam*, *gräulich* and *gruselig*.

In two of the Shetland isles the Nuggle has disappeared, and the fairies have taken his place, as may be seen from the following:—

"In Fetlar and Yell there are several ruins of water-mills in very remote situations, when mills could have been built much nearer; and there are various legends of their having been deserted on account of Fairies disturbing them: of an old man being found dead in one; of an old woman being torn to pieces by spirits at Wenya dapla in Gyodinali, in Fetlar,—a truly lonely spot."

From Unst, however, the northernmost island, several Nuggle stories are sent by the young Shetlander alluded to. He writes:—

"An ancestor of George Henderson, of Burravoes, who dwelt in Unst, was wont to rise early. One morning he rose early, and went out for a walk. On his way home, he was coming along the edge of a loch, and wished that he had something to ride on. And he soon came to a white mare, and he jumped on her, and rode her along the loch, and she always sought towards the loch, and he tried to keep her from it. But as they rode along, she grew so persistent that he came off, and she went on the loch and over the water in a blue 'low'" (flame; German: *Lohe*).

The only thing that calls for remark in this tale, which a descendant of the person mentioned in it gave to the writer, is the description of this particular Nuggle, or water-horse, as a mare. As a rule the mythic creature is, in other tales, described as a stallion or cob.[2] A further story noted down from a Whalsay boy is this:—

"There was a man in Whalsay, who did not believe in Nyogles,

[1] The author of *Shetland Fireside Tales* (G.S.L.) also says in his "Notes" (p. 230): "The belief that witches and wizards came from the coast of Norway disguised as seals, was entertained by many of the Shetland peasantry even so late as the beginning of the present century; and it is worthy of note that the supposed object of those unwelcome relations of this *Phocidae* family was plunder, evidently showing that the seal-wizard was just the Viking or sea-robber of former ages."

[2] A *Descriptio Insularum Orchadiarum* (1529) contains a most remarkable story of a water-stallion and a woman from Stronsay, in the Orkneys.

or fairies, or spirits. And one night he was at the *kreigs* at Skura, and had drawn his *büdi* of piltaks (a catch of fishes). And ere long, on his way home, he came to a black horse, and he went on him. And the horse began to run, until he was going so fast that the man did not know whether he was on the earth *or in the air*. At last he took his knife and drove it into the horse, and he went from under him and went over the banks *in a blue 'low.'*"

This story accords with similar ones in Scottish, Scandinavian, and German folk-lore. Several weird and spectral sea-stories, full of local colour and Shetlandic expressions, I pass over, as they would require a separate treatment. In the letters before me, the following strikes me, however, as noteworthy:—"MANYOGLTI is an old Fetlar word still used for magic. An intelligent friend suggests its connection with Nyogle. GRAMIRI is another old word for magic."

The word "Manyoglti" seems to show that in Fetlar, also, the Nuggle superstition was once prevalent, though the fairies have now superseded the spectral aquatic horse in that isle. As to "Gramiri," I have not yet been able to make out its meaning. But as Manyoglti probably points to water-magic, I will bring to recollection that witchcraft done by means of water was a frequent Greek custom. From Pausanias we know that it was used in the temple of Ceres at Patræ, in that of Apollon Thyrxeus near Kyanea, in Lykia, and elsewhere.

In regard to the Nuggle, another story, taken down by the young Shetlander in his country's speech, may be of interest. He writes:—"I heard the following from an old Delting man the other day. The knife is a new thing here:—

'Dey wir great stories aboot da Nyugl whan I was young. Dey said 'at da Nyugl wid stop da water mills. He wid grip hed o' da fedirs o' da tirl[1] an' stop da mill. An dey wid slip fire doon da lightneen' tree-hole, ir stik a knife ita da groti. (Da widen busheen i' da understeen, 'at da spindle kam up troo, dey caad dat da groti.) An as syün as da knife kem ita da groti, da Nyugl wid slip an' flee. An' dey wid see him too. He wiz lek a horse; gre, ir some colour lek dat. An' dey wid see him upo da day-light. If dey wir gyain' alang a loch, he wid come ta dem, gyain' da sam way. An' he wid come upo' dem; an' some wiz fül enough to ride him. An' if dey did, he ran upo' da loch wi' dem, 'an dey got a dookin'. Ir if dey said da neem o' Gyüd, he wid vanish. He aye vanished in a fire."

As a counterpart to those tales I will now mention what I heard a few weeks ago, at the sea-side, in a Scotch friend's house, from a

[1] The vertical wheel by which the mill is driven.

Scotch girl. She is from Aberdeenshire, and seems to know a great many folk-tales through her mother who was from another part of north-eastern Scotland. Her education, at the same time, is such that she can give the most intelligent account of everything she has heard. She told me Water-Kelpie stories in which the Kelpie has a humanised Nix shape—not the shape of a horse. She spoke of one of those Kelpies as luring men to the water's edge, at a lake in Selkirkshire, twirling her arms round them, and drawing them to the precipice. Again, she spoke of a Nixie Man, who was in the habit of getting on people's backs, and riding them to death.

The destructive power of the Water is thus personified in both male and female Nix forms in this bit of Scottish folk-lore.

In reply to my repeated inquiry as to whether the Nixies she heard of ended in a fish-tail, she always firmly answered :—"Oh, no!" The Nixies she had been told of by her mother, were always wholly shaped like human beings. This fits in with the truly Germanic notion about Nixies. John Leyden, no doubt, says of the Mermaid :—

> An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,
> While slow unfolds her scaly train.
> With gluey fangs her hands were clad.
> She lash'd with webbèd fin the main.

But this is not the original Teutonic conception of a Mermaid. Wherever the fish-tail and similar appendages, or dark hair, occur, there the influence of foreign mythological notions must be assumed. The real Teutonic Mermaid and Nix have golden, or sometimes sea-green, hair ; in Southey's quite correct words :—

> Beautiful a Mermaid's golden hair
> Upon the waves dispread.

In Shetland, which is otherwise so strongly Teutonic, and which has preserved so many valuable relics of our forefathers' water-worship, the several inquiries I have made show that the Mermaids there have often fish-tails ; from which the conclusion has to be drawn that shipping intercourse has produced there a slight admixture of foreign mythological ideas.

KARL BLIND.

(*To be concluded.*)

TUSCAN OLIVES.

(*POCHADES IN RISPETTI.*)

I.

THE colour of the olives who shall say?
In winter on the yellow earth they're blue
A wind can change the green to white or grey,
But they are olives still in every hue;
But they are olives always, green or white,
As love is love in torment or delight;
But they are olives, ruffled or at rest,
As love is always love in tears or jest.

II.

We walked along the terraced olive-yard,
And talked together till we lost the way;
We met a peasant, bent with age, and hard,
Bruising the grape-skins in a vase of clay;
Bruising the grape-skins for the second wine.
We did not drink, and left him, Love of mine,
Bruising the grapes already bruised enough:
He had his meagre wine, and we our love.

III.

We climbed one morning to the sunny height,
Where chestnuts grow no more, and olives grow;
Far-off the circling mountains cinder-white,
The yellow river and the gorge below.
"Turn round," you said, O flower of Paradise;
I did not turn, I looked upon your eyes.
"Turn round," you said, "turn round, look at the view!"
I did not turn, my Love, I looked at you.

IV.

How hot it was ! Across the white-hot wall
  Pale olives stretch towards the blazing street ;
You broke a branch, you never spoke at all,
  But gave it me to fan with in the heat ;
You gave it me without a sign or word,
And yet, my love, I think you knew I heard.
You gave it me without a word or sign :
Under the olives first I called you mine.

V.

At Lucca, for the autumn festival,
  The streets are tulip-gay ; but you and I
Forgot them, seeing over church and wall
  Guinigi's tower soar i' the black-blue sky,
A stem of delicate rose against the blue,
And on the top two lonely olives grew,
Crowning the tower, far from the hills, alone,
As on our risen love our lives are grown.

VI.

Who would have thought we should stand again together,
  Here, with the convent a frown of towers above us ;
Here, mid the sere-wooded hills and wintry weather ;
  Here, where the olives bend down and seem to love us ;
Here, where the fruit-laden olives half remember
All that began in their shadow last November ;
Here, where we knew we must part, must part and sever ;
Here where we know we shall love for aye and ever.

VII.

Reach up and pluck a branch, and give it me,
  That I may hang it in my Northern room,
That I may find it there, and wake and see
  —Not you ! not you !—dead leaves and wintry gloom.
O senseless olives, wherefore should I take
Your leaves to balm a heart that can but ache ?
Why should I take you hence, that can but show
How much is left behind ? I do not know.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

SCIENCE NOTES.

The Threatening Comet.

AT the termination of the Roman Carnival of 1843 I started on foot to Naples, my companions being C. M. Clayton, of Delaware, a son of the statesman who negotiated the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and another American from the South. We arrived at Naples on March 10th. The sky was clouded then, but a night or two afterwards we were startled by a strange apparition in the sky. Stretching along the heavens in the line of the Strada Toledo, directly between the house-tops, and extending the whole apparent length of that main highway, was a phosphorescent cloud, which neither of us could understand.

It stretched over fully two-thirds of the whole sky-arch. We had heard and read of comets, but this was quite a different thing from our ideas of a comet. It had no visible structure, and no decided head; it was merely a luminous mist, two or three degrees (about five moons' diameters) wide, and sixty-five degrees long. We had walked through a region where newspapers were unknown, and had heard of no comet. On consulting *Galignani*, we found that it really was a comet; but the sight of such a comet greatly expanded our notions of these bodies.

This comet has just made another appearance among us, not in the heavens this time, but lower down, in the newspapers. Mr. Proctor has republished in his last book, "Familiar Science Studies," an essay on "A Menacing Comet," and several papers have discussed Mr. Proctor's view, some thoughtfully, others with that professional flippancy and cool assumption of superiority which a well-trained journalist so skilfully adopts when commissioned to write upon a subject of which he is utterly ignorant, or to review a book which he cannot understand.

Mr. Proctor states good astronomical reasons for supposing that the comet of 1843 was the same that appeared in 1688, and that the comet of 1880 was another revisit of the same. Those who desire to follow up the reasoning upon which these conclusions are based

should read the essay. I may merely add that Mr. Proctor explains the great discrepancy of the intervals between 1688 and 1843, or 175 years against 37, by the fact that in 1843 the head of the comet came so near to the sun that it must have swept through that outspread of solar matter, *the corona*; in doing which, it encountered a resistance that must have checked its velocity, and therefore have shortened its orbital journey.

But in 1880 it rushed through the corona again, hereby receiving another check that must still further contract its path. Thus, according to Mr. Proctor, we may expect it again in 1897, or thereabouts; but then it will have lost so much of that tangental momentum which has hitherto carried it past the sun, that it may possibly succumb to solar gravitation, and fall into that luminary instead of brushing through its atmospheric fringe.

So far I follow and understand Mr. Proctor's reasoning, but when he describes its probable results I find that my conceptions of what may occur are widely at variance with his.

He calculates the velocity of a comet's motion, and the calorific effect of arresting this motion by its fall into the sun, and maintains that "if at any time a great comet falling directly upon the sun should, by the swift rush of its meteoric components, excite the frame of the sun to a lustre far exceeding that with which he at present shines, the sudden access of lustre and heat would prove destructive to every living creature, or at any rate to all the higher forms of life upon this earth."

Mr. Proctor does not absolutely predict this effect from the particular comet in question, as the newspapers assert, but speaks generally, and I disagree even with his general view of the subject, as the following Note will show.

My View of Cometary Collision with the Sun.

A COMET is a collection of discrete cosmic fragments of some kind, a cloud of meteoric dust, the particles of which probably emulate the doings of solar systems, of primaries and satellites, by having little orbits of their own around the common centre of gravity of their special little system. Thus moving among themselves they travel round our sun, or some other sun, as our sun travels with all his dependent worlds, &c., around some mightier undetermined centre. When these miniature systems come so near to the sun as the visible comets usually do, they are seriously disturbed by volatilisation, coronal friction or otherwise, as indicated by the

observed distortions and outstreamings of cometary heads or nuclei, when approaching perihelion. I have used a little imagination to fill up this sketch, but I think not illegitimately. Let us now apply it to the case of the comet of 1843, to that of 1880, and its threatened return in 1897 or sooner.

The tail of the comet of 1843 was about 150 millions of miles in length, and two to three millions of miles wide. The breadth *at* the head was about the same, but the breadth *of* the head is not so easily determined, seeing that its boundaries are not definable. Let us suppose that some of the actual material extended to a distance of a quarter of a million of miles from the centre of the nucleus, that some outer particles travelled in an orbit of 500,000 miles in diameter, one-fourth of the *apparent* diameter of the head. I make this moderate supposition because the tail of a comet cannot be made up of what we understand by "matter," and such is probably the case with much of the coma or luminosity around the nucleus.

The orbit of the comet, *i.e.* the centre of gravity of the whole assemblage of particles, came within 190,000 miles of the sun's surface, and thus, if it had the diameter above-named, a considerable portion must have been left behind, actually swept into the sun.

This may account for the diminished magnitude of the comet's reappearance in 1880, assuming it to be the same, and for the strangely shorn dimensions of many other great comets when they have revisited the fringes of the sun. In 1880 it again grazed the sun in like manner, and probably with a similar result. Therefore when it comes again we may expect that it will be smaller still, and then leave some more fragments behind, and then come back again a mere pigmy, and perhaps again and again, before being all absorbed.

If I am right, we are threatened, not with one great cometary crash, but merely with a series of cometary dribbles, producing in the sun meteoric showers similar in kind to those which visit our atmosphere, but of vastly greater magnitude; and this, I think, must be the usual course and manner of cometary collision with the sun.

Astronomers are now generally agreed in regarding the meteors which we encounter in certain tracts of space as the *trails* (not the *tails*) of comets, *i.e.* portions of the actual body of the comet itself, and therefore fair samples of the bulk.

In spite of the display made by these meteors on certain memorable occasions, we have never been able to trace any appreciable thermal effect produced by them on our climate, even when thus actually *in* our atmosphere. This probably arises from their mere dust-like magnitude. The explosion of the head of a lucifer match makes a

great display in a dark room, without sensibly raising its temperature, and the brilliant celestial fire-works due to cometary fragments are similarly ineffective.

Comets are really impostors, making a big blaze with very little substance. Stars that are hidden by the thinnest haze of cirrous cloud have been distinctly seen right through the centre of a comet's head, and when comets do afford us an opportunity of weighing them by observing their gravitating disturbance on other celestial bodies, the sum total of their weight is too small to turn the scale of the most delicate astronomical balance. All that we know of comets and of their meteoric tails that visit our earth indicates such a merely cloudlike structure, that even the direct plunge of a whole comet point-blank at the sun (and this is what Mr. Proctor described as dangerous) would merely produce a brilliant luminous display due to *intensity* of ignition rather than to *quantity* of thermal energy.

From all these considerations we are, I think, justified in expecting, on the return of the flimsy phantom of 1880, nothing more than a solar meteoric shower about sufficient to cancel the sun-spots otherwise due. Such a cancelling did actually occur in 1880, when the usual sun-spot cycle should have commenced, but for some reason, hitherto unknown, it was postponed. The dark cavities may have been filled up or bridged over by the blaze of the colliding cometary particles.

As regards the probable effect of such an increase of solar heat upon the earth, I must refer the reader to my Science Notes in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August 1881, where I have endeavoured to show that our strange weather of 1880–1 was due to increased solar activity during *our* winter time when the sun was at work over the southern hemisphere. In another Note on "The Coming Winter" in last November's number, I proceeded further with the same argument, and ventured upon it to base some predictions that have been since verified with curious exactness.

In considering possible variations of solar activity and their effects on the earth, we must never lose sight of the fact that our world as presented to the solar rays is mainly a world of water; three-fourths is actually covered by ocean and lakes, and the other quarter, which we call dry land, is decidedly moist, exhaling watery vapour from its own surface and from that of the vegetation which covers it.

Thus the immediate effect of an increase of solar radiation would be an increase of evaporation. An addition of but 10° Fah. to the mean temperature of the earth's atmosphere would increase its capacity for vapour sufficiently to enable it to take above three inches more of water from the surface of the ocean and hold it as trans-

parent vapour. But in doing this an amount of heat will be rendered latent (*i.e.* deprived of its existence as *temperature*) which would be sufficient, if directly applied and concentrated upon the solid portion of the earth, to raise its surface above the fusion-point of granite.[1]

Besides the heat that would be rendered latent by evaporation, a further demand would be made by the arctic and antarctic ice-accumulations and those above the Alpine snow-line. These must go before a great rise of general temperature can occur; for while they remain they spread cold air currents over the earth's surface far beyond their own boundaries.

But this is not all. The vapour added to the atmosphere would form a veil of additional resistance to the transmission of the solar heat rays. It would greatly increase the density of our clouds and mists, maintaining such atmospheric conditions as we now experience at the opening of 1882.

Summing up all these considerations, I venture to conclude that if the comet of 1880, or any other comet, should presently shower its contents into the sun, its utmost effect upon us here in England will be an improvement of the harvests of the succeeding years, and upon our neighbours a little farther south a fuller ripening of their grapes, justifying the old tradition concerning "comet vintages."

The Polytechnic of the Future.

WHEN I wrote the Note on the Polytechnic in last October number of this Magazine, a regard for vested interests prevented me from going beyond a mere allusion to the requirements of the future, but now I am at liberty to speak plainly and fully.

The old Polytechnic, though admirably adapted to the requirements of such a Society as that for which it has lately been purchased, is too small to meet the present requirements of our vastly extended metropolis.

The demand for a great Metropolitan Hall of Popular Science is now far greater than ever. The members of the old Polytechnic staff who maintained that "Science don't pay," that purely scientific lectures and demonstrations will not "draw" in these days unless spiced or Peppered with theatrical entertainments, made all their calculations on the narrow basis of the old building.

My one month's experience prior to the Directors' resolution to

[1] The data upon which these conclusions are based will be found all together in small space in the XIXth Chapter of my *Simple Treatise on Heat*. Note particularly Regnault's Table on page 146, and that 1 inch of mercury is equal ½ inches of water. Also the climatic action of water, page 170.

wind up, brought out the depressing fact that the cost of providing scientific lectures and demonstrations of quality and magnitude commensurate with the present-day demand, and of advertising these as other London shows are *now* advertised, would amount to more than could be covered by filling the hall and theatre with all the paying visitors they could accommodate over and above the free list.

On this account, I urged several leaders of the Temperance movement to take it up as a place of rational recreation for the abstainers. It is big enough for a section of the community who have within themselves their own special means of easy advertisement.

It is now purchased by or for (I do not know which) "The Young Men's Christian Institute," and is admirably adapted for such a Society; but for the great metropolis and its myriads of visitors, another, a far larger and more magnificent, Hall of Science is demanded.

As regards the building, nothing has yet been invented more suitable than an ordinary play-house. It should be as large as Drury Lane or Covent Garden Theatres—one of these would do well; but if such a theatre be bought, the first necessary step to be taken is the radical demolition of all the scenery, scene-shifting machinery, dressing-rooms and everything requisite for stage-plays, lest the sad history of the old place be repeated.

The stage *space* of a theatre would serve as a hall for scientific models and exhibits, and for a promenade that could be cut off when necessary by the drop-scene, duly whitewashed to serve as a screen for dissolving views and microscopic illustrations.

Such a theatre and hall ought to be made to supply, for the million, what the Royal Institution now so admirably provides for the "Upper Ten;" and, provided it resisted all dramatic seductions, and adhered to sound though popular science as firmly as the Royal Institution, the London Institution, the Society of Arts, &c., have done, it might be as successful as they are, on a much larger scale, with low admission fees, if popular scientific lectures and demonstration of the highest class, and of a magnitude worthy of the metropolis of the world, were supplied.

The Philosophy of Manuring.

M. LADUREAU describes the results of the action of those farmers in the North of France who return to the soil all that remains after separating the sugar from the beet. Pure sugar, being composed of only carbon and the elements of water, is

obtained by the plant entirely at the expense of the atmosphere, from the carbonic acid and water which it supplies.

Therefore land may be cropped for sugar for an indefinite length of time without exhaustion, provided everything else but the sugar is returned to it. The beet plant, as a whole, exhausts the soil upon which it grows, as does the sugar cane, taking away certain minera compounds that must somehow be returned, in order that it shall retain its undiminished fitness for this particular crop.

This is so simple and self-evident that it scarcely appears possible that it need be taught to those who are interested in the subject. Nevertheless, the want of a knowledge of this simple principle has nearly ruined some of the West Indian sugar plantations. The old practice was to use the canes as fuel in boiling down the syrup, and the ashes of these canes, *i.e.* the purely mineral matters which they had obtained from the soil, were left to be washed away by the rains, when, by simply spreading them on the soil, they would have supplied, in the most concentrated possible form, just the manure which the soil demanded for the particular business of sugar-growing.

But we need not go so far as the West Indies to discover manifestations of this particular form of ignorance. In an ordinary garden, especially an amateur or ornamental garden, the amount of crop actually taken away for use forms a very small fraction of the total weight of the vegetable matter growing on the ground. Such a garden, once fairly started, demands no more than a restitution of the mineral matter contained in the crop consumed, provided all the weeds and all the unused stalks and leaves are honestly returned to the soil from which they were taken.

I have had more than twenty years' experience in amateur gardening—mainly utilitarian—have moved about a good deal, and thus have cultivated many different gardens. All have been remarkable for their abundant crops, though I have never purchased a single load of manure, while my neighbours have carted in ton after ton, and obtained smaller edible crops than mine. I do not even waste the ammonia and the agricultural fuel of my weeds by burning them, but bury them whole, and with them the pea-stalks, bean-stalks, cabbage-stalks, &c. &c. Thus buried, they undergo during the winter slow combustion, warm the soil, and supply it with humus, at the same time giving up their ammoniacal salts to this humus and to the absorbent alumina of the clay, which supply it in the summer to the succeeding crops.

These weeds, &c., with the addition of the vegetable refuse of small household, and the well-burned coal-ashes (*i.e.* the mineral

matter of fossil vegetation), I have found sufficient to maintain and increase the fertility of a kitchen garden and orchard covering more than an acre.

At the same time, I see the gardeners employed by my neighbours wheeling away barrow-loads of weeds to pitch them on waste ground, if any is at hand, and the dustman carrying away cartloads of vegetable treasures. Then, on the day following, or thereabouts, cartloads of expensive and offensive manure are brought to the same doors from which far better material was thrown away the day before.

Stable manure and cattle-stall manure are especially valuable for farm land, simply because they carry back to the hay-field and the oat-field precisely that which has been taken away. But the salts removed by garden weeds differ materially from those contained in hay and straw litter, or oats and horse-beans, and thus the unscientific gardener who uses these requires at least half a ton to be as effective as one hundredweight of the decayed produce of the garden itself.

Gases passing through Solids.

IT is not generally known that certain metals are readily permeable by certain gases, though it has long been known to scientific investigators. Iron, for example, when red-hot, is but a sieve in relation to hydrogen and carbonic oxide.

Everybody knows that an ill-constructed close stove, *i.e.* a stove that can possibly become red-hot at its sides, vitiates the atmosphere, but the cause of this is not so generally understood. It has been attributed to the drying of the air, and vases of water have been placed on such stoves to compensate this by evaporation. It has also been attributed to the burning of particles of dust and fibre floating in the air; but the real source of the actual mischief is the passage of carbonic oxide gas through the red-hot iron of the stove-walls. This carbonic oxide, or imperfectly burned carbon, is quite different from the carbonic acid formed by complete combustion of carbon. The latter is suffocating when sufficiently abundant, but not poisonous, while the former is an irritant poison even in very small quantities.

Mr. J. B. Hannay has recently shown that even glass, when heated to 200° C. (= 392° Fahr.), absorbs large quantities of oxygen and carbonic acid at high pressures, the gases apparently becoming fixed within the solid; but to what extent they may be given out again, or pass airly through, remains to be further tested.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

An Eccentric Bookseller.

In some future edition of "English Eccentrics" a place should be reserved for old Sams, the once well-known bookseller. So many years have elapsed since the old man died, that it will shortly be too late to gather any particulars concerning him. My own recollections are now becoming misty, and a shadowy outline is all that remains of a figure that used once to be distinct and familiar. Among book-buyers, however, particulars concerning this strange being may yet be gleaned, and it is partly with a view to eliciting these that I supply my few remaining recollections.

When I first encountered Sams, he occupied the shop in the market-place at Darlington in which he died. The impression I preserve of him is that of a tall, venerable-looking man in a Quaker-like costume of rusty black and with black gaiters. This was about 1850–55, when I was still a young man, and as such but indifferently observant, at least of any one belonging to my own sex. Sams had a decided stoop, a lean, pinched, and scholarly face, and long white hair. In that curious old shop, with its two low windows, one on each side of the door, old Sams kept a collection of books such as no bookseller out of London could rival. Here were folio Shakespeares and Chaucers galore, with Caxtons, Wynkyn de Wordes, and Pynsons enough to make the bibliophile's mouth water. Woe, however, to the ignorant and confiding purchaser who trusted to Sams' plausible speeches and the manuscript notices in front of his volumes. If ever it was necessary to take to heart the sage counsel *caveat emptor*, it was when his shop was entered. In those days, as in these, bibliographical knowledge was in very few hands. Aware of this fact, Sams did not hesitate to make up his books in a fashion that puts to shame the bungling attempts in the same direction of some modern booksellers. I was early, if vainly, put on my guard. Having on my first visit bought of Sams what professed to be a copy of Pynson's edition of Barclay's "Ship of Fooles," and discovered that the bulk of the volume was made up from the much inferior edition of Cawood, I learned to investigate closely Mr.

Sams's book rarities. The closest and most careful inspection and collation were necessary to prevent being imposed upon, and these, under the conditions under which alone purchase was possible, were matters of extreme difficulty. I remember one occasion when, after buying from him more than seventy pounds' worth of books and paying him for them as was necessary in hard cash, I found the waning light of a September day impede further exploration. As I had two or three shelves through which to go, I asked for a light and was refused. Ultimately I was allowed a candle, on consideration of paying a halfpenny for it. Miserliness was the chief characteristic of Sams; next to that came his affection for some of his books. There were certain volumes he would never sell, and there were cases in his upstairs room which during the five years in which I knew him he resolutely refused to open.

The Last of Old Sams.

WHEN last I visited his shop, Sams was lying neglected and alone upon what proved, a day or two later, to be his death-bed. In his shop were two women, one old and having the look of a charwoman, a second young and with the appearance of a domestic servant. These two were selling the books which were not marked in a strange haphazard fashion, laying their heads together with a knowledge that the prices had to be high, but without the slightest idea of what they ought to be. I obtained one or two volumes for a sum that would undoubtedly have slain the old man had he lived to hear of it. Whether I was quite justified in carrying off for twenty shillings a Lydgate's "Fall of Princes" in a superb old binding for which old Sams would certainly have demanded ten guineas, I have since doubted. At the time I had no scruples, but was rather inclined to chuckle over a purchase that did something to compensate me for the many frauds by which, in spite of my utmost caution, I had suffered. I had at one time the idea of introducing this wonderful old miser into a work of fiction. Instead, however, of lining trunks with the matter of a printed romance, I have allowed a good intention to join with others in furnishing the proverbial pavement for Limbo.

Tristram Shandy and Modern Science.

A CORRESPONDENT, signing himself "A Colonial Animal," remarks, in the course of a somewhat long and disjointed epistle, that my contributor, Dr. Andrew Wilson, has borrowed the method of biology described in last month's *Gentleman's* from "Tristram Shandy." My anonymous correspondent with the zoo-

logical cognomen gives an extract from Sterne, wherein a white bear is made the subject of remark by "Mr. Shandy" in proof of his assertion. Now, I do not for a moment suppose that the complaint of my correspondent, that Dr. Wilson has not acknowledged his indebtedness to Sterne, is a matter of any consequence either to Dr. Wilson, to biology at large, or to any rational admirer of the author of the "Sentimental Journey"; but, as a matter of fact, I fail to discover in the quotation given from "Tristram Shandy" any likeness to the exact scientific method described by Dr. Wilson last month. My correspondent's opinion that Sterne's words are far finer than Dr. Wilson's is, of course, an opinion founded on a parallelism of things which no sane person would dream of comparing; and how Mr. Shandy's lucubrations about the behaviour of a white bear can possibly suggest even unconscious plagiarism by Dr. Wilson, is a matter which I confess lies beyond my powers of solution. Dr. Wilson, I apprehend, would tell my correspondent that he had owed nothing whatever to Sterne; and I suspect my anonymous correspondent knows rather less of Sterne than he would have me believe when he asserts any likeness between the now well-known methods of natural-history study, and a forgotten passage in a work not by any means a common object of study in the present year of grace. There is just a *soupçon* of unfairness in the remark wherewith my correspondent ends his letter. He says:—"But I do not know that fairness to the imaginary dead is to be expected from a writer who says that 'a student who, in a northern university, attends a class of natural history, is understood to concern himself solely with the animal population of the globe.'" If my correspondent knows as little about Sterne as he certainly does about northern universities, one may cease to wonder at his complaint. In the list of classes of Edinburgh University, for instance, the class of "natural-history" is a class of pure zoology. There is a distinct class of botany; so that a student who enters the "natural-history" class in Edinburgh, studies animals—and animals alone. Dr. Wilson himself is the lecturer on "natural history" in the Edinburgh Medical School, and I suppose it will be admitted that the Doctor ought himself to know what he lectures about. My correspondent, I think, is either an infatuated admirer of Sterne—or he is one of that tolerably large class of persons who think they know other people's business better than the rightful transactors thereof. He has a remark concerning the obligations of persons in this "serious age" to consume their own jokes; I should imagine he will not increase largely upon this practice as applied to the fruits of his own witticism.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1882.

DUST: A NOVEL.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Only the actions of the Just
Smell sweet and blossom in the Dust.

CHAPTER XII.

TOWARDS the close of the month, Sir Francis Bendibow, having seriously turned the matter over in his mind, wrote a note to his solicitor, Merton Fillmore, asking him whether he could spare time to come over to the bank that afternoon and have a chat with him. This note he despatched to Mr. Fillmore by a private messenger, who was instructed to wait for an answer. In half an hour the messenger returned, and Sir Francis read the following:

"Dear Bendibow,—I don't see my way to come to you to-day. If you have anything particular to say, dine with me at my house this evening at seven o'clock.—Yours truly, Merton Fillmore."

"Well, perhaps that will answer better, after all," murmured the baronet, folding the paper up again with sombre thoughtfulness. "He gives you a decent dinner, too." So, punctually at seven o'clock, Sir Francis's carriage drove up to Mr. Fillmore's door; the footman gave a loud double knock, and the baronet, in black tights and ruffled shirt, was ushered into his host's presence.

Though a solicitor, Merton Fillmore was an English gentleman, of Scotch descent on his mother's side, and more Scotch than English in personal appearance; being of good height and build, lean, bony, and high-featured, with well-formed and powerful hands, carefully groomed finger-nails, short reddish whiskers, and bushy eyebrows. His eyes were dark blue, sometimes appearing black;

clear and unflinching in their gaze. The head above was well balanced, the forehead very white, and hollowed at the temples. His movements were quiet and undemonstrative; when speaking at any length, he habitually pressed his clenched right hand into the palm of his left, and kept it there. At the end of a sentence, he would make his handsome lips meet together with a grave decisiveness of expression. His voice had unexpected volume and depth; it could be resonant and ear-filling without any apparent effort on the speaker's part; it could also sink until it was just above a whisper, yet always with a keen distinctness of enunciation that rendered it more audible than mere vociferousness. Soft or melodious it never was; but its masculine fibre and vibration were far from unpleasing to most ears, certainly to most feminine ones. Fillmore, however, was a bachelor; and though still a little on the hither side of forty, he did not seem likely to change his condition. He threw himself with unweariable energy into his profession; it almost monopolised his time and his thoughts. He saw a good deal of society; but he had never, so far as was known, seen any woman who, to his thinking, comprised in herself all the attractions and benefits that society had to offer. He might, indeed, have been considered cold, but that was probably not so much the case as it superficially appeared to be.

That he should have chosen the solicitor's branch of the legal profession was a puzzle to most people. His social position (his father had been a gentleman, living upon his own income, and there was no economical reason why Merton should not have done the same) would naturally have called him to the Bar. It can only be said that the work of a solicitor, bringing him as it did into immediate contact with the humours, the ambitions, the disputes, and the weaknesses of mankind, suited his peculiar genius better than the mere logical partisanship of the barrister. He cared more to investigate and arrange a case than to plead it before a jury. He liked to have people come to him and consult him; to question them, to weigh their statements against his own insight, to advise them, to take their measure; to disconcert them or to assist them. He by no means cared to bring all the suits on which he was consulted before the court; on the contrary, he uniformly advised his clients to arrange their disputes privately, furnishing them at the same time with such sound reasons for so doing, and with such equitable advice as to a basis of agreement, as to gain for himself the reputation of an arbitrator rather than of an advocate. Nevertheless, whenever it became necessary to push matters to an extremity, the side which Merton Fillmore was known to have espoused was considered to be already

lf victorious. No other solicitor in London, in fact, had anything ke the reputation of Merton Fillmore; he was among his fellows hat Mr. Adolphus or Mr. Serjeant Runnington was among rristers. But his acquaintance with the domestic secrets of ondon fashionable society was affirmed, doubtless with reason, to e more extensive than that of any physician, confidential clergy-an, or private detective in the metropolis; he held in his hand the putation and prosperity of many a man and woman whom the orld delighted to honour. Such a position is not attained by mere tellectual ability or natural ingenuity; it demands that rare combi-ıtion of qualities which may be termed social statesmanship; ominent among which is the power of inspiring others with the nviction that their revelations will be at least as safe in the hearer's ssession as in their own; and that he is broadly and disinterestedly lerant of human frailties. Most men, in order to achieve success ıd eminence, require the spur of necessity or of ambition; but it doubtful whether Fillmore would have been so eminent as he was, d either ambition or necessity been his prompter. He loved what : did for its own sake, and not any ulterior object. From the social ındpoint he had nothing to desire, and pecuniarily he was indepen-nt. What he made with one hand in his profession, he frequently vē away with the other; but no one knew the details of his erality except those who were its objects. He seldom spoke rdially of anyone; but few were more often guilty of kindly acts. : was a man with whom nobody ventured to take a liberty, yet o spoke his mind without ceremony to everyone. No one could sume to call Merton Fillmore his friend; yet, no honest man ever nd him unfriendly. He was no conventional moralist, but he tinguished sharply between a bad heart and a good one. These itheses might be produced indefinitely; but enough has been l.

Fillmore lived in a handsome house in the then fashionable trict of London. It was one of the best furnished and appointed ıses in the town; for Fillmore was a man whose naturally fine :e had been improved by cultivation. During his annual travels the Continent he had collected a number of good pictures and er works of art, which were so disposed about his rooms as to w that their owner knew what they were. The machinery by ch his domestic economy moved was so well ordered as to be sible; you never remarked how good his servants were, because never remarked them at all. Once a week he gave dinners, er inviting more than five guests at a time; and once a month

this dinner was followed by a reception. People renowned in all walks of life were to be met with there. Lord Byron made his appearance there several times—a young man of splendid eyes and an appalling reputation, which his affable and rather reticent bearing scarcely seemed to justify ; Lady Caroline Lamb, who was supposed to be very much in love with him, and to whom his lordship was occasionally rather impolite ; William Godwin, a dark little creature, too ugly not to be clever, but rather troublesome to converse with ; a tall black-haired man, superbly handsome, in clerical garb—a man whose great black eyes had seen more trouble than was wholesome for their owner—who, indeed, as Hazlitt once remarked to Fillmore, would probably have been a great deal better if he hadn't been so damned good ; an agreeable little Irish lady, the author of an irretrievably moral work for the young, entitled "Frank" ; a small-chinned, lustrous-eyed, smiling, fervent gentleman, who had written a number of graceful essays and poems, and who also, oddly enough, was editor of a terrific Radical journal with a motto from Defoe ; a short, rather stout, Italian-looking fellow, with a flashing face and forcible gesticulation, the best actor of his day, and a great toper ; another stoutish man of a very different complexion, with a countenance like a humanised codfish, thick parched lips that always hung open, pale blue prominent eyes, and an astonishing volubility of philosophical speculative dogmatism ; a fastidious, elderly, elegant, womanish, sentimental poetaster named Samuel Rogers, who looked not unlike a diminished Sir Francis Bendibow with the spine taken out ; and, in short, a number of persons who were of considerable importance in their own day, and have become more or less so since then. He would be hard to please who could not find someone to his mind in Merton Fillmore's drawing-room.

Sir Francis Bendibow, on the evening with which we are at present concerned, had a good deal on his mind ; but that did not prevent him from enjoying an excellent dinner. He was happy in the possession of a strong and well-balanced physical organisation, upon which age, and a certain amount of free living in youth, had made small inroads. If he had become a trifle stiff or so in his joints, he was still robust and active, and bade fair to outlive many who were his juniors. That injurious chemistry whereby the mind and emotions act upon the animal tissues was but faintly operative with Sir Francis ; though it is not to be inferred that he was deficient in mental or in a certain kind of emotional vigour. He and Merton Fillmore were on familiar terms with each other—as familiar as the latter ever was a party to. Fillmore had been the legal adviser of

the bank for ten years past, and knew more about it, and about Sir Francis himself, than the baronet was perhaps aware of. But the baronet was thoroughly aware of the solicitor's abilities and force of character, and paid deference thereto by laying aside, when in his company, the air of courteous superiority which he maintained towards the generality of men. Fillmore's tendency in discussion was towards terseness and directness; he expressed himself in few words, though ordinarily pausing a few moments on the threshold of a sentence. Sir Francis, on the contrary, inclined to be ornamental, intricate, and wavy; not because he was ignorant that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, but because there was an arabesque bias in him, so to speak, that prompted him to shun straightforwardness as if it were a sort of vulgarity. Sometimes, no doubt, and with some men, this method was effective; as the simple person on foot is outdone by the skater, who, at the moment of seeming to accost him face to face, all at once recedes sideways in a wheeling curve that brings him wonderfully behind the other's shoulder. But it was time thrown away to indulge in such caprioles with a man like Merton Fillmore; and, as Sir Francis had the good sense to comprehend this, the two commonly got on together very comfortably.

This evening, however, when the cloth had been drawn, and the invisible servants had disappeared, Fillmore, looking at his guest as he pushed towards him the decanter of claret, perceived that there was something more than usual on his mind. Therefore he said,

"Has that boy of yours been getting into any more scrapes?"

"Not he!" answered the baronet, holding his glass up to the light for a moment, and then turning the contents down his throat. "Poor lad, he's scarce recovered yet from the fall he got off that coach."

They cracked filberts for a while in silence. At last Fillmore said,

"Is the bank doing well?"

"Oh, if it never does any worse, I ought to be satisfied."

"You must look out for a partner," observed Fillmore, after a pause. "Your son will never make a banker. And you won't live for ever."

"The experience I have had with partners has not been encouraging," said Sir Francis, with a melancholy smile. "The boy has plenty of brains, but he's not strong; and, hang it! a spirited young fellow like him must have his fling. Time enough to talk to him about business when he's seen a bit of the world."

"He will see a bit of the next world before long, if you don't keep him better in hand," said Fillmore. "You ought to get a partner. All men are not Charles Grantleys, if you refer to him. You can do nothing else, unless you intend to marry again."

"I marry again? Good Ged, Fillmore! If everybody else were as far from that as I am, the child born to-day would see the end of the world. No, no: I'd sooner give up business altogether. There are times, begad, when I wish I had given it up twenty years ago."

The baronet said this with so much emphasis that Fillmore, after looking at him for a few moments, said,

"What times are those, Bendibow?"

"It's rather a long story," the other replied; and hesitated, wrinkling his forehead. As Fillmore kept silence, he presently resumed, "You know what confidence I have always reposed in you. To others I show myself only as the banker, or the man of the world; but to you, my dear Fillmore, I have always opened myself without disguise. You comprehend my character; and I suppose you would say that I'm a fair average specimen of the genus homo—eh?"

"If you require my opinion of you, I can give it," replied Fillmore quietly.

"Well, 'tis not often one gets his portrait drawn by an artist like you," said the baronet laughingly. "'Extenuate naught, nor set down aught in malice,' as Charley Kean has it. I expect to be edified, I assure you."

"To begin with, your bank is the last place where I should think of putting my money," said Fillmore, with deliberation.

"What the dooce! . . "

"You may be as prosperous as report says you are," continued Fillmore; "but you are a gambler to the marrow of your bones. You have put money in ventures which promised cent. per cent.; but they were carried on at imminent risk of ruin. If you have not been ruined, you have only your luck to thank for it. I like you well enough; and you have made a great success for a man of your beginnings; but you have no more morality than there is in that decanter of claret. Don't take offence, Sir Francis. The day I find you, or any other man, committing a crime of which no alteration in my circumstances or temperament could have rendered me capable, that day I shall throw up my profession and become a journeyman evangelist. We have always been on friendly terms, and I shall never take advantage of facts about you that have come to my knowledge; but . . . well, are you determined to be indignant?"

"Damme, sir, you have insulted me in your own house! I ——"

"Don't be a fool, Bendibow," interrupted the other coldly. "You have come here to ask my advice, and perhaps my assistance. You can have both, within certain limits; but on condition that you don't require me to shut my eyes to your character. Technically speaking, I have insulted you; and you may resent it if you like. But as a man of the world, you may remember that I have not spoken in the presence of witnesses; and that if you were blameless, the insult would recoil on myself. Take time to think it over, and then do as best pleases you."

Sir Francis, however, whatever may have been his other failings, was not slow-witted; and he had already taken his attitude. "You have a damned disagreeable way of putting things, Fillmore," he said; "you ought to know that something more than logic is necessary to make social intercourse agreeable. It is not so much what you say, as your manner of saying it, that got the better of my temper for a moment. I'm not going to quarrel with you for not believing me to be a saint; you may distrust my financial discretion, if you like; but you can't expect me to be interested in hearing your reasons. Let me try the other claret. I have made my mistakes, and I've repented of them, I hope. No man, unless he's a fool, gossips about his mistakes—why should he? Do you mean to say that I can't consult you on a matter that annoys me, without your raking up all my follies of the last five-and-twenty years?"

"My intention was not to alter our relations, but to define them," Fillmore replied. "As we stand now, we are not likely to misconceive each other. What is this annoyance?"

"It comes from one of my follies that you've not been at the pains to remember. But I suppose you know that when Grantley absconded, he left a daughter behind him, whom I adopted; and that ten years ago she married and left England."

Fillmore nodded.

"She came back a week or two ago," continued the baronet; "and she acted a little scene at my expense in my office. It was at my expense in more ways than one. She is a devilish clever woman. She had a grudge against me for not having given her the dowry she wanted at the time of her marriage; and . . . well, the upshot of it was, that I compounded with her for some thousands of pounds. It was confoundedly inconvenient at the time, too; and after all, instead of banking with us, as she had given us to understand she would, the little rascal has gone to Child's. Her husband left her a very pretty fortune. There's not a widow in London better off or better-looking than she is."

"She means to settle here?"

"She does. And I would give a good deal if she had settled in New Zealand instead!"

"From what you have said," observed Fillmore, after a pause, "I infer that the lady knows something to your discredit."

"Thank you! It's not what she knows, but what she may come to know—at least, something might happen which might be very annoying. Hang it, Fillmore, can't you keep your inferences to yourself? I'm not in the dock—I'm at your table!"

"If I am to understand your story, either you must tell it, or I must guess it."

"I am telling it, as fast as I can use my tongue," returned Sir Francis, who was beginning to be demoralised by the lawyer's imperturbable high-handedness. "To hear you, one would suppose that I was talking in riddles."

"It may be my obtuseness; but I cannot see why the fact that a good-looking woman, who is your niece and adopted daughter, chooses to live in London, should in itself cause you annoyance."

"If you will do me the favour to listen to me for a moment, I may be able to explain it. This niece and adopted daughter of mine is . . . is not my own daughter, of course."

"Does anyone believe that she is?—The lady herself, for example?"

"If she did, I should not be inconvenienced in the way I am. Had I foreseen all contingencies, I should have brought her up in the belief that she was my own daughter. As far as giving her every advantage and indulgence that was in my power is concerned, no daughter of my own could have been treated differently. But though I omitted to disguise from her the fact that she was not my own flesh and blood, I was careful never to enlarge upon the misfortunes of her actual parentage. I never spoke to her about Charles Grantley. Whatever she may have learnt about him did not come from me. I have always discouraged all allusion to him, in fact; but a girl's curiosity will be gratified even to her own hurt; and Perdita has more than once given me to understand that she knew her father's name, if not his history." Here Sir Thomas paused, to pour himself out a glass of claret.

"Since the man is dead," said Fillmore, "and his reputation not of the brightest, her knowing about him can injure no one but herself."

"Let us put a case," said the baronet, narrowing his eyes and turning his face towards the ceiling. "Let us suppose she were

to say to herself, 'My father disappeared so many years ago, a fugitive from justice. Some time after, report came of his death. Now, there may be true reports, and there may be false reports. Has this report had such confirmation as to put its truth beyond all possibility of question? It has not. It is, therefore, within the range of possibility that it may be false. Now, whose interest would it be that a false report of that kind should be circulated? Who, and who only, would benefit by it? Who would be relieved by it from an imminent and incessant peril? Whom would its belief enable to begin a new career, unhampered by the delinquencies of his past?—and to do this, perhaps, in the very spot where those former delinquencies had been committed? What——'"

"You mean to imply," interposed Fillmore, "that your adopted daughter believes her father to be living in London?"

"Not so fast, not so fast, my friend! So far as I am aware, the idea has not entered into her mind. I am speaking of possibilities."

Fillmore gazed at his guest several moments in silence. At length he said, "I will adopt the hypothetical vein, since you prefer it. We will suppose that Grantley is alive, and in London, and that his daughter finds it out; and seeks or grants an interview with him. What would be the nature of the inconvenience that would cause you?"

"But surely, my dear Fillmore," cried the baronet, "you cannot fail to see how awkwardly I should be placed! The man, of course, would have some plausible story or other to tell her. She would believe him, and would plead his cause with me. What could I do? To deliver him up to justice would be as much of a hardship and more of a disgrace to me than to him: not to speak of the extremely painful position in which it would place her. Matters would be raked up which were far better left in merciful oblivion. Were I, on the other hand, to allow him to establish himself amongst us, under the assumed name which he would probably have adopted, he would presume upon my tolerance, and become an impracticable nuisance. Having once accepted him, I should never afterwards be able to rid myself of him: he would make himself an actual incubus. The thing would be unendurable either way."

"It will simplify this affair, Bendibow," said the lawyer slowly, "if you inform me whether Charles Grantley is in London, or not."

Sir Francis, who looked a good deal flushed and over-wrought, tossed off another glass of wine by way of tranquillising his nerves, and said, "Of course, my dear fellow, I might confide in your dis-

cretion. You understand my dilemma . . . . my object is to prevent——"

"Come, Bendibow; answer my question, or let us change the subject."

For a moment it seemed probable that the baronet would give vent to the spleen which was doubtless grilling within him; but the moment passed, and he answered rather sullenly, "'Tis not likely that I should have been at the pains to prolong this interview, had I not good reason to believe that he is in this neighbourhood. In fact, the fellow had the audacity to call on me at the bank the other day, and introduce himself under the name of Grant."

"Is he in needy circumstances?"

"No—not so far as I know," said Sir Francis, wiping his face with his handkerchief. "In fact, now I think of it, the clerk gave me to understand that he had deposited a certain sum in the bank."

"Did he express an intention of visiting his daughter?"

"He inquired about her. Of course I did not inform him of her whereabouts; I was but an hour before made acquainted with them myself. The assurance of the man passes belief."

"It is certainly remarkable, if there is nothing to be added to your account of the events that led to his disappearance. What do you wish me to do?" As the baronet hesitated to reply, the other continued, "Shall I speak with the man, and threaten him with the severity of the law unless he departs?"

"No, no—that won't do at all!" exclaimed Sir Francis with emphasis. "No use saying anything to him; he knows very well that I don't choose to have any scandal; and if he would keep himself quiet, and not attempt to renew any of his former ties or associations, he might go to the devil, for me. I forgave him twenty years ago, on condition that he would take himself off; and I would forgive him now for not keeping to the letter of his agreement, provided he would observe the spirit of it. No, no—it's the Marquise—it's Perdita, whom we must approach. You can manage her better than I; she won't suspect you. You must sound her carefully; she's a doocid clever woman, but you can do it if any man can. If you can induce her to change her residence to some other country, so much the better. Find out what she knows and thinks about this father of hers; if the opportunity offers, paint the devil in all his ugliness. At any cost, put all possible barriers in the way of their meeting. That's the main thing. No use my giving you instructions; you'll know what to do when you see her, and find out the sort of woman she is. Shall depend on you, my dear Fillmore—your sagacity and friend-

ship and all that. You know what I mean. Use your own judgment. Damme, I can trust a friend!"

"I will think it over, and speak to you again on the subject in a day or two," said Fillmore, who perceived that the claret had not improved the baronet's perspicacity or discretion. Moreover, the subject appeared to him to demand more than ordinary reflection. Long after Sir Francis had been bundled into his carriage and sent home, the lawyer sat with folded arms and his chin in his hand, examining the topic of the evening in many lights, and from various points of view.

"Never knew an honest man so shy of the malefactor who had swindled him," he muttered to himself when he went to bed.

Chapter XIII.

Mr. Grant, although he had doubtless been the victim of some bitter experiences, had possessed enough native generosity and simplicity not to have become embittered by them. His youth had known what it is to love, and now his old age was able to take an interest in the loves of others. He had accordingly observed with a great deal of interest the contact of the two young characters with whom chance had associated him; and pleased himself with the notion that they might become man and wife. Being a sagacious old gentleman, however, as well as a benevolent one, he had abstained from making any direct communication of his hopes to the parties most concerned, or even to Mrs. Lockhart. He was well aware that human beings, especially while they are under thirty, object to being guided, even though their guide lead them whither they themselves would go. He rather sought to fathom their peculiarities of character, in order that he might, without their suspecting it, incline them to his purpose. At the first view, the enterprise did not appear a very hopeful one. Beyond that Marion and Philip had ample opportunities of becoming acquainted with each other, and were of an age to marry, circumstances seemed rather against the match. They were both poor: Marion could not well be more so, and Philip, save for such income as his poetry might bring him, had no more than enough for his own support. They could scarcely be said to belong to the same class in life, and their outward associations and sympathies were far from being identical. What was more serious than all this, however, they were, as a general thing, more inclined to quarrel than to agree. There was a satirical vein in both of them,

and neither of them was old enough to forbear giving utterance to a keen remark that happened to come into their minds. In matters affecting the conduct of life, Philip assumed a cynical tone, which Marion never failed to impeach as unworthy and contemptible. There was much subtlety and intricacy in both their characters, but Philip was an inveterate self-analyst, and prone to make the most of his contradictions, while Marion took but a faint interest in herself, and was never inclined to make herself the subject of discussion; she scouted all cut-and-dried rules of behaviour, and was far more genuinely reserved, and therefore more abstruse a problem, than Philip. She was almost savagely independent; and Philip, partly because she really put his own independence in jeopardy, attempted to wear a condescending manner towards her, which she altogether resented and laughed to scorn. On the other hand, she was continually making unexpected attacks upon his self-esteem, and exposing his Machiavelism, in a manner that he found it difficult to sustain with equanimity; and the apprehension of these onslaughts diminished his ability to show himself in his truer and more amiable colours. Thus, in one way or another, there was always a surface contention going on between them. Whether the hostility went deeper than the surface it was not easy to decide. No doubt each appreciated the good qualities that the other possessed, as abstract good qualities; but that would not prevent their objecting to the fashion in which the good qualities were called into play. It is not so much what a person is, as how he is it, that determines the opinion his fellows have of him. Marion, for example, felt herself under deep and permanent obligation to Philip for his conduct in relation to Major Lockhart; and she must have perceived that such an act was worth much more as an indication of character than intrinsically. But had she been questioned on this point, she would probably have said that Mr. Lancaster would be more agreeable if all his acts were as little agreeable as himself. It is beneath the intelligence of any woman—certainly of any young woman—to like a man merely because, upon logical, demonstrative, or syllogistic grounds, he deserves it. She is more likely to make his desert a point against him.

Such were some of the obstacles in the way of Mr. Grant's scheme; and the fact that Philip was handsome and high-bred would have but small weight in determining the choice of a girl like Marion. Philip, on the contrary, was of a fastidious and Aristarchian turn that would incline him to look for visible and palpable charms and graces, as well as mental and moral ones, in the woman of his heart. Now,

Marion, as has already been intimated, was by no means pre-eminently beautiful; and it was not among her notions of duty to make the most of such attractions as she had. She was tall, and rather largely made, with a figure finely developed, but not graceful in its movements. Her face had nobility and intelligence, but not comeliness; she was an example of how a woman may have all the elements of good looks except the finishing touches, and yet not appear good-looking. Some imperfection of health, not uncommon to girls of her age and temperament, had impaired the smoothness of her complexion; and she had overtaxed her grey eyes by reading at night in bed. She often fell into taciturn moods, when she would hardly speak for days together; at other times she would talk rapidly and at some length; and when, as rarely happened, she was sensible of affection and sympathy, she could be deliciously and fancifully voluble, revealing a rich and tender spirit, original, observant, and keen. But, on the whole, she was more prone to act than to speak; attached importance rather to what others did than to what they said; and could express more, and more subtle things, by deeds than by words. She had a fiery and almost wild temper, but it was never ungenerous or underhand; and she was sensitively and unreasonably proud. There was an almost insane streak in her, showing itself in strange freaks and escapades; she would laugh when she might have wept; and wept but seldom, and then in secret, and obstructedly or revengefully. She enjoyed the unusual aspects of nature and things, and was amused where other women would tremble. There was a vein of mischief in her; but this belonged to the brighter side of her character, and was arch and playful. What she needed, in order to the full health of her body and mind, was more deep and broad mental and moral occupation; what declared itself as ill-health being but the effect of unemployed energy reacting upon itself. Her worst faults were perhaps an alert and intractable jealousy, and a readiness perversely to suspect others of insincerity and meanness towards herself. But the latter of these errors was caused by her low opinion of her personal deserts; and the former by her not ignoble zeal for the integrity of honourable and pure emotions, which, though harboured by her, belonged not to her individually, but were to the credit of our general human nature.

That Mr. Grant did not lose heart in face of the difficulties against which he had pitted himself, showed either that he possessed great temerity, or that he could see farther than most people into millstones. It was not so much his aim, at first, to force the young people into each other's society, as to talk to each about the other,

and about love and marriage; not obtruding his own views, but eliciting and criticising theirs. He was a pleasant man to talk with, for he made his interlocutor talkative; and the topics upon which he chiefly dwelt were such as seldom fail to interest any man or woman whose heart has not been misused—I will not say by others, or by the world, but—by the owner of it. To hear him, you would have thought that Mr. Grant, so far from desiring to impart information or understanding, was in search thereof, and needed support at every step. For one who had so much an air of cultivation and refinement, he was an amazingly unenlightened old gentleman.

"I remember, when I was a young fellow," he said one day to Marion, "I held an opinion which was very unfashionable. Indeed, for the matter of that, a good many of my opinions were unfashionable. Since then, I have come to reconsider not a few of them. One's point of view changes as one moves on. Perhaps the notion to which I refer was erroneous, as well as the others."

"You have not told me what it was," said Marion.

"I mean, whether or not it is prudent and sensible to marry for love?"

"I don't think love is a thing about which one ought to be prudent. Because prudence is to be careful not to put yourself to some inconvenience; and love outweighs all the inconveniences in the world . . . I should think."

"Ay; but suppose that, after a while, all the love should be gone, and only the inconvenience left? Then I should wish I had been prudent, shouldn't I?"

"But a real love never can be gone. It is all there is of you. It must last as long as you do. And when you are gone, prudence is no matter."

"I would agree with you, my dear, were it possible for us to know love when we see him. I fear there is a great deal of evidence that we do not do that. And though it takes only one person to make that mistake, not all the world can set it right again."

"Like Humpty-Dumpty," said Marion, with a laugh. "But I don't think there can be any mistake about the love we feel. 'Tis like being in the sunshine; we don't mistake sunshine for moonlight, or starlight, or for all the lamps and candles that ever burned."

"Ah! then you admit that we may be mistaken in the object for which our love is felt? And that comes to the same thing after all."

"But I don't say that; I'm not sure of that," said Marion

thoughtfully, and looking somewhat troubled. "Besides, even if you loved . . . some one who did not love you, or was not worthy of your love—still, you know, you would have loved. You could afford to be unhappy after that! If I were a common pebble, and some enchanter transformed me into a diamond, he might crush me afterwards: I should have been all I could be."

Mr. Grant sighed. "You young folk know how to be eloquent," said he. "And you may be right, my dear—you may be right. I should like to think so. I suppose every one is not born with the power of loving; but, for those who are, what you say may be true. And possibly Providence may so order things—I am an old-fashioned fellow, you see, and believe in Providence—that those who can truly love are never ignobly disappointed. They will have griefs, no doubt—for it would be an empty world that was without those—but not ignoble ones. There may be something purifying and divine in a real love, that makes it like an angel, before whose face all that is base and paltry flees away." After saying this, Mr. Grant was silent for a little while; and Marion, glancing at his face, fancied that he was thinking of some vanished love of his own, and she would have liked to have asked him about it, but could not find words to do it in. Presently he looked round at her, and said, with a smile:

"You, at any rate, have a right to your belief, my dear. It comes to you by inheritance. Your mother, I am sure, made a love-match?"

"Oh, yes! But mamma was born for such things—to love and be loved, I mean. I sometimes think, though, she would not have loved my father so much, if she had not first met Mr. Tom Grantley. She imagined she was in love with him, you know: just for a little while; and he must have been a grand man; he made her heart wake up—he made her know what love was, without making her really love him. So, when she met father, she knew how to give herself to him. Wouldn't it have been strange if she had married Mr. Grantley! But she would not have been happy. How strange if she had married him! I could not bear to have any other father but my own father: I shall never care for anyone as I did for him."

"Indeed, it would have been strange if she had married Mr. Grantley," returned the old gentleman musingly. "But, as you say, 'tis doubtless better as it is. In my life, many things have happened that I would gladly have averted, or altered: but looking back on them now, I can see how they may have been for the best. For

instance, I am very fond of you, my dear Marion—you won't mind me saying this, will you?—and I might wish that I had some substantial right to be fond of you, and to expect you to be fond of me: that you might have been my niece or daughter, or my young sister—my step-sister, let us say. But, after all, I would have nothing altered; and I dare say you will give me, out of free generosity, as much affection as if you were my kinswoman."

"Oh, at least as much," said Marion, smiling. "And I might like you even more than I do if there were some good reason why I should not like you so much."

"I doubt if I have audacity enough to take you at your word . . . and yet, I don't know! I might devise some plot against you which you would only discover after my death; as people leave hampering legacies to their survivors, who are then obliged to grin and bear it. Will you like me better on the mere chance of such a calamity?"

"It is very hard to forgive benefits; and I'm afraid that is the only sort of calamity you will bring down upon me."

"But, don't you think there is a point at which independence becomes selfishness?"

"I think it is better to run that risk than the other. It would be for me, I am sure. I don't believe in myself enough to venture on making a milliner's block of myself—all my value to be in the fine things that are hung on me. Mamma is always hoping I may get married—she can't understand that all women are not created marriageable, as she was—and wants me to 'make the most of my advantages,' as she calls it. As if I wouldn't take more pains to appear disagreeable to a man who wanted to marry me than to anyone else!"

"You remind me of something Philip Lancaster said the other day. We were speaking of the extraordinary marriages one hears of—the most unlikely people falling in love with each other—and he made the remark that the people best worth knowing were those who refused to be known—or something of that kind; and that probably, in the case of a man marrying a woman—or *vice versâ*—of whom it is asked, 'What on earth could he see in her?' the truth is, he sees in her what is reserved only for the eyes of love to discern—something too rare and precious to reveal itself at any less magic touch than love's. It struck me as a good saying; because it rebukes surface judgments of human nature, and developes the symbol of the diamond, which is the most beautiful of all gems, and therefore the least accessible."

"I should have expected Mr. Lancaster to say that the diamond is the least accessible, and therefore the most beautiful—in the finder's opinion: that is the way he would have put it had he been talking to me."

"As to that," replied Mr. Grant, with a smile, "Lancaster, in his dealings with you, reminds me of a young officer I once saw carrying despatches in a battle across the line of fire. In his anxiety to show that the imminent peril he was in did not in the least frighten him, he put on such an affected swagger—he was naturally a very modest and unpretentious young fellow—that his most intimate friend would hardly have recognised him. Now, I apprehend that my friend Lancaster's native simplicity is disguised by a like effort to appear indifferent to your sharp-shooting. 'Tis hardly fair, Marion. It is one thing to hide the graces of one's own mind and heart; but to force another to disfigure his is less justifiable, methinks!"

"Mr. Lancaster would be amused at the idea of my being unjust to him," said Marion, reddening and laughing. "He'd be expecting me to criticise the sun at noonday next!"

"There is a difference betwixt appreciating one's self, and being self-conceited," replied Mr. Grant. "Lancaster is at the age when a man sees himself rather as a reflection of humanity in general, than as an individual. He has much insight; he detects a great number of traits and qualities in people with whom he comes in contact; and whatever he has the sympathy to detect in others, he fancies he possesses himself. 'Tis a natural misconception; he lacks the experience that will hereafter enable him to distinguish one's recognition of a quality from one's ownership of it. The older we grow, the more we find the limits of character contract; we actually become but a small fraction of what we see and understand. And then, it may be, a young man receives a sharper impression from the evil that is in the world than from the good; and that may be the reason why our friend Philip sometimes refers so darkly and ominously to his moral condition. 'Tis not his own wickedness that oppresses him, but that which he has divined in the capacities of human nature. An old fellow like me prefers to look at the brighter side of mankind; and therefore, perhaps, ceases to take so much interest in himself."

"It may be all true—I suppose it is," said Marion, with a great air of indifference. "But Mr. Lancaster probably won't need my appreciation so long as he is not tired of his own."

"Ah, my child," the old gentleman said, with more gravity than he had yet used, "we are all foolish and feeble creatures, and 'tis

pathetic how we strive—clumsily and mistakenly often, God knows!—to appear wise and strong in one another's sight. If you would take my word for it, I would tell you our saddest regret at the close of life is that we have been less forbearing and helpful to our fellows than we might have been. And I would have you believe, too, that to do some good is much easier than it seems. It is as easy as to be ironical and self-sufficient. Here is a young man's soul passing your way on its long journey, not knowing how to ask your womanly sympathy and influence, but much in need of them nevertheless. Perhaps you might say a word or do a deed to him that would make an eternal difference in the path he takes and the goal he reaches. To underrate your power is to wrong both yourself and him. For we know—do we not, my dear?—that the source whence good comes is not in ourselves."

Marion's face had grown intensely expressive while Mr. Grant was speaking; her cheeks and forehead flushed, her eyes showed disquietude, and she moved her hands restlessly. Presently she exclaimed, "It is not as you suppose, sir. I don't feel unkindly to Mr. Lancaster—he was kind to us before he knew us. But it is not my place . . . I am a girl . . . he would not thank me. There is someone else—he knows Perdita Desmoines; I cannot interfere." She stood up and moved, as if she intended to leave the room.

Mr. Grant rose and took her hand. "I know of his acquaintance with that lady," he said; "but I think Philip is neither so young nor so old as you would imply. And the truth is, Marion, you have won my heart, and so has he; and my conscience never feels quite at ease until I have made my friends friends of each other. What else does Providence give them to me for?"

"For their own good, I should imagine," replied Marion, with a smile.

"Ay—the good I may be the means of their doing each other."

She shook her head and laughed. "Though, to be sure," she added, "'twould be scarce worth while to count the good they are like to do you!"

"I am too far on in years to begin to count the good you have done me, my dear," said the old gentleman. And then, as they were at the door, he opened it for her, and she passed out. After closing it again, Mr. Grant took out his snuff-box and helped himself to a pinch with an air of much quiet contentment.

Chapter XIV.

June, in England, sometimes combines the tender afternoon of spring with the dawning beauty of summer. There is joyful potency in the sunshine, but no white colourless glare; it seems to proceed almost as much from the face of the earth as from the sun. The air, both in light and in shadow, is of an even warmth—the happy medium between heat and cold—which, like perfect health, exhilarates us with so much subtlety that we are hardly aware of it until it is no more. Nature, who has no memory, triumphs over our weary hearts by telling over once more the sweet story, repeated a myriad times; and with such youthful zest as half to beguile us into the belief that it is new indeed. So, too, the infant man begins the heavy journey whose end we know too well, unshadowed by the gloom of our grim experience, shielded from our dreary sophistries by the baby wisdom brought from Heaven, which we can never learn. We know how soon he must lose that shield of light; yet we prolong for him, if we may, the heavenly period. For our human life is a valley, the gloom of whose depths would be too terrible to endure, did we not believe that its limits, on either side, bordered on the sky.

Mr. Grant was, perhaps, peculiarly appreciative of the charm of this English season, because he had been so long exiled to the torrid damps of India. One morning, accordingly, when the family were seated round the breakfast-table, with the fresh air and sunshine streaming through the open window, he pulled out of his fob the large old-fashioned gold watch which he always carried, and, having consulted it, said—

"'Tis now eight o'clock, Mrs. Lockhart. Shall you be ready in an hour?"

To which Mrs. Lockhart, who had all that morning worn upon her gentle countenance an expression of mysterious presage, alien to her customary aspect of guileless amenity, replied, mantling with a smile, "Quite ready, Mr. Grant."

"At nine o'clock, then, we will set out. Marion, get on your riding-habit; you and Mr. Lancaster must accompany us on horseback."

Philip and Marion looked inquiringly at each other, and then at their elders; and Philip said, "Is this another Popish plot?"

"Nothing so unsubstantial," Mr. Grant replied. "Mrs. Lockhart and I are going to drive to Richmond Hill, and Marion and you are

to escort us. The carriage and the horses will be at the door an hour hence. So—no cookery and no poetry in this house to-day!"

Marion went round to her mother and kissed her cheek. "But Mr. Grant is having a bad effect on you, mamma," she said. "You never kept a secret from me before!"

By nine o'clock everything and everybody were ready. Philip, booted and spurred, and with a feather in his steeple-crowned hat, was as handsome as one of the heroes of his own poems, who, indeed, all more or less resembled him; and Marion had never looked so well as in her dark blue riding-habit. As for Mrs. Lockhart and Mr. Grant, they were at least as youthful as any of the party; and the June morning glorified them all. The two elder people took their seats in the carriage; Philip helped Marion into her saddle, and then leaped into his own; the coachman gathered up his reins, and they started off. In a few minutes they were moving along the broad highway towards Kew Bridge, Marion and Philip riding side by side in advance. The tall elms shook green shadows from their rustling leaves, interspersed with sunbeams and sweet bird-voices; veils of thinnest cloud softened the tender horizon, and drew in tranquil arcs across the higher blue. A westerly breeze, coming from the coolness where the dawn was still beginning, breathed past their faces and sent freshness to their hearts. The horses shook their heads and stretched their limbs, and slanted forward anticipative ears. Marion's cheeks were red, and her eyes sparkled.

"I wish Richmond Hill were t'other side the world," she said, "and we to ride there!"

"I would ride with you as far as that, and then home the other way," said Philip.

"We should lose our road, perhaps."

"No matter, if we did not lose each other."

"Could you write poetry on horseback?"

"'Tis better to ride through a poem than to write one."

"Would this poem be blank verse or rhyme?"

"Rhyme!" cried Philip.

"Why?"

"Because that poem should make Marion rhyme with Philip."

"Yes—when it is written!"

"I would rather be the author of that poem than of any other."

Marion laughed. "You would find it very poor prose when it is done."

"It would turn all my prose into poetry, if I might hope even to begin it. Marion——"

She reined in her horse. "We are going too fast and too far," she said gravely. "The carriage is almost out of sight."

"But your mother will trust you with me," said Philip, looking at her.

"You do not know that; nor whether I care to be trusted."

"Ah! that is what I fear," said Philip, biting his lip. "You prefer to ride alone; I don't!"

"You're not accustomed to it, perhaps?"

"I have been alone all my life!"

Marion laughed again. "I thought the Marquise Desmoines was a horsewoman," she said.

Philip blushed; and, the carriage having by this time come up, the conversation was carried no further.

But it was impossible to be dispirited on a day like this. The deep smile of a summer morning, though it may seem to mock the dreariness of age, is generally found contagious by youth. The mind must be powerfully preoccupied that can turn its eyes inward, when such a throng of outward loveliness invites it. As the party approached the bridge, a narrow and hump-backed structure, which made up in picturesqueness what it lacked in convenience, the broad reaches of the river came into view, widening down on the left towards distant London, and, on the right, curving round the wooded shores of Kew. The stream echoed with inward tones the blue aloft, varying its clear serenity with a hundred frets and trills of sparkling light. Many boats plied to and fro, oared by the jolly young watermen who dreamt not of railways and steam-launches. There were voices of merrymakers, laughter, and calling, after the British fashion, all taking so well the colour of the scene as to appear to be its natural utterance; though when, with a finer ear, you caught the singing of the birds, that seemed the natural utterance too. Crossing the bridge, and winding past Kew Green, they began to behold, at a distance of a mile or so, the pleasant town of Richmond grouped betwixt the river and the hill. Leaving a venerable hostelry on the right, and turning sharply westwards, carriage and horses trundled and tramped conspicuous along the high-shouldered street; butcher-boys and loafers turned to stare; shop-keepers bowed in their doorways, rubbing superserviceable hands, and smirking invitations; a post-boy, standing at the door of the Castle Inn with a pot of ale in his hand, emptied it to Marion's health; while the neat bar-maid who had fetched it for him paused on the threshold with the corner

of her apron to her lips, and giggled and reddened at handsome Philip's nod. Anon they breasted the hill, whose sudden steepness made the horses bob their heads and dig their iron toes sharply into the road. As they mounted to higher air, so did the arc of the horizon seem to mount with them, and the wide levels of rich country lying between retired from verdurous green to remote blue, divided by the lazy curves of glancing Thames. It is the most cultivated prospect in the world, and second to none in wealth and variety of historical association. It gives range and breathing-room to the spirits; it has endless comely charm, but it is not inspiring. It is redolent of the humdrum flatness of respectable and prosperous mediocrity. The trees look like smug green cauliflowers; and the blue of the distance seems artificial.

"I am sure there can be nothing so lovely as that in India, Mr. Grant," said Mrs. Lockhart.

"A bare rock would be lovelier than India to me if it bore the name of England," he replied. "I thank God that I shall die, after all, within hail of so sweet a plain as that."

"No!" said Marion, in a low, disturbed voice. Her horse was standing close to that side of the carriage on which Mr. Grant sat, and the word was audible only to him. He looked round at her and added with a smile, "In the fulness of time."

The coachman began to point out the points of interest: "That's Twickenham Church, ma'am. Mr. Pope's willa is a bit furder down. Yonder's Mr. Orace Walpole's place. Of a clear day, sir, you may see Winser Cassel, twenty mile off. Hepsom will be that-away, sir."

"What do you think of it?" Philip asked Marion.

"It has a homely look," she answered; "home-like, I mean."

"Yes: we might ride round the world, and not find a better home than that," said he, pointing down the declivity to a house that stood by the margin of the river, on a smooth green lawn overshadowed by stately elms.

"Or a worse one, maybe!" she returned coldly. But the next moment she glanced at him with a smile that was not so cold.

The party moved on again, and at the end of a little more climbing reached the famous inn, which, at that epoch, was a much less grandiloquent structure than it is now, and infinitely more humane towards its guests. The riders dismounted, the horses were led to the stable; and Mr. Grant, having had a confidential consultation with the host and the head-waiter, proposed to his friends a ramble in the park. So off they all went, at first in a

group; but after a while Mrs. Lockhart wished to sit down on a bench that was wedged between two oaks of mighty girth; and as Mr. Grant seemed equally inclined to repose, Philip presently drew Marion away across the glade. It dipped through a fern-brake, and then sloped upwards again to a grove of solemn oaks, each one of which might have afforded house-room to a whole family of dryads.

"I remember this grove," Philip remarked; "I was here long ago—nearly twenty years. I was an Eton boy then. It has changed very little."

"Less than you have."

"I sometimes doubt whether I am much changed either. What is it changes a man? His body grows, and he fills his memory with good and bad. But only so much of what he learns stays with him as naturally belongs to him; the knowledge he gains is only the confirmation of what he knew before. A word is not changed by magnifying it."

"But if you put in another syllable?——"

"Yes, then it becomes different: either more or less than it was before, or, maybe, nonsense. But it is not learning that can put a new syllable into a man."

"What does, then?"

Philip did not immediately reply; but by-and-by he said, "I believe Providence meant our brains only to show us what fools we are. At least, that's the most mine have done for me. The more fuel we put into it, and the more light it gives out, the more clearly does it reveal to us our smallness and poverty."

"Perhaps—if we turn the light against ourselves. But clever people like you generally prefer to throw light upon the smallness and poverty of others."

Again Philip paused for several moments; then he said suddenly, his eyes darkening, "By God, were I to be tried for my life, I would not choose you for my judge!"

They were sitting together on the roots of one of the oaks. Marion turned her head slowly and encountered Philip's look. She put out her hand and touched his, saying, "Forgive me."

He grasped her hand and held it. At first she made a movement as if to withdraw it; but, meeting his eyes again, she let it remain. She looked away; a long breath, intermittently drawn, filled her bosom. The contact of her hand, sensitive and alive, was more significant than a kiss to Philip. He did not venture to move or to speak; thoughts flew quickly through his mind—

thoughts that he could not analyse; but they were born of such emotions as joy, eagerness, self-distrust, the desire to be nobler and better than he had ever been: a feeling of tender pathos. A voice in his heart kept repeating "Marion! Marion! Marion!" with a sense that everything womanly and sacred was implied in that name. He felt, also, that a sort of accident had brought him nearer to her than he had as yet a right to come; that he must wait, and give her time.

They got up, at last, by a mutual impulse, after how long a time they knew not. They had spoken no words. They looked at each other for a moment, and each beheld in the other something that had not been visible before: there was a certain surprise and softness in the look. The touch of the hands was over; but they seemed to be encircled by a secret sympathy that sweetly secluded them from all foreign approach. The nearness was spiritual, and demanded a degree of physical severance. They moved along, with a space between them, but intimately conscious of each other.

Presently Philip said, "I am changed now; but, you see, it was not memory or knowledge that changed me."

"Do you like the change?" she asked.

"I don't like to think how much time I have wasted without changing."

"Perhaps, since it pleases you so well, you'll want to change again?"

"I'm afraid you will never change!" he returned, with a cadence of half-humorous expostulation. "There'll be no more change in me this side death."

As he spoke he looked towards her; she was walking with eyes downcast, a doubtful smile coming and going about her lips. About a hundred yards beyond, in the line of his glance, a man and a woman on horseback passed rapidly across an opening between two groups of trees. Just before they swept out of sight the woman turned her face in Philip's direction, and immediately made a gesture with her right hand. Whether it were a signal of recognition, or whether it had no reference to him, Philip could not decide. A painful sensation passed through his mind; but he was glad that the episode had escaped Marion's notice. Soon after, they rejoined Mrs. Lockhart and Mr. Grant; and Marion seemed to be relieved to be once more, as it were, under their protection. The importunity of an ungauged and unfamiliar joy may affect the heart like a danger.

For the rest of the day, accordingly, the four remained together,

and, save for some slight intermittent anxiety on Philip's part, they were all as happy as human beings are apt to be. Marion and Philip said very little to each other, and that of the most conventional description; but an inward smile, that seldom ventured beyond the eyes, illuminated both of them. Meanwhile, Mrs. Lockhart certainly, and Mr. Grant apparently, were most comfortably unconscious of anything exceptional having taken place. The serene geniality of the weather was perfectly reflected in the sentiments of those who enjoyed it. When the air of the hill had made them remember that something was to be done at the inn, they betook themselves thither, and were shown into a western room, whose open window gave upon the famous prospect. Here a table was set out and dinner served by a profoundly respectable and unexceptionable waiter, who had the air of having spent his previous life in perfecting himself for this occasion. They had a couple of bottles of very delicate Lafitte; and always, before raising his glass to his lips, Philip lifted his eyes, and quaffed an instant's sweet intelligence from Marion's.

"How do you find the wine, Lancaster?" Mr. Grant asked.

"I wish I might never drink any other," was his reply.

"It is very good, but it goes to my head," remarked Mrs. Lockhart.

"It goes to my heart," said Philip.

"All the same, you may feel the worse for it to-morrow morning," said Marion, with one of her short laughs.

"A heart-ache instead of a head-ache!" smiled Mr. Grant.

"Heart-ache would come only from being denied it," Philip rejoined.

"I must try and get you some of it to drink at home," said guileless Mrs. Lockhart.

"'Tis Lafitte—you may get it anywhere," put in Marion. As she spoke she pushed back her chair from the table, adding, "Come, mamma, we have had enough; let us go out on the terrace." So she triumphed over Philip in having the last word.

The afternoon was mellowing towards evening by the time the unexceptionable waiter announced that the carriage and horses were waiting. As Philip helped Marion to her seat he said:

"After all, it is not so long a ride round the world, is it?"

She answered: "I don't know. We are not got home yet, remember."

Going down the hill, they halted at the spot whence they had first caught the view on ascending, to take a farewell look at it. A noise of hoofs following down the road above caused Philip to look

around, and he saw approaching the same lady and gentleman whom he had caught a glimpse of in the park that morning. The blood flew to his face, and he set his teeth against his lips.

The lady, riding up, saluted him with her whip, exclaiming laughingly, "Philip Lancaster, after all! You naughty boy—then it *was* you I saw coming out of the grove, and you would not answer my greeting!"

"Indeed!" was all Philip found to reply.

She reined her horse and extended her hand to him. "Indeed! Yes. But you were always so! . . . well, I forgive you because of your poetry." Here she turned her eyes, which were very bright and beautiful, upon the occupants of the carriage. "Surely I have known this lady?" she murmured. "Madame, are you not Mrs. Lockhart? Oh—then this—yes, this must be Marion!" She clapped her hands together with a sort of child-like gaiety. "And you have all forgotten me! You have forgotten Perdita Bendibow!"

Hereupon ensued a sociable turmoil—giving of hands—presentation of Mr. Grant—and of Perdita's cavalier, who was no other than Mr. Tom Bendibow, the hero of the coach-upsetting exploit. But the chief turmoil was in Philip's mind. Everything passed before his eyes like a dream—and an extremely uncongenial one. Once or twice he glanced at Marion; but she was not looking his way—she was laughing and chatting with the Marquise and Tom Bendibow alternately; there was vivid colour in her cheeks. Philip was also aware that the Marquise occasionally spoke to him, or at him, in very friendly and familiar terms. It was charming. And at last she said:

"There, I cannot stay—I am late; but you will come—mind! You have all promised. There will be no one but ourselves. Thursday—a week from this day—at six o'clock. Mr. Grant and all. You will not forget, Mr. Grant?"

"I shall not forget, madame," he said gravely and courteously.

"And you, ma chère," she continued, turning to Marion; and then, playfully tapping Philip with her whip, "because then we shall be sure of him! Mrs. Lockhart, I have so much to talk to you of your dear husband . . . he saved my husband's life! . . . I must kiss you!" She forced her horse to the side of the carriage, and, bending low from the saddle, touched the old lady's cheek with her lovely lips. The next moment she was erect again. "Come, Tom!" she exclaimed, "we must gallop! Good-bye, all of you!" And down the hill they rode at speed.

"How charming and beautiful she is!" said Mrs. Lockhart, smiling with tears in her eyes. "She has a warm heart. She has made the day quite perfect."

"Yes, she appeared at the right moment," assented Marion lightly.

In one sense, certainly, Perdita could be said to have been the consummation of the holiday; but, even in a party of four, the same event may have widely different meanings.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FUTURE OF VIVISECTION.

THE last few years, and in especial the last few months, have been conspicuous for the advance of the doctrines of Vivisection from a science limited to specialists into a theme of discussion for the general public. The literature of the day teems with the arguments of its experts and of its opponents; and if, on the one hand, the public is needlessly pained by the introduction of the cruel histories amidst its lighter reading, there is hope, on the other hand, that it may thereby be brought to comprehend something of the gigantic system of animal sacrifice which, under the various titles of "experiment," "demonstration," and "observation," takes place in all the cities and most of the towns of Europe every day of the year. Hitherto it is quite certain that the public in general in every nation (excepting perhaps the German) has known as little of the matter as it knows of chemistry or of navigation; having everywhere a vague impression that the practice is confined to two or three of its leading men of science. Thus far it knows; but of the number and continuity of the animal tortures, of the perpetual repetition of the same experiment for the sake of students, of the millions of creatures operated on in mere curiosity or simply in the course of demonstration to pupils of well-known facts in living organisms (such as the severing of the hoof from the limb of the living horse,—agonising, quite useless, but perpetually done, as at Alfort); of all these sections, so to speak, of that system of animal torment which, for want of a clearer scientific name, is called by the name of Vivisection, the general public most certainly has no conception. The leading physiologists claim much such a blind trust in their wisdom from the rest of humanity as did the augurs of old, and the people, for the most part, are obedient and content, out of indifference rather than out of respect, to leave them unobserved in their blood-stained temples. The majority of the public is ignorant, indolent, and superstitious; in our time, the superstitious awe of science has succeeded to the superstitious awe of religion, and science profits by the credulity of the multitude as religions did before it. The minority, which are more intelligent and more independent, are none the less

indolent, and shrink, with a perhaps pardonable egotism, from all painful and repulsive facts. An aversion to hear of ills they cannot remedy makes the majority of people eager to believe that those ills do not exist. To the revelations made of the tortures of laboratories this majority is wilfully blind, and what they avoid knowing most people have a vague though unacknowledged idea will not happen. It is this reluctance to suffer pain from hearing of it which, yet more than either indifference or collusion, has enabled the practice to attain the continually increasing proportions that it has done in this century. Unfortunately also, the vast and also ever-increasing body of persons who are opposed to any form of religion has conceived that in encouraging vivisection it encourages free thought, because the most cruel vivisector in Europe was elevated for a few weeks into the position of a Minister of the French Republic. Hence we have many causes at work to produce apathy about, or encouragement of, the torture of living animals, and induce the great bulk of the people to remain in total ignorance of the system of animal sacrifice which prevails, as I have said, throughout all the cities and most of the towns of Europe. The extreme difficulty lies in persuading readers to realise in any accurate degree the vast extent of the misery which this ignorance involves and sanctions.

The *Spectator* has lately drawn public attention to an admirable work published at Lausanne, and written by M. Jules Charles Scholl. It is a thorough exposure of the untruths foisted on the world in general by the professors of vivisection when they lament that they are denied "one rat," or only claim "a few mice and rabbits," and when they put forward the equally untrue assertion that their experiments are all performed under chloroform. I will ask the reader to peruse the following extract from the work of M. Scholl, which I give in the excellent translation made by the *Spectator*:—

> Plastering a terrier's muzzle with gypsum. Varnishing and oil-painting dogs and rabbits (varied in a "very interesting" manner by the thickness of the coat of paint and the surface covered). Injecting chromic acid into the crania of dogs and rabbits. Experiments on the pancreas, by dragging it with pincers out of a wound in the side, and replacing it with tubes sticking in it; the record commencing by the observation that "the organ is so extremely sensitive, that it is necessary to choose animals which can best sustain pain." Fifteen tormentors engaged in galvanising the pneumo-gastric nerves and the heart. Application of pus from one animal to others in manifold ways, always occasioning disease and death. Baking of animals alive in stoves by Delaroche and Berger, as well as by Bernard; a table of time needful to kill dogs of equal size at various degrees of heat—maximum, thirty minutes; minimum, eighteen, at one hundred and twenty centigrade. Innumerable operations on the vertebral column, remarked by Cyon be "perhaps the most painful operation of all for the animal." Béclard

praises Bernard for "a most ingenious proceeding for taking away altogether the spinal nerve from a living animal. It consists in seizing the spinal nerve at the hole opened in the back, and effecting, by tearing it out, the destruction of its roots." Blatin mentions hearing Flourens say that Majendie had sacrificed four thousand dogs to prove Bell's theory of the nerves, and four thousand more to disprove the same; and that he, Flourens, had shown, by vivisecting still some thousands more, that Bell was right. Next come experiments on the brain. Dr. Munk, of Berlin, condemns Ferrier. His examinations (Munk says) were done in a totally inefficient manner. Erroneous results have followed. The principles laid down by Ferrier differ in nothing from an arbitrary edifice, and his other views are utterly worthless (*ebenso werthlos*). For himself, Munk says, "I have procured twenty-nine animals for experimenting on the ape. I lost eight. On the rest I practised about fifty experiments, on the visual and the tactile sphere. The number was small compared to my experiments on dogs, owing to the rarity of the material." Again and over again the sensibility and intelligence of the mutilated monkeys were tested by the whip, or by lighted matches burning their muzzles; and after extirpating portions of its brain, a dog was kept without water for days, waiting its last mutilation. Another blinded and mutilated creature resisted the operator's blows (*Prügel*) to make it move. Sometimes the victims are kept alive for months, but this is said to be difficult, "because the mutilated hemispheres of the brain become excessively sensitive, and the terror and anguish which are the consequences of the operations (*Schrecken und Angst*) bring on inflammations," &c. Such things, however, are described by the vivisector as "beautiful [*schöne*] cerebral inflammations;" and he proceeds to still more "interesting" observations. Herr Goltz (another rival of Professor Ferrier's, and the honoured guest of the British public at the recent Congress) is in the habit of "rinsing out the brain," making it squirt forth out of a hole "like a mushroom." Here is one of his cases: A vigorous bull-dog on November 8th, 1875, had two holes made in his skull; the brain rinsed. Became blind, November 10th. December 11th, ablation of the eye. January 10th, 1876, another trepaning, and more brain rinsed out; the dog becomes idiotic. February 5th, third rinsing of brain; a purulent meningitis sets in, and the dog dies February 15th. Similar histories of other dogs are repeated again and again, with the same remarks on the growing blindness, idiocy, and helplessness of the victims. In one case, on a fourth operation, "there was not room left for another hole on the left side, so a large space of bone between the old and new holes was broken down." A "remarkable" experiment is made by putting the blinded dog on a table, and trying to make him jump down. Then followed an "interesting" experiment of squirting water on the animal, and making it, in its terror, "knock itself against a chair, laid purposely in its way." Twice more was this dog mutilated, and then it died of meningitis. The sum-total of results was: "the dogs all lost the faculty of using the right paw." Professor Goltz also tried experiments on the nerves—on a vigorous young water-spaniel, a grey poodle, a well-fed lap-dog, a small and feeble spaniel (two operations, the second being the section of the spinal marrow), a Pomeranian dog (same as the spaniel), a large famishing Dorfhund (tortured from October to April, when, after second section of the spinal marrow, it died of purulent meningitis). The experiments of M. Paul Bert (the new Minister of Worship and Instruction in France) are numbered by hundreds, and are perhaps the most terrible of all. A dog (No. 278 of his victims), described as a "new dog," because not hitherto tortured, is placed under the compression of eight atmospheres from 3.56 P.M. to 4.45 P.M. When

taken out of the machine, its throat is full of foam, its paws are stiff, its whole body in tonic convulsions. By five o'clock the convulsions are of extreme violence, the eyes are convulsed. At half-past five fresh convulsions are *excited* by shaking the table and pushing a thermometer into the body. The animal grinds its teeth as if to crush them. At eleven next morning it is found lying still, with permanent contraction of the limbs, and dies in the course of the day. Another dog (No. 286), withdrawn from the machine in convulsions, becomes stiffened, so that "the animal may be carried by one paw, like a piece of wood." A cat subjected to the same experiment feebly mews and crawls on its fore-paws, and, when dissected, shows a marrow "which flows like cream."[1]

It is not needful to have a very high opinion of the human race to yet believe that were these systematic tortures fully understood by or revealed to the world in general, it would refuse to sanction them.

Sentiment is the contumelious charge with which all opposition to these brutal experiments is met by those who practise them: it is an easy form of abuse. Every noble movement of the world has been saddled with this name, from patriotism to the abolition of slavery; and every impersonal impulse of the human race is necessarily one of sentiment—*i.e.* of spiritual and generous, as opposed to gross and merely egotistic, inspirations. But is opposition to animal vivisection merely generous feeling? Is it not also a movement of self-defence? This is what seems to me to escape the sight of those who treat of this matter, and it is what I now propose to submit to the judgment of the reader.

There is not a single argument used by the advocates of vivisection which will not apply in as complete an entity to human as to animal subjects.

The argument, in chief, is that the end justifies the means. This, being once admitted, must apply to and sanction no less the use of human lives for the purpose of experiment. It is declared that the inferior organisation is justly and fittingly sacrificed in order to ultimately benefit the higher. This, being once accepted, must legalise equally the surrender to scientific torture of all idiots, of all criminals, of all persons suffering from incurable disease, and, indeed, logically, must include all the brutalised and ignorant classes of the population, whose lives are valueless to the community at large where they are not, as they most often are, harmful and noxious to it. There is not a single argument brought forward for the vivisection of animal life which does not demand more imperiously, and without any manner of doubt, the submission to the practice of experiments of all the lower and the baser forms of human existence. Nay, the

[1] *Ayez Pitié! Quelques Mots sur l'Urgence d'Abolir Totalement la Vivisection.* Par Jules Charles Scholl. 1 vol. Lausanne: Imer et Payot. 1881.

argument is far stronger; for if it be admissible to torture the so-called lower forms of sentient life, which are quite innocent of harm, and, indeed, are useful to the world in their humble and obedient manner, it must be far more natural and desirable to give up to the knife of the vivisector those multitudes of men who are either absolutely useless in their generation or actively baneful to it. If the lesser life be justifiably sacrificed to the higher; if the benefits resulting from vivisection be so indisputably great that they justify the torment by which they are obtained; then there can be no shadow of reason to deny to the experimentalist the hordes of our prisons, the roughs of our thieves' alleys, the incurables of our hospitals, the mendicants and the idlers of our abundant pauperism. The horse, the dog, the lamb, the mule, are all useful in their several ways, and have done no ill; but there are tens of thousands of human beings in every country of Europe who are of no earthly use to any living thing, who do but cumber the earth they pollute, who are at their best mere lumps of sodden flesh, and are at their worst dangerous and poisonous elements of society. Why do not the professors of vivisection claim these?

It is what they will do, what they must do, by the sheer logical sequence of their own demands, if their sacrifice of animal life continues to be condoned and supplied.

Now, is the world prepared to accept this result? It is not, and vivisectors are at present afraid to suggest it; but in a generation or two they will not be thus timid, and they will use the arguments by which they now enforce their claims to the living bodies of animals to procure the living bodies of men. There is no sort of reason why they should not do so. They justify vivisection of animals by pointing to the sacrifices of animals made to sport and food; they will be able yet more effectively to justify their vivisection of human creatures by pointing to the sacrifices of human creatures made in war, in mines, in factories, and by famine.

When I was a little child, my father asked me what may seem a strange question: whether I would not, if I could, die to save ten thousand Chinese from martyrdom. I said, in childlike selfishness, "No; that I cared for myself, and not for the Chinese;" whereon he half gravely, half jestingly, showed me that I was a very sadly selfish little mortal. I never forgot the lesson. Now, the lesson, on the contrary, which the laboratory of the vivisectionist teaches to that sadly selfish child, the world, is, that each unit of it should sacrifice ten thousand victims, or ten millions, if thereby he has the smallest chance of knowing better how to cure his own finger-ache. Put at

its best and highest meaning, the sole meaning of the vivisectionist is that if man thereby gets the smallest particle of benefit, or the merest crumb of knowledge, by doing so, he has a right to torture throughout centuries all other sentient beings in every possible manner.

The plea is ignoble, like all egotism. These high-priests of science, who would ridicule the idea of any belief in Adam, are yet eager to proclaim, with him, that all the beasts of the field are subject to them. Granted that they are so subject by reason of their helplessness, shall that helplessness forever cease to be a title to forbearance and to gentleness? Yes; in the laboratory, as in pagan Rome, there is no altar to Pity. "Squeamishness" and "sentiment" is the physiologists' only retort to those who discover and display the foul secrets of their hidden chambers: they would take the "ten thousand Chinese" for their experimental tortures gladly, if they dared; and I fail to see how they could say less than "squeamish" and "sentimental" to any plea that might be put forward to save the Chinamen from the torture-trough. They could add, with a fair show of truth, that Chinamen are accustomed to torture.

It has been well said that vivisectors exhibit no new qualities: they display precisely the same brutality and the same fanaticism as did the priests of the Inquisition, or any other sect of religious torturers. Their work, even if its necessity be granted, must be a terrible and ghastly necessity; but to them it is, as all their language concerning it declares, a very rapture of cruelty, precisely as was theirs to Torquemada and his servitors. It is strangely useless for them to deny this, as Virchow denies it, in face of their published records, which anyone may peruse for himself, though few of the general multitude will do so, or even know they can do so, although the endeavour to popularise science is doing its utmost to teach the schoolboy that there is longer and more exquisite torture to be got out of the cat or the dog than his primitive methods of hunting them could afford to him.

Intolerant, like all fanatical persecutors, of any opposition, the professors and defenders of vivisection would, if they could, imprison and suppress all who disagree with them, as implacably as any persecutors in priestly garb have ever done. Their language shows the ready, if as yet impotent, disposition to persecute. In lieu of any argument, they use coarse words, and deny with a mere unblushing lie the charges founded against them on their own published reports of their operations. When a plain question is put to them, they avoid it by some subterfuge. Not long since, an English vivisector was asked in print, if the end justified the means, what

hindered him from using human infants for experiment? He answered that he would operate on a baby at any cost of pain to it, to do it service. Observe the fallacy of the reply. A diseased baby operated on *for its own sake* is not at all in the same position as a healthy or even a diseased baby operated on for the sheer sake of possible physiological discoveries.

This is the sort of illogical reply with which physiologists consider that they refute their opponents. In the same utterly false manner the experiments made under anæsthetics are dragged forth exultantly to the public sight; whilst the hundreds of experiments are carefully concealed which keep animals *skinned*, with every nerve laid bare, fastened down, for days and nights together, under the pressure of atmospheric machines; or through half a year practises on the brain, removing piece by piece, atom by atom, until at last idiocy follows, to be closed in death.

As yet, they are timid and hypocritical. They sigh that they only ask "one rat," whilst they know that, in their laboratories all the world over, thousands of sentient creatures are being cut open alive, roasted, crucified, larded with nails, galvanised, sent into convulsions, kept breathing in torture for months, subjected to the most excruciating agonies by experiments on the most sensitive organs of their bodies. They are as yet afraid that the great public of the nations should come to realise what their work really is, what their torture-chambers really are, and they use as yet artistic falsehoods to cover up that which they do and hide it from the eyes of the multitude. But in a little while, if unchecked now, they will cast off these disguises; these trained torturers will get tired of merely tying down the Newfoundland dog in the trough, and fetching the Nile crocodile to the Paris laboratory; they will cast aside periphrasis, and openly declare, what they now do say amongst themselves, that without human subjects no true results can be ascertained. And when they do this, who shall say them nay? Not those who now maintain for them that the end justifies the means.

What better can become of the puny infant, the scrofulous cripple, the sickly woman, the useless drunkard, the homeless worn-out prostitute, the criminal wasting his strength in the hulks, than to be offered up upon the torture-table of the physiological laboratories to the glory of science and the verification of its theories?

Mr. Gurney, in his recent article on Vivisection in the *Cornhill Magazine*, touches on this future question, but touches too briefly. He appears not to care to face all that it involves; which, indeed, is momentous and ghastly enough to daunt the boldest man.

He does so touch on it in quoting the words of Dr. Willis : "The rocks are broken and put in the crucible, the water is submitted to analysis, the plant is dissected," and "in animal life the same method must be adopted to unlock the secrets of nature. The question of the animal being sensitive cannot alter the mode of investigation." Mr. Gurney adds thereto pregnantly the conclusion that neither could the *question of the animal being human.* But here he pauses. He does not dare, or does not care, to follow his conclusion out in its full bearing. Further on, indeed (inconsistently enough), Mr. Gurney himself adds, with apologetic tone, that, "though in many cases a mere chance, a mere grain of knowledge, is set against the certainty of suffering, this goes for nothing if now and again the thousand chances throw up, or the thousand grains sink into, a single result." And he does not appear to see that here also, if in any logical manner followed, the argument used for animal sacrifice must apply to and justify human sacrifice.

He even endeavours considerably to palliate and understate the torture that goes on in the laboratories of Europe : perhaps he does not know of it; though, as he has read "La Fisiologia del Dolore," he must have had some insight into its extent.

There appear to me two issues attached to the daily increasing claims of vivisectors, which no one has hitherto in any adequate manner put before the public. One of them is this certainty that in some future time, and a time probably very near to our own, vivisection will, unless checked, claim (and claim in the same terms and by the same plea as it now claims animal sacrifice) the right to possess itself of human subjects. The second, which is interwoven with the first, is one which no one has, it seems to me, as yet considered; *i.e.* the moral effect on the human character of this animal-torture.

Not very long since, I heard a very famous surgeon say, in allusion to his own skill of hand in operations, "Certainly, I killed forty or fifty people before I acquired my present dexterity with the knife; everyone buys experience." He, fortunate person, had bought it at the expense of other people instead of at his own; and the forty or fifty hapless victims to his early immaturity did not appear to weigh upon him with any sense of either regret or responsibility. It is this temper of absolute apathy or callousness to the sufferings of others which the hideous cruelties of the laboratory must intensify and confirm in all those whose education consists in executing or in watching them. Even were the physical benefits and physiological discoveries resulting from them ten thousand times

more than they are, I think that such benefits and such discoveries would be far too dearly bought by the brutality and the cowardice which their pursuit involves.

Moral blight is a more formidable danger to the world than physical ills. A crime is worse than a tumour. Coldheartedness produces more misery than the cholera. And here let me say that I use above the word *cowardice* advisedly, and would only beg anyone who doubts its just application to read the directions given by Claude Bernard to capture a dog for operation with an instrument common to the laboratories—a huge pair of iron pincers—with which he directs his successors and imitators to seize the dog round the throat *from behind*, lest it should bite them! The man who can so capture a poor defenceless beast, doomed to the torture, may be a great scientist and scholar, but he is a miserable coward too.

We all know that in the best of men and women there lies a frightful capability of evil. Goethe nobly acknowledged this in himself, and the history of mankind proves it. There is in human nature a wild beast, a *machairodus*, a devil, a brute, call it what we will, which is always secreted in the human heart, and which springs into savage and cruel life under temptation or opportunity. Many of the most terrible tyrants the world has seen have been apparently gentle youths until the possession and intoxication of irresponsible power entered into them. The passion for destruction is still so natural to the human beast that he cannot taste of it without drunkenness, and thirst to return to its fierce delights. All history shows this, from the Asiatic or Roman annals of autocratic blood-lust to the lessons of the French Revolution in the last century or the Russian fury against the Jews in this immediate hour. The best and noblest of men (or women either), given boundless power and allowed the taste of blood, *may* become, almost in an instant, Nero or Robespierre, Catherine or Théroigne. There is not only in human nature a ferocity that may with ease be excited into dominance, but an appalling facility for dead apathetic indifference towards pain that is seen and not felt. There are few children who do not evince the tendency to either or both. Mercifulness is much harder to teach than the delight in tyranny or destruction which is inherent in many. Even where the young child will shed tears at first seeing the spaniel beaten or the hare shot, familiarity with these cruelties quickly blunts its sensitiveness and its pity. It learns with fatal rapidity to use the whip and level the gun. Now, can the prominence given to vivisection, and the popularising of its rudiments as methods of education, fail to excite this ferocity and harden this indifference? What can be

the state of moral feeling in any educated man who can take a large famishing hound, and, with no compassion for its past sufferings, for its loneliness, for its forlorn and homeless condition, can keep it "from October to April" in misery and torment, the subject of unceasing and torturing experiments, which its natural strength and forces resist, until at length, *after seven months*, purulent meningitis, after repeated operations on the spine, ends its hapless life? I say that whatever benefits or discoveries ensued from this cruelty (and in this case neither did ensue), they would be far too dearly purchased by having begotten a human beast of such insatiable and revolting callousness as was the capturer and torturer of this poor ownerless starving hound. There are numbers of narratives similar in the printed annals of the laboratories, where they are set forth as creditable and noteworthy examples. It is idle, in the face of such, to pretend that the use of anæsthetics has served in any way to mitigate the agonies of these victims. Chloroform cannot be given for seven months, and in the most torturing of all experiments, those on the nerve and cerebral systems, chloroform cannot be used at all, as the object of these experiments is to study the sensitiveness of the animal, which is studied under the application of red-hot iron, galvanism, or scourging. Neither can chloroform be employed in crucifixion, which is often resorted to as an "important demonstration" for the instruction of pupils. If it be argued that these studies of animal pain will lead up to what is called the reverence for beautiful organisms and observance of natural laws, we may fairly oppose to this the probability that it will rather lead in the child (as, according even to one of its own professors, it does constantly lead in the scientist) to a callousness which deals with these living organisms "just as they deal with physical bodies that have no feeling or consciousness."[1]

In the law laid down by Dr. Willis, and followed by all vivisectors, we have precisely that treatment of the organism *as if it had neither feeling nor consciousness*, which Dr. Sharpey regretted, but which is certainly the inevitable outcome and natural result of the practices of the laboratories. Even the physiologist who, like Bernard or Schiff, watches the slow roasting of a dog to death, or keeps one blinded in a cage for the convenience of experiment, could scarcely do so unless he had attained this absolute deadness to any "consciousness or feeling" of his victim.

I fail to see how any physiologist could escape from this, the logical, issue of all physiological pleas for the use of animal torture

[1] Dr. Sharpey before the Royal Commission.

as a means of observation and experiment; and I believe that not very many years separate us from a bolder demand on the part of physiology, which will claim human organisms in precisely the same language as it now employs to obtain the horse, the dog, and the cat. Science will claim to be more "merciful" than war.

Observe the pleading of Dr. Carpenter in reply to Lord Coleridge, wherein Dr. Carpenter seeks to conciliate the sympathies of the religious classes in Great Britain, by affirming that vivisection obeys the "highest law of mercy." This whole line of argument must be extended to human subjects if it be admitted as correct in the case of animals. It must equally become the "highest law of mercy" to torture a few hundred men on the chance of ultimately benefiting, by discovery from their sufferings, the human race.

And, moreover, had the now large body of vivisectors any true courage or any honest devotion in them to their cause, one at least amongst their number would have been found ere now to offer himself as a subject for those experiments which Professor Schiff is never tired of asserting must be "incomplete" until made upon a human body.

How long will vivisection wait for the human body?

Not long, I believe, unless the world at large becomes alive to what the demands, the arguments, and the desires of vivisection do really and finally mean.

Jules Scholl (whose book is before me) considers that the hideous preference for sights of pain is something yet worse than callousness, that it has become a moral disease, the blood-drunkenness of which Professors Rolleston and Haughton warned the English Royal Commission; and there is much in the appalling confessions, or (to give them their truer name) the boasts, of such "artists in vivisection" as Paul Bert and Voght, Mantegazza and Goltz, and many another arch-priest of this ghastly cultus, which tends to confirm this view.

The German physiologists describe the *freudige Aufregung* with which they rapturously rush to the torture-trough, and the French and Italian physiologists out-rival each other in their relations of their wanton and exultant ingenuity in producing unnatural agony and watching its helpless struggles. That these men do not immediately give themselves the greater luxury of human victims is due only to their timidity before public opinion. I fail to see any logical refusal that can be made them when they shall demand it.

Science has declared that man is but a beast that perishes; the superiority once claimed by humanity as having been made in the likeness of Deity cannot be put forward by a world which has long

been taught by science to see itself as a mere accidental congregation of atoms. Why shall not the physiologist claim the cripple, the mute, the idiot, the convict, the pauper, to enhance the "interest" of his experiments? It is not science which can give them any exemption as "heirs of God"; science has long since established that the doctrine of the soul is the mere dream of fools.

If "knowledge" be the one sacred thing of life, the one absorbing and solely gracious quest, and this knowledge be only obtainable by the prolonged and exquisite torture of the nerve-centres of sensitive organisms, how long will "knowledge" and its high-priests consent to be defrauded by mere "sentiment" from that extension and that certainty which can alone, as they already declare, be derived from the subjection to its experiments of human beings?

The most intricate social problems wait unsolved; political economy remains merely a name; all the revolutions and reasonings of mankind have failed to produce any even balance of property or any just division of pleasure; drink, vice, dirt, prostitution, hunger, and unnatural crimes work their wholesale ruin amidst the millions of miserable creatures that crowd together in all the cities of the world: yet the scientists think that the whole key of "study" and "knowledge" lies in a rabbit's rectum or a dog's pancreas, and turn their backs and close their sight to the frightful needs of the nations, which draw with every hour nearer to communism and chaos, whilst these "helpers of humanity" watch with *freudige Aufregung*[1] the piteous efforts of a puppy whose eyes they have put out by hot irons, or gaze *con molto amore e pazienza* on the guinea-pig they have larded with nails.[2]

Rome may burn: these Neros will not leave their fiddling. Soon they will crave for their music the deeper diapason of a human agony.

OUIDA.

[1] Cyon's *Methodik.*

[2] Mantegazza's *Dolore.*

RICHARD COBDEN.

THE event of the past publishing season has been the appearance of Mr. Morley's long-expected narrative of the life of Richard Cobden. This biography is a most important and interesting contribution to the literature of our political history, but it deserves to be read still more because it paints the character of a very remarkable man. It may seem, at first sight, to those whose knowledge of Cobden is confined to a rough popular acquaintance with the reforms which he advocated or secured, without enquiring into the motives which led him to appeal for those reforms, or the arguments by which he supported his appeals, that he was merely a good average Englishman who gained the ear of his countrymen by putting their thoughts into bold words. If this were all, it would be at least interesting to follow the career of a man who transformed a whole system of commerce, made party government for a time well-nigh impossible by the bare insistence of his own personality, and became perhaps the best known Englishman on the continent of Europe, by the possession of qualities which leave the rest of us in the seclusion of a comfortable mediocrity. But if we follow the story of Cobden's life under the guidance of Mr. Morley, we shall find, I think, that story of interest as much on account of Cobden's striking personality as of the legislative benefits he was privileged to introduce.

Richard Cobden was born on the 3rd June, 1804, at an old farm-house in West Sussex, named Dunford, which belonged to his grandfather, of the same name. Five years later, on his grandfather's death, the family removed to Midhurst. Poverty, which compelled them to leave their old home, never hereafter deserted Cobden's father, who was a thriftless, dependent man. It is curious that with the exception of Richard all his sons seem to have shared more or less his constitutional feebleness; and William Cobden's influence seems to have been exerted to check whatever spring of energy there might be in his growing boys. "It is one of the familiar puzzles of life," says Mr. Morley, "that those whose want of energy has sunk their lives in failure are often so eager to check and disparage the energy of stronger natures than their own." When

the eldest son, Frederick, went to the United States, his father was never satisfied till he was home again, and he prevented his brother from accepting a promising situation in Ghent. Richard had begun business in his uncle's warehouse, in Old Change, and at first it seemed difficult for him to enter into cordial working agreement with his relative. In process of time the difficulties which had been so obstinate were overcome, and in 1825, the year of his mother's death, he was advanced to the proud position of commercial traveller.

This position gave him opportunities of extensive observation such as he was glad to obtain. What strikes one in his letters of this period is the number and the variety of subjects which attracted him. He visited the birthplace of Robert Burns, and wrote to his brother: "It is a sort of gratification, that I am sure you can imagine, but which I cannot describe, to feel conscious of treading upon the same spot of earth, of viewing the same surrounding objects, and of being sheltered by the same roof as one who equally astonished and delighted the world." After seeing Shrewsbury Abbey he writes: "Oh that I had money to be deep skilled in the mysteries of mullions and architraves in lieu of black and purple and pin grounds! How happy I should be!"

When we read such eager utterances as these we are apt to think that a very slight change in his circumstances might have made of Cobden the economist, a poet or an architect. But this would be to mistake in him, as we are too apt to mistake in ourselves, the sympathetic interest of the heart and the imagination for the intellectual zeal of the successful specialist for his own department of study. Cobden was amply endowed with the social spirit which wrought in him a wide curiosity and interest in every subject of human thought, but it was, in a very striking sense, only economic facts which awoke in his mind that scientific interest for them which determined and justified the occupation of his life.

In the disastrous commercial year of 1826, when the fortunes of Scott were shattered, Cobden's employers failed. Two years afterwards—years employed in the service of another firm—Cobden took an important step by commencing business for himself. He associated himself in the enterprise with two friends. Long afterwards he wrote: "I began business in partnership with two other young men, and we only mustered £1,000 amongst us, and more than half of it was borrowed. We all got on the Peveril of the Peak coach, and went from London to Manchester in the at that day (September 1828) marvellously short space of twenty hours. We were literally

so ignorant of Manchester houses that we called for a directory at the hotel, and turned to the list of calico printers, theirs being the business with which we were acquainted, and they being the people with whom we felt confident we could obtain credit. And why? Because we knew that we should be able to satisfy them that we had advantages from our large connections, our knowledge of the best branch of the business in London, and our superior taste in design, which would ensure success. We introduced ourselves to Fort Brothers & Co., a rich house, and we told our tale, honestly concealing nothing. In less than two years from 1830 we owed them £40,000 for goods which they had sent to us in Watling Street, upon no other security than our characters and knowledge of our business." Cobden wrote the letter from which these words are quoted to enforce his belief "that it is the character, experience, and connections of the man wanting credit, his knowledge of business, &c., that weigh with the shrewd capitalist far more than the actual command of a few thousands, more or less, of ready money." In 1831 the new firm advanced an important step by forsaking the business of commission agents and commencing to print their own goods. They took over from the Forts an old calico-printing factory at Sabden, a remote village near the site of the now flourishing Blackburn. Fortune smiled upon Cobden, and for the next few years his prospects seemed to grow increasingly bright. And yet, I think, a thoughtful observer of human nature, as it is tried by the dangerous excitements of commercial life, would have foreboded for Cobden's fortunes that disaster which ultimately overtook them. He only shared the fate of many another eager, high-minded, far-sighted business man, for whom daring commercial schemes have an intellectual fascination, whilst, from the very absence of any sordid or avaricious element in his nature, his boldness is unchecked by the vulgar but wholesome sense of the worth of each pound he hazards. Writing to his brother at this time Cobden says his commercial plans are "sure for the present, and, what is better still, opening a vista to my view of ambitious hopes and schemes almost boundless. Sometimes, I confess, I allow this sort of feeling to gain a painful and harassing ascendency over me. It disquiets me in the night as well as day. It gnaws my very entrails (a positive truth), and yet, if I ask What is all this yearning after? I can scarcely give myself a satisfying answer. Surely not for money; I feel a disregard for it, and even a slovenly inattention to its possession that is quite dangerous. I have scarcely ever, as usual, a sovereign in my pocket, and have been twice to Whalley to find myself without the

means of paying my expenses. I do not think that the possession of millions would greatly alter my habits of expense."

What a fine piece of unconscious self-portraiture! How clearly it sets before us the strength and weakness of the man who recorded with elation that two years after it was fairly established his firm owed their correspondents £40,000 for goods sent on no other security than their character and attainments; for it is not "the actual command of a few thousands more or less of money in hand" to which "the shrewd capitalist looks."

From this period of his life dates the commencement of Cobden's public activities. His first important contributions to political literature were his celebrated pamphlets, written in the years 1835 and 1836 respectively, on "England, Ireland, and America," and on "Russia." The aim of these two pamphlets is identical. It is to show that the economic relations between these four countries bear perpetual witness to the folly of the political attitude assumed by England towards the other three. In these strenuous and vigorous brochures Cobden gives the first illustration of that wide and luminous apprehension of the growing importance of economical facts in practical politics which it was his mission to teach mankind. No one was his equal in lucid and persuasive reasoning on purely economical questions. Where he failed was in dealing with that class of questions where economic arguments are necessarily affected by the attractions and repulsions due to the affinities and antipathies of race.

There are several curious illustrations in these pamphlets of Cobden's want of sound historical knowledge when he passes beyond the sphere of the practical economist. Thus he argues rightly enough that the acquisition of Turkey by Russia would not injure our commercial position in the East of Europe; but then, further, in reply to the Russophobist, he maintains that this conquest would weaken Russia as a possible enemy to ourselves, on this astonishing ground, that, "supposing Russia to be in possession of the Turkish dominions, would she not find her attention and resources far too abundantly occupied in retaining the sovereignty over 15,000,000 of fierce and turbulent subjects, animated with warlike hatred to their conquerors, and goaded into rebellion by the all-powerful impulse of a haughty and intolerant religion, to contemplate adding still further to her embarrassments by declaring war with England, and giving the word of march to Hindostan?" There may be reasons enough for freedom from anxiety on our part at the march of Russia to the Bosphorus, but assuredly it is not one of them that she will

encounter in the Christian and Slavonic millions of European Turkey, held in unendurable bondage by little more than 750,000 genuine Osmanlis, a force of opposition which it will tax her resources to overcome.

Or, again: Cobden argues rightly enough as to the necessity of great economic reforms in Ireland, but he stumbles when he is attempting to enforce this necessity by showing the antithetic worthlessness of mere political change. "A parliament in Dublin," he says, "would not remedy the ills of Ireland. That has been tried, and found unsuccessful; for all may learn in history that a more corrupt, base, and selfish public body than the domestic legislature of Ireland never existed; . . . and one of the first acts of the United Volunteers was to invest the parliament-house in Dublin, and at the point of the bayonet to extort from these native legislators a redress of their country's grievances." What effect a parliament truly representing Ireland, and meeting in Dublin, might have upon Irish discontent is still a matter of opinion, but assuredly the question is not answered because 300 legislators in the last century, one-third of them representing rotten boroughs, another third mere nominees and placemen of the English crown, and the remaining third elected by a franchise from which four-fifths of the socially-qualified electors were excluded, failed—and did they altogether fail?—to soften the sorrows of their woful land.

It is worth while to call attention to one other point before we pass from the pamphlets. Cobden is often described as a man who, with no taste for public life, was led into it by the eager desire to carry one important reform. He even seems to have regarded himself in this light. Over and over again he declared his dislike of political life, and within a year of his death he seemed ready to agree with his wife, that it might have been better for both of them if they had gone immediately after their marriage to settle in the backwoods of Canada. Now, it is no doubt true that Cobden was endowed with a natural sensitiveness which enabled him keenly to appreciate the quiet advantages of domestic repose. But our choice of a vocation is not determined by the inclination of one quality of our nature. It is the net result of the struggle of conflicting desires. If anyone was ever driven by natural destiny into a life of public activity, it was Cobden, driven by his marked capacity for that form of activity, and by the pleasure which everyone feels in the free exercise of his best capacities. And the proof that this was so, is found in the fact that when first, by the publication of his earliest pamphlet, he stepped into the arena of political controversy, he was

not animated by a desire for the repeal of the Corn Laws. "We object no more," he wrote, "to a tax on corn than on tea and sugar for the purpose of revenue." These pamphlets determined the sphere of Cobden's future action. "Mark my words," said Lord Durham, when he had read the tract on Russia, "Cobden will one day be one of the first men in England." Between the publication of the two pamphlets Cobden paid a visit to America. The letters in which he narrates his travels are full of fine touches, penetrating suggestions, and a humorous appreciation of the national faults of the people amongst whom he travelled. After the last pamphlet was issued he made a long tour through the East of Europe and Egypt. He soon perceived that the best practicable supplement to his rather defective education was a course of foreign travel, so he freely indulged his inclination to become personally acquainted with other lands than his own.

After his return home on this occasion he was nominated by his friends for the parliamentary representation of Stockport, and underwent at this time, without success, the trying ordeal of a political candidature. His opinions on all subjects upon which he was called to express them seem to have been fully formed, and remained his settled convictions for life. His attitude, for example, to the Factory Question—his opposition to legislative restrictions upon the hours of labour—was the same which he afterwards assumed in the House of Commons. Cobden's position in regard to this group of questions is severely criticised, as showing, it is said, that he was blind to wrongs when his own class interests were affected, and that he called for legislative improvements at the expense of others. It must be said in defence of Cobden that his social theory was one of complete and unreserved obedience to the laws of political economy, and that, as he read those laws, any legislative interference with trade was to be deprecated, if not condemned. And yet the criticism is perhaps to some extent justified. Indeed, it could hardly be otherwise, for is it not always thus? Professional men, for example, delight in talking of the corruptions of city life, and we know how faithfully some humble Radicals nowadays discharge their duty in denouncing the crimes of landlords. But a wise lover of progress will gladly accept and use all this vicarious indignation of one class over the social lapses of another, knowing well that virtuous emotions are, alas, not yet distributed as a severe morality would desire.

Cobden at this time made a change in his business, confining himself exclusively to the Manchester branch of it. The object of

this change was to enable him to introduce his brother Frederick to the firm. To this brother he was warmly attached, and indeed one of the most touching traits in his pure and loving nature was his steady affection for his own kindred, and the readiness with which he had always yielded to the pressure of filial or fraternal ties.

In the autumn of 1838 serious Chartist demonstrations disturbed the peace of Lancashire. These outbursts and similar movements were anxiously watched by Cobden, and as the result of his observation he wrote some weighty words to his brother. "As respects general politics," he wrote, "I see nothing in the present Radical outbreak to cause alarm or make one dread the fate of Liberalism. On the contrary, it is preferable to the apathy of the three years when prosperity (or seemingly so) made Tories of us all. Nor do I feel inclined to give up politics in disgust, as you seem to do, because of the blunders of the Radicals. . . . We must choose between the party which governs upon an exclusive or monopoly principle, and the people who seek, though blindly perhaps, the good of the vast majority. If they be in error, we must try to put them right; if rash, to moderate; but never, never talk of giving up the ship. . . . I think the scattered elements may yet be rallied round the question of the Corn Laws. It appears to me that a moral and even a religious spirit may be infused into that topic, and if agitated in the same manner that the question of slavery has been, it will be irresistible."

In the autumn of the year in which these wise words were written, the Anti-Corn Law League was founded.

I am not writing a history of Cobden, far less of that famous organisation with which his name is associated in popular memory. I am simply trying, as adequately as limited space will permit, to present his character before my readers, to show his mental attitude towards the various questions of public policy in which he became engrossed, and to indicate the nature and extent of the influence which he exercised over our national life. And no better illustration of the qualities of character which lent so distinguished a success to his reforming energy could be given, than those words I have quoted which herald his campaign against the tax on bread. If we turn over those pages of history which record the slow progress of European civilisation, we cannot fail to be struck with the fact that in every forward step that has been taken, two factors contributed their share towards securing the advance. The needs of the body have united with the soul's immaterial wants. The cry for the bread that

perishes has allied itself with desires for the celestial manna—for the true bread which comes down from heaven. Questions of ecclesiastical extortion, of seignorial dues, of ship-money, of untaxed tea, have strangely mingled with ideal aspirations after pure religion or dreams of the brotherhood of man. A movement which originates in nothing but the desire of a sordid and downtrodden population to improve their material position, and which secures no external support, will be crushed out by the tyranny of the class which profits by their wretchedness. A movement, on the other hand, which originates in nothing but the noble effort of some ideal dreamer to accomplish the reformation of society upon the model of his dream, will fail through the apathy of satisfied multitudes. It is only when a union takes place between moral and material desires that the occasion for a great reform is at hand. It is to Cobden's credit, to the credit of his generous heart as well as of his keen intellect, that he saw and knew this. Cobden was a free-trader on principle. He believed in the total repeal of all protective duties. But he saw that the battle must be fought on the question of the Corn Laws, because it was only to secure the overthrow of an impost which cruelly starved the poor for the benefit of a class interest that such an amount of moral force could be generated as would lead to victory at last. "I think the scattered elements may yet be rallied round the question of the Corn Laws. It appears to me that a moral and even religious spirit may be infused into that topic." Nearly a generation has passed since the repeal of that famous, or infamous, impost, and the withdrawal of those other fiscal impediments which had straitened the commercial activity of England, and we wonder that other nations have not yet followed our example by the free opening of their ports. Before we regard them rashly as our inferiors in intelligence, let us pause to think that in the case of no other country have those peculiar circumstances arisen which caused an economical fallacy amongst ourselves to assume the proportions of a national crime, and awoke the moral energy of the nation to drive it from the land for ever.

The crusade of Cobden, Mr. Bright, and their allies against the Corn Laws is one of the most stirring episodes in the history of domestic reform, and it has been eloquently chronicled by Mr. Morley. I do not propose to follow his account of it, as all are familiar with the main features of the struggle—how the whole country was subjected to a systematic plan of economical instruction, how the post carried tracts and pamphlets to every door, how itinerant lecturers traversed the country, how Cobden and Bright gave

themselves no rest, but travelled incessantly, instructing and exhorting from town to town, and from county to county, through the length and breadth of Great Britain; and how, from the time of his election for Stockport in 1841, Cobden made it the sole object of his presence in the House of Commons to influence that legislative assembly, and especially the leader of its dominant faction, to undertake the abolition of the tax on foreign corn.

The field of argument which was traversed by the repealers was of course a wide one, and fresh illustration of the impolicy of the impost and new aspects of its far-reaching mischievousness were perpetually forthcoming. But I think the main issue was a simple one. The Corn Law of 1815 forbade the importation of wheat until the price reached 80*s.* a quarter. This law was afterwards modified at various times, in 1822, in 1827, and finally in 1828, when it took the form of the actual law of which Cobden procured the overthrow. "According to the Bill of 1828, when the price in the home market was 64*s.*, the duty was 23*s.* 8*d.* The variations in the amount of duty were not equal, as in the previous Bill, but went by leaps. Thus when wheat was at 69*s.*, the duty was 16*s.* 8*d.*; and when the home price rose to 73*s.*, then the duty fell to the nominal rate of 1*s.*" Now, the broad fact was, that under the operation of this law in all its modifications the poorer people of the country, in seasons of bad harvest, literally starved, whilst one class of the community—the landlords—reaped a certain benefit. When at last, through the failure of the potato crop in Ireland in 1845, the food supply of a whole population was cut off; when, to borrow Mr. Bright's graphic and impressive sentence describing the effect of this disaster upon the fortunes of the League, "Famine, against which we had warred, joined us;" then the Corn Law could be upheld no longer, and disappeared from the statute-book.

It is not easy to summarise in a few sentences a controversy of years. A close attention to the history of the struggle, however, will, I think, convince us that the opposition to free trade in corn rested on two principal fallacies. It is, of course, easy to say that this opposition was purely selfish—the work of a territorial aristocracy who reaped the benefits of protection, and who were then omnipotent in Parliament. To a certain extent this is true, but it would be unfair to say that it accounted for all the antagonism against change. The fact is, that there was in the country a widespread belief in two things: 1st. That the agricultural interest *as a whole* had a special claim on the community, and that this agricultural interest *as a whole* was unquestionably benefited by the tax on foreign corn; and 2nd.

That the rate of wages depended on the price of food, and that consequently high-priced food would keep up the rate of wages, and so benefit the industrial classes of our population. On these two fallacies depended the whole apology for Protection. That they were widespread is undoubted, and is proved in the case of the latter by the fact that when the Corn Law of 1815 was passed, the manufacturers petitioned against it on this very ground—that the proposed legislation would raise the rate of wages.

It was Cobden's great achievement to overthrow these fallacies. They had lodged in the mind of Sir Robert Peel, as in the minds of inferior and less influential men, and the battle of the League was won when they were dislodged from that position by the slow winning influence of Cobden's persuasive arguments. He showed that the rate of wages in a country like England has no earthly relation to the price of food, but is determined entirely by the demand for labour; and how could that demand exist, if foreigners could not buy our manufactures? and how could they buy our manufactures, if we did not take their corn? "The overthrow of this fallacy was 'one of the things,' Sir Robert Peel admitted, 'which most powerfully affected his opinions on a protective system.'" And when, in 1845, Cobden rose in his place in Parliament to call the attention of the House to the state of agricultural distress, and delivered a speech in which he demonstrated that all the profits of protection went to the landlords, as rents were calculated on the supposition that the protective tariff would maintain English-grown wheat at a price which never was and never could be maintained, Sir Robert Peel was observed to crumple up the paper upon which he was taking notes of the speech for the purpose of reply, and turning to Sydney Herbert to say, "You must answer him, for I cannot."

With no wish to make light of the assistance which Cobden received in this contest from his associates in the League, and above all from his brilliant and honoured coadjutor Mr. Bright, the laurels of the victory are unquestionably his own. Cobden alone possessed the qualities of character which secured a success so rapid and so complete. He was endowed, in the first place, with that pure moral sensitiveness which ennobled to him every subject of human interest. Affairs of trade were to him as sacred as the themes of the preacher or the poet, and he infused some of his own sense of the dignity as well as the importance of commerce into the agitation to break the chains which bound it.

In the second place, he possessed a complete grasp of the whole

economical problem, such as belonged to no other than himself. Every fact bearing on the subject was present to him and ready for appropriate use at call, and no fallacy could long withstand his searching exposure.

But the extent of this knowledge and skill in using it were due largely to the third conspicuous quality with which Cobden was endowed—his fine and powerful imagination. He brooded in imagination over the economical relations of nationalities till the play of his fancy resembled the ideal musings of the poet. The complex scheme of life upon the economical side of it, with its ceaseless flux and ebb, its side currents, and its vast tidal movement, Cobden held as a single whole in the grasp of his solitary thought. And therefore he felt almost with the force of pain the effects of fiscal restriction in hindering and obstructing the free current of these mighty and fascinating activities of commerce. Let me venture an illustration. We all know that it was the great discovery of Harvey that every drop of blood in the human organism makes a complete pilgrimage round the body—that commencing, let us say, in the left chambers of the heart, it plunges into the arteries ; from the arteries into the capillaries, ramifying through the whole frame; from the capillaries to the veins, from the veins to the right side of the heart, thence to the lungs, whence, repurified by contact with the oxygen of the air, it returns to its old starting-place to repeat the circle of change. Imagine that at any point in its passage from vessel to vessel the progress of the blood were arrested by some obstruction ; and it is manifest that not one part of the system, but the whole, would be thrown into disorder. Now, trade is the vascular system of the body politic, and through its channels there circulate in endless flow those products and commodities which sustain, and enrich, and warm the material life of nations. Interpose any artificial legislative hindrance to this free movement, and not a part but the whole must suffer. You say, But cannot we keep the nourishment, the blood as it were, in our own vessels, regardless of the depletion of our neighbours? And we reply—No, you cannot. And for this reason : that the aim of all production is consumption ; all these things are destined to perish in the using—to be consumed in use—and unless they are so consumed, unless the food finds its way to the mouths that are hungry, and the clothes to the backs that are bare, the whole object of trade is frustrated and unfulfilled. But you say, We need not produce ; we can keep the money in the country. No, again, you cannot. No nation can thus live for itself, and for the simple reason that money has no absolute, intrinsic value, but depends for its worth upon the

very course of trade, and if we keep two sovereigns in the country when the legitimate purposes of trade require but one, we simply depreciate the value of both till they possess together merely the purchasing power of one. Cobden saw and felt with all the force of his moral and intellectual nature this solidarity of mankind, this oneness of all people in their enterprises of trade, and his success in leading others to see it too he joyfully regarded as a spiritual revolution.

After the great victory of the principles of Free Trade in 1846 Cobden left England for a prolonged tour through the continent of Europe. His fame had preceded him everywhere, and in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Russia, he was fêted and entertained as the most enlightened and distinguished politician of his time. This holiday absence from England seems to divide between the two labour periods of Cobden's life. Hitherto he had been filling the character, more or less, of a popular agitator ; for the future he had often to set himself in opposition to popular sentiment. And yet there was no change in the opinions of Cobden, nor can we say there was any great change in the opinions of the classes of the population whom he had championed and inspired. But Cobden was relentlessly logical, and he found before he died that many who had supported him on the question of Free Trade were not prepared to see his economical arguments applied to the whole scale of questions which he insisted on submitting to them.

When Cobden returned from the Continent he bought the little family property of Dunford, which had been for so long in the hands of his ancestors. The money to make this purchase had been supplied to him by contribution amongst members of the League. Cobden's business had long before this gone hopelessly to ruin. The cause of failure was generally attributed to the absorption of the principal partner in public affairs, and it was felt to be wrong to allow the chief promoter of a great commercial reform to be the sole sufferer when the cause was at last victorious. That Cobden's private affairs might have worn another complexion had he been less interested in national progress and reform is no doubt possible. But, as I have tried to point out already, there were in his nature elements which combined to fashion a character doomed to commercial misfortune. And the proof that character, as much as circumstance, was at the bottom of his misfortunes is found in the fact that he was unable to employ with wise and sober forethought the money, some £80,000, which was so generously raised for him at this time, and other sums of £40,000, £7,000, swelling the total which his chronic difficulties made it necessary for his

friends to bestow. When the purchase of Dunford was accomplished Cobden invested the surplus of the presentation sum in shares of the Illinois Central Railway. Long before this time, when writing his first pamphlet on America, he had applauded the promptitude with which that nation had laid hold of the new invention in locomotion—the railway—and applied it with all the energy of a "young and unprejudiced people." The history of railway enterprise in America exhibits, indeed, an astonishing national freedom from many prejudices, but it also exhibits the rashness as well as the energy of youth. When steam was first applied to locomotion by land in our own country, the lines of our commerce and trade had for long been pretty well laid down, and the strange, new network of iron rails only united more closely points which had always been joined by necessities of trade. One populous centre was united with another, and each line of railway sprang into existence, in the teeth of parliamentary opposition, under the compulsion of trade requirements. And therefore, with one notorious exception, there is no railway company in England which does not provide some sort of annual dividend for its ordinary shareholders.

But in America it was otherwise. The country was still in embryo. Enterprising engineers laid down lines, with the assistance of land grants from the State Legislatures, not in order to meet a felt want, but to create the trade and traffic by which they were to profit. And what has followed? Thousands of miles of railway in America have proved as yet an unprofitable outlay of the capital employed for their construction. Company after company has passed through the hands of a Receiver. When they have emerged, it has generally been with an *alias* under which they are, in many cases, still doubtfully struggling to make amends for a discreditable past. To whatever part of the country you turn—to the connections between New York and the great wheat-growing regions of the West, or between the ample waters of the Mississippi and Ohio, or between the Western States and the Texan frontier—numberless instances may be found of railway mismanagement and failure. The Illinois Central Railway has proved itself to be a good undertaking, but it passed through a crisis which shook the stability of its promoters, and Cobden was again in difficulties. Its advance was necessarily slow, and his sanguine temperament made no allowance for the measured paces of progress when his imagination was bearing him far ahead on hopeful wings.

The years of Cobden's life which follow this period I am inclined to regard as the greatest and the best of his public career. With the

exception of the successful negotiation of a commercial treaty with France, they are signalised, indeed, by no notable reform. But by his steady vindication of his personal dignity, by his unwearied endeavours to inculcate a nobler international morality, by his quiet refusal of office when his conscience would have been wounded by accepting it, by his indomitable opposition to the warlike frenzies of the people, Cobden has left us in the history of these years a fine example of austere public virtue.

The public interests of these later years were naturally more varied than during the time when Cobden was exclusively occupied with the question of the Corn Laws. To every important question which claimed public attention between the years 1846–1865 he had something to contribute. The Crimean war, the Indian mutiny, the Burmese and Chinese wars, the invasion panics, were all subjected to his searching criticism. In these debates and discussions he was never on the popular side, and in 1857, on account of the attitude towards Lord Palmerston taken up by himself and his friends on the Chinese question, he, and the whole group with which he worked, disappeared from the House of Commons at the next election. But throughout all these various activities Cobden's public work was inspired by one definite idea. From his very earliest years of political thought he had discerned the growing importance of industrial enterprise. A new era, he thought, was dawning. International relations were henceforth to be determined by the disposition and requirements of the markets; and therefore all the old apparatuses of government, created on the supposition that nations were natural enemies, were obsolete, and could no longer be maintained. Of these a protective tariff was one, and, thanks to him, protection had been driven from England. But other abuses must follow. How can my countrymen, he asked, compete successfully with the United States in the markets of the world, if they are taxed for a navy to defend their commerce at a rate which makes a serious deduction from the profits on every cargo sold?—a charge for safe convoy of, say, 6*s.* 8*d.* in the £. How can they develop the industries by which alone they live, if their rulers are interfering in every continental quarrel? And therefore, in season and out of season, he urged on his constituents and countrymen the necessity of reducing the service charges, and watching over the public expenditure. Whatever, therefore, was the question before him, Cobden's answer was determined by the consideration of the commercial and economical points which were involved.

Before endeavouring in a few concluding remarks to estimate

how far that attitude of mind towards public questions which Cobden represents to us is wise, I shall briefly chronicle the outstanding events of the remaining years of his life.

During his absence from England in 1847 a general election took place, and he was elected for the West Riding of Yorkshire, which he represented for ten years. During that decade his most important public action was in connection with the invasion panic of 1853, and then with the Crimean and Chinese wars. As a contribution to the first question he published a pamphlet entitled "1793 and 1853, in Three Letters." In these letters he endeavours to show how a similar panic dread of French invasion to that which was agitating the public mind in England since the voting for the Second Empire, had led to the most disastrous consequences in the close of the last century, and burdened the country with an enormous national debt. At the time of the Crimean war he frequently spoke in opposition to military measures. In 1857, on the questions raised by the Chinese war, he brought forward his celebrated motion censuring the Government for the violent measures at Canton which introduced the quarrel. By means of a coalition, common enough among the party confusions of the time, he found himself heading a majority of sixteen against the government of Lord Palmerston. Lord Palmerston instantly dissolved Parliament, and had his revenge in the complete overthrow of the Radical party at the hustings and in the polling-booths. Cobden was defeated at Huddersfield, and did not attempt to secure another seat. He lived quietly at Dunford, and in the following year made a second voyage to America in connection with the affairs of the Illinois Central Railway. During his absence Mr. Disraeli (who had succeeded Palmerston after the defeat of the latter on the Conspiracy Bill) introduced his Reform Bill, was defeated, and dissolved Parliament. At the new election Cobden was returned for Rochdale, and when Lord Palmerston again took office he was offered a seat in the Cabinet.

Throughout their political careers Palmerston and Cobden had been irreconcilably opposed, and when the proposal of office under his great antagonist was made, Cobden felt that he would weaken his influence and sense of personal dignity by accepting such a post from one concerning whom he had been obliged to say so many hard things. Palmerston objected that others, now his colleagues, had once been as severe critics. "Yes," replied Cobden, "but I meant what I said." Outside the Government, however, he rendered effectual service to his country by negotiating with the Emperor Napoleon on behalf of France the "Commercial Treaty"

which has been in operation between the two nations for the last twenty years. The closing years of his life were occupied with the discussion, by pen or voice, of such important questions as the attitude of England to the United States during the civil war, and to Denmark during the dispute about the Duchies. The subject of maritime law had also always occupied a share of his keen attention.

His health, which had never been robust, was by this time seriously weakened. In March, 1865, he came up to London to take part in the debate on the Fortifications scheme, and caught cold on the journey. He got rapidly worse, and in the presence of Mr. Bright he died quietly on the 2nd of April, 1865, at the age of barely 61. Many years before, in strolling through Westminster Abbey with a friend, the remark had been made that perhaps Cobden would add another illustrious name to the dead whose record is there. "I hope not," said Cobden; "I hope not. My spirit could not rest in peace among these men of war. No, no. Cathedrals are not meant to contain the remains of such men as Bright and I." He is buried in the little churchyard at Lavington. "Before we left the house," said Mr. Bright, describing the day of burial, "standing by me, and leaning on the coffin, was his sorrowing daughter, one whose attachment to her father seems to have been a passion scarcely equalled among daughters. She said, 'My father used to like me very much to read to him the "Sermon on the Mount."' His own life was to a large extent—I speak it with reverence and with hesitation—a sermon based upon that best, that greatest of all sermons—his was a life of perpetual self-sacrifice."

The political history of England during a quarter of the present century holds no more conspicuous figure than Richard Cobden. His prominence was not due to the possession of qualities which naturally mark a man for leadership amid the constitutional warfare of our system of government by parties. Cobden was no party man. He was not a Tory, far less a Whig. He was not a Radical; he was not an Opportunist. He was a man whose mind was imbued with one original political conviction, to which through life he consistently adhered, and nothing contributes more than such a conviction to make any one of us foremost amongst his fellows.

The conviction which determined every political action of Cobden was the belief that trade, commerce, industrial enterprise, were the expression and the outcome of the wholesomest, best, and wisest elements in human nature, and that, consequently, that nation will occupy the foremost place which makes her laws most effectually in the interests of her merchants and manufacturers

Trade is crippled by the custom-house; therefore, abolish it. Trade is disturbed by wars; therefore, discontinue them. Trade is compromised by a barbarous maritime law; therefore, reform it. This was his advice to the nation.

It was wise advice, and would doubtless lead us forward to a new civilisation if all concerned in commerce could regard it with Cobden's idealising eye. For to him commerce was an all but sacred thing, and held within its power the fairest possibilities of the future. "Affairs of trade," he once wrote, "like matters of conscience, change their very nature if touched by the hand of violence." His own guileless and generous nature made him incapable of fully appreciating the coarse graspings and vulgar hustlings of the market, which are all that some associate with a name which held for him the secret of an almost spiritual power.

I cannot help thinking, too, that Cobden was at fault in the deeper philosophy of the subject of his special study. He had always a picture before him of the condition of a society under the unfettered application of economical law, and the picture was not entirely accurate. It is objected against Cobden that his uniform appeal to material interests was more grossly selfish than the old appeals to the coarser and more savage elements of our nature upon which the leaders of a people used to work. He did not himself feel the full force of this objection, for his imagination—always so powerful—supplied him with a conception of society as that of an aggregation of units, all working for a common interest. The more an individual secured to himself of wealth and prosperity, the more could he radiate around him. His diligence, his industry, do not belong to himself alone, but become a source of benefit to others. His riches are not gained at the expense of his neighbours, but are a means of helping them to increase their own. And, therefore, selfishness is out of the question, for the interests of any one class or one individual are not at variance with the interests of the rest of the community. It was in this way that Cobden idealised commerce. He never, I think, quite clearly saw, or at all events never fairly faced, the ugly vision which has haunted a very different economist through all the years of his passionate and sorrowful life. It was reserved for Mr. Ruskin to make clear by argument, what all facts demonstrate by experience, that this beneficent interdependence of men on one another is no inevitable sequence of economical law. It is possible for the trader to make riches for himself by methods which add nothing to the wealth of the community. If three men, suggests Mr. Ruskin, find themselves alone upon a desert island, and one

occupies himself in transporting and exchanging the produce of the other two, he has the power, by skilfully holding back the food till the one is starving with hunger, or the raiment till the other is perishing with cold, to extract a higher price, and transfer into his own pocket a profit which is made at the price of a *diminished* increase to the community at large. And do we not find reason to fear that this alarming and mischievous power has been too freely used when we confront the spectacle which every civilised society presents of its hundreds raised high upon their glittering gold heaps above the sodden millions who grovel at their base? Truly we may take to ourselves credit, one and all, Christian and non-Christian alike, for the diligent pursuit by each one of us of his material interests, and the result is that menacing fact in our new civilisation, the despairing heathenism of those toiling multitudes in our large towns, over whom the Church is now wringing her hands with the sense of her helplessness to turn them from their fixed attitude to religion of sullen indifference or fierce contempt.

> Is there a reason in nature for such hard hearts? Oh, Lear!
> That a reason out of nature must turn them soft, seems clear.

The relations of men with one another must be inspired by a loftier spirit than that of commerce at its best if the nineteenth century is to witness a repetition of the moral miracle of the first. I can understand how a handful of poor Hebrew craftsmen—their hearts all aflame with divine love and pity, and trampling the world's greed and glory beneath their feet—should have won the common people of their age to hear them gladly; I think I can understand how a whole Christendom of well-to-do saints is impotent to impress our social outcasts of to-day. Upon the question whether our affluent modern Christianity can trace a quite legitimate descent from the faith which was cradled in Galilee I do not venture an opinion. But of this I am very sure, that if ever these wandered children are to be welcomed back into their Father's kingdom by us, their brothers, it can be only when the Gospel of that kingdom is preached once more by a Church, if not as poor, at least as serenely indifferent to material wealth as were Jesus and his fishermen.

We do not readily associate with such a career as Cobden's that element of tragedy which is so impressive to the multitude on account of the picturesque shadow which it casts upon human fate. And yet, upon every reformer whose ardent spirit anticipates a progress too swift for the slow secular growths of this world of time, there

falls such a shadow of disappointment as is never wholly unaccompanied with tragical interest. And of this disappointment Cobden had assuredly his share. In the closing years of his life he saw the great Commonwealth of the West plunged in fratricidal strife, and for a cause with which he was slow to sympathise. In his own country he saw his old antagonist—"the greatest impostor since Mahomet"—still ruling the Fates of England. He saw the middle classes, for whom he had toiled so successfully, bringing the wealth he had won for them to the shrines of the false gods of the Foreign Office. He saw his younger fellow-workers, and those older men whose energies were still unexhausted, turning from the patronage of these unworthy clients, and appealing, with an enthusiasm which he never could share, to the disinherited Gentiles of the State. And yet, in spite of all failure and all discouragement, his hope never faltered in the destiny of mankind. He was endowed with that splendid attribute—the spiritual imagination—which can gather, as Wordsworth sings, the amaranths of Faith.

"Nations have not yet learnt," he wrote, "to bear prosperity, liberty, and peace. They will learn it in a higher state of civilisation. We think we are the models for posterity, when we are little better than beacons to help it to avoid the rocks and quicksands."

And therefore, eminently practical though he always was, aiming only at economic reforms or at social reforms on economic grounds, yet, by the buoyant hopefulness with which he lived in his ideal, and by the lofty rectitude with which, though that ideal might fail him, he fulfilled its requirements in his own political practice, Cobden is united to the noble band of imaginative dreamers. He is at one with Plato. He can claim as his own the sentiment which the greatest philosopher of the Schools has placed in the mouth of the greatest philosopher of the Market-place.

"I think," said Glaucon, "the city which you have described has no existence upon earth." "But in heaven," replied Socrates, "a pattern of it is perhaps laid up which he who desires, may behold, and beholding may set his own house in order. But whether it exist anywhere, or shall exist, matters not; for he will follow the customs of that city alone, and in no wise of another."

A. N. MACNICOLL.

THE GIANT PLANETS.

I HAVE at different times, since I wrote the work entitled "Other Worlds than Ours," indicated the evidence which seems to me to prove, as nearly as anything not admitting of absolute demonstration *can* be proved, that the giant planets Jupiter and Saturn are very unlike the smaller orbs (on one of which we live) travelling within the paths of those vast bodies. But I have not yet brought into a collected form the evidence thus gathered together. Now, when the two giant planets are at the same time in our skies, with Mars, the best representative of the smaller class of planets, not far from them, the opportunity seems to me a favourable one to sum up, as it were, the evidence on which the theory is based that the larger planets are in a state which may be regarded as intermediate between the condition of the sun and that of the earth on which we live. I shall not here—in fact, there would not be space—weigh closely each portion of the evidence, but rather summarise it; showing, however, its real weight, by indicating for the first time how voluminous it is, and how little there is in favour of what used to be the generally accepted theory to counterbalance it.

I may note in passing that I formerly held with Brewster, Chalmers, Dick, and others, the belief that the giant planets are, like our earth, inhabited worlds. In the first book I ever wrote, my treatise on Saturn and its System, the following passage occurs: "When we consider the analogy of our own planet, it seems impossible to doubt that Saturn is inhabited by living creatures of some sort. *Here* we find not only the land but the fathomless depths of ocean, not only the temperate zones, but the scorched regions of the tropics, and even the solid ice within the arctic and antarctic circles, crowded most abundantly with living creatures. Here also we find that not merely while the conditions now holding have subsisted, but throughout millions of ages during which the earth has undergone variations of the most marked and startling nature, the same abundance of life has been found upon its surface. That a globe so stupendous as Saturn, and surrounded by a system so magnificent and elaborate, should be devoid of inhabitants, can hardly, then, be reasonably

imagined; but what manner of creatures subsist on Saturn—whether it is inhabited as yet by comparatively rudimentary races, or whether it is already peopled by reasoning and responsible beings, capable of appreciating the wonders that surround them and adoring the Almighty Creator—it is not given to us to know." As I went on with the chapter on the Habitability of Saturn in that work, however, I found many difficulties which even then seemed to me to point to a different theory, and I closed the chapter with these words: "The result of the examination of the probable physical conditions and phenomena subsisting on Saturn does not appear to favour the supposition that the planet is a suitable habitation for beings constituted like the inhabitants of our globe. The variation of gravity, the length of the Saturnian year, and the long-protracted eclipses caused by the ring are the circumstances that seem to militate most strongly against such a supposition. Over a zone near the Saturnian equator these circumstances have less effect, however; and it is not impossible that arrangements unknown to us prevail in Saturn which may render other parts of this surface habitable, as we should understand the term: 'The very combinations,' as Sir John Herschel has said, 'which convey to our minds only images of horror, may be in reality theatres of the most striking and glorious displays of beneficent contrivance.'"

Later, when I began my treatise on "Other Worlds than Ours," I still entertained the general theory that each one of the planets is inhabited by some kind of living creatures, though I had recognised how impossible it is that each planet—if any of the solar family beside the earth itself—can be inhabited by such creatures as we are familiar with here. It was only, as it were, by an effort, that I could bring myself to see that we must judge of the giant planets according to the evidence we have, and those analogies only which are really and most directly applicable to the case, not according to the fancies suggested by preconceived ideas as to what is fitting. "If bulk," I said, "is to be the measure of a planet's fitness to be the abode of living creatures, then must Jupiter, one would suppose, be inhabited by the most favoured races existing throughout the whole range of the solar system. Exceeding our earth some 1,230 times in volume, and more than 300 times in mass, this magnificent orb was rightly selected by Brewster as the crowning proof of the relative insignificance of the earth in the scale of creation—assuming only—the assumption being a bold one—that we can indeed gauge the purposes of the Creator by the familiar tests of measure and weight."

I premise so much to show that I was little likely to favour new

ideas, so far as I was influenced by ideas formerly entertained *and expressed*—ideas always, even despite ourselves, more difficult to get rid of than those merely held in the mind and not uttered. All my prejudices were likely to favour the old-fashioned views respecting the planets, views first advanced when the Copernican theory had just been established, but entertained and effectively advanced even by such men as the elder and younger Herschel.

Yet if we consider the real origin of the view which Brewster and others of his school advocated so earnestly, we find no scientific evidence whatever in its favour. Until the Copernican theory was established, no one thought of the planets as abodes of life, or as globes in any way resembling the earth. They were lights set in the heavens for the use and benefit of this earth; they were carried round according to certain laws as yet but imperfectly recognised, yet manifestly, as men thought, in harmony with some scheme by which these orbs were to be for signs and for seasons and for days and years. Only when it was discovered that our earth is one of the family of planets did the idea suggest itself that the planets are orbs like the earth. From that time, and especially when the telescope showed that the planets are globes rotating on their axes, and that they resemble the earth in all those characteristics on which, speaking generally, the terrestrial seasons depend, it was natural enough to regard them as likely to be, like the earth, the abodes of living creatures. But there was never that sort of investigation which can alone be regarded as scientific, into the fitness of each planet in other respects to support life. Apart even from the boldness of the assumption that because one planet is inhabited, every planet must be intended to support life, the argument from analogy was not properly followed. So far as we can judge, all things in nature, whatever the work they eventually do, or the purposes they eventually subserve, have a period of preparation preceding their time of fitness for such work, and following that time of fitness there is a period of gradual decadence, followed by decrepitude, and finally by the absolute surcease of fitness. We may not be able, because of the shortness of our lives and of the life of our race, or because of our limited range of survey, to recognise this general law on the large scale, as we can on the small scale. But as, wherever we might expect to be able to recognise it, we find it actually existent, we have every reason of which the circumstances admit for believing that the law is general throughout the universe. Assuredly we have far more reason for believing this law to be universal than we have for believing that every planet is either inhabited or intended to be so

Now, if this law holds, it must apply to the planets, to suns, to systems of suns, and to systems of such systems. So that if the planets have for their work in the universe the support of life, they must pass through periods of preparation for that work; and after discharging during such period of time as corresponds to their individual structure, size, and so forth, the duties for which they have thus become fitted, they, like all things else in nature, must gradually decay, and eventually must cease to work after their appointed fashion, or, regarding the support of life as the actual life-work of a planet, each planet must die. Therefore, before we can entertain as even an assumption the theory that all the members of the solar system are the abodes of life, we must consider the evidence as to their being either, first, in the stage of preparation, or secondly, in the stage of fitness, or thirdly, in the period of decadence, or fourthly and finally, in the death-like stage.

Now, the first, and in some respects the strongest, reason for believing that most of the planets are not at this time abodes of life is derived from the consideration of the evidence tending to show that the lifetimes of the various planets must be of very different length. The life of a planet begins in the vaporous stage, when even those materials of the planet's substance which are hereafter to form the hardest materials are in the form of vapour. The sequent stages are stages of cooling. It is only when the substance of the planet, regarded as a whole, has reached a certain temperature not too high to be borne by living creatures, that such creatures can exist. From that temperature to a temperature so low that no creatures can bear such intensity of cold, the range is great, though not infinitely great. The period required for the cooling down of a planet from the former of these temperatures to the latter is enormous, but not infinite in the case of any orb of finite mass. But it is readily seen that the larger a planet is, the longer must this—and, indeed, every—stage of cooling last. The quantity of heat to be parted with by a planet in passing from any given temperature to any other lower temperature may be regarded as proportional to the planet's mass; and, other things being equal, the mass of a planet exceeds that of a smaller planet in a greater degree than the surface of the former exceeds that of the latter. Suppose two planets of the same density, but one with a diameter ten times greater than that of the other. Then the surface of the former exceeds that of the latter a hundred times, while the mass of the former exceeds that of the latter a thousand times. If both were at the same temperature at any given time, the larger would give forth, moment by moment, a hundred

times as much as the latter—having a surface a hundred times greater. But then it would have a thousand times as much heat as the other—that is, ten times the supply necessary to enable it to go on giving out a hundred times as much heat for the same period of time as the smaller. Therefore, each stage of the cooling of the larger planet—each stage of the larger planet's life—would be ten times as long as the corresponding stage of the smaller planet. When we note the enormous discrepancies between the different planets in mass—that one planet, Jupiter, is two-and-a-half times as massive as all the others taken together; the next, Saturn, three times as massive as all the remaining planets together; that Jupiter exceeds our earth more than 300 times, while Saturn exceeds her nearly a hundred times in mass—the just inference is, not that all the planets are in the same stage of planetary life, but that they are in very different stages; not that Jupiter and Saturn are, like the earth, in the life-bearing stage, but that they are in a much earlier stage—that, in fact, as yet they have not passed through the period of preparation.

We turn a telescope upon either of these planets, and at once we see that they are entirely unlike our earth in appearance. We know that if she were examined from a distance with a telescope, her lands and seas would be seen—not always all at once, because of cloud and mist hiding them from view—but that always so much of the outlines of some lands and seas would be seen as would suffice for their identification. But even a single view of either of the giant planets with a good telescope shows that whatever their real condition may be, it is unlike that of the earth in this respect. No trace of any tracts can be seen which could for a moment be regarded as regions of land and water. On the contrary, the forms of the markings on the surface of both the giant planets, whether we consider their general aspect or their details, are such as could exist only in a vaporous, cloud-laden atmosphere.

Let us in particular consider the belts of Jupiter and Saturn. It has been usual to regard these as resembling the trade and counter-trade zones on the earth. But while, in the first place, no such zones exist—as zones—on the earth, being in every case interrupted over continents, the belts of the giant planets are altogether unlike what the trade zones would be if complete. They are more numerous, they are differently situated, they vary in position—in fine, they resemble the trade wind and counter-trade wind regions of the earth in no single respect except in parallelism (speaking generally) to the equator. If we turn from observed facts to antecedent considera-

tions, we see that on planets like Jupiter and Saturn, so much farther away from the sun and so much larger than the earth, zones like the trade and counter-trade zones never could be formed as on the earth. The heat which the sun pours on a square mile of the earth's surface turned directly towards him is twenty-seven times greater than what he pours on a similar region of Jupiter, and a hundred times greater than he exerts on such a portion of Saturn's surface, while the range in latitude on the planet corresponding to any given change in the inclination of the solar rays is eleven times greater in Jupiter's case, and nine times in Saturn's. In other words, the work to be done is in one case eleven times greater, while the working power is but a twenty-seventh part of what is exerted on the earth; and in the other case the working power is but a hundredth, and the work to be done nine times as great. So that even if the belts on Saturn and Jupiter resembled those which exist over the water-covered parts of the earth, in all respects, in position, shape, general character, number, and in the changes affecting them, it would still be almost impossible to regard them as produced in the same way.

Yet in a wider sense there is but one general way in which cloud belts can be formed around a planet. It must be true of the belts of Jupiter and Saturn, as of the partial belts of the earth, that they are due to the different rotational velocities of different parts of the atmospheric cloud-laden envelope. On the earth these differences of velocity are due to the different distances from the earth's axis of regions in different latitudes. A mass of air travelling towards the equator comes with the comparatively small rotational velocity existing at points in higher latitudes (and therefore nearer the axis of rotation), to regions possessing the comparatively great velocity existing in lower latitudes, and therefore lags behind (regarding the rotational motion as forward), whereas a mass of air travelling from the equator seems to be hurried forward. Since this cannot be the case with Jupiter and Saturn—at least, no reason is known why aërial masses in one latitude should be carried to another latitude, either higher or lower—it follows almost inevitably that the difference of velocity which *must* exist, to cause the formation of belts, is due to difference of distance from the centre. If we imagine a body thrown straight upwards from the surface of the earth to a very great height, that body having at the surface and throughout its upward and downward motion only the thwart velocity due to its distance (when at the surface) from the earth's axis, whereas points in the air along its course have the greater thwart velocity due to their greater distance from

the axis, it follows that throughout both its upward flight and its return course[1] the missile must lag behind or be carried relatively westwards, and it will eventually reach the ground to the west of the spot whence it was projected. If we imagine a series of projectiles so projected, the flight viewed from some distant point high above the point of projection would be foreshortened into an east-and-west line of bodies. The range of this line would be greater or less according as the height was greater or less to which the projectiles were sent. If a stream of visible vapour were shot vertically upwards from any point on the earth or any planet to an enormous height, that stream of vapour viewed from above would similarly be seen as an east-and-west streak. If the height to which it were projected were very great, the streak or band would have considerable length. If, owing to the resistance of the atmosphere to vertical motion, the column of vapour ceased to ascend, while, owing to its specific gravity being similar at some great height to that of the surrounding air, it did not descend, the masses of vapour as they reached this elevation would have a continuous westwardly motion, and would form bands of cloud lying east-and-west or parallel to the equator, like those we see on the discs of Jupiter and Saturn.

This explanation—and it seems the only explanation available—requires us, however, to believe that the region whence the cloud masses are projected (probably in the form of vapour or steam) to form the belts of Jupiter, lies very far below the region where the belts are formed. This, then, may be regarded as an independent proof that the planets really are in that state in which, from the great size and therefore probable relative youth of these planets, we were led to expect that they would be. Only from an intensely heated, partly molten, partly vaporous central mass, could masses of vapour be thrown upwards to the enormous height—hundreds if not thousands of miles—which would result in the differences of velocity necessary to explain the well-defined belts of Jupiter and Saturn.

Next consider the way in which the cloud belts behave as day and night progress on Jupiter and Saturn, or as summer and winter succeed each other on Saturn (the seasonal changes of Jupiter would

[1] It is often stated that such a missile would lag westwards in its upward course, but be carried as much eastwards in its downward course, so as to fall at the exact spot whence it was thrown. This, however, is a mistake. A body projected vertically upwards from the earth, whether in still air or in vacuo (if we could imagine a vacuum created or existing to a height of many miles above the point of projection), would throughout its flight be moving westwards with respect to the true vertical through the point of projection.

be scarcely appreciable, owing to the very slight inclination of this planet's axis to the plane in which Jupiter travels). We know that all cloud phenomena on the earth are markedly affected in every part of the earth by the progress of day and night; and also, though the changes therein resulting are less directly obvious to the senses, by the progress of the year of seasons. If the cloud belts of Jupiter and Saturn were similarly generated—that is, if they were sun-raised—they would respond similarly to the constant variations of solar influences as the day and year respectively progress.

Now, with regard to the progress of day a casual glance at Saturn or Jupiter through a telescope might suggest the idea that changes occur in the cloud zones corresponding with the progress of day from morn to midday and thence to evening (of the night halves of the zones we see, of course, nothing), for towards the edge of the disc the zones seem shaded off, as if darker there.[1] Since the right side of a planet's disc in the telescopic view (where the south is at the top and the north at the bottom) is the part where it is morning, and the left side the part where it is evening, one would judge from this appearance that the morning clouds and the evening clouds are different in character from the midday clouds; and whether the actual nature of the difference corresponded or not with the usual difference between our midday clouds and those of morning and evening, would matter little; for in either case it would seem as though the sun were the cloud-generator for the giant planets. As a matter of fact, the peculiarity is the reverse of what we should expect to find in a planet like our earth, and of what we actually find in the case of Mars, where the morning and evening parts of the planet's disc are more cloud-covered and therefore whiter than the rest. We may pass over this as of comparatively small importance, to inquire whether the peculiarity indicates any real difference in the constitution of the cloud zones. A very brief inquiry serves to show that it does not. Not only do we find that the clouds of morning, noon, and evening (or of what would be morning, noon, and evening on a planet like our earth), are alike, but we are able to follow a cloud formation to the dark or night half of the planet, and to see it (with the mind's eye) completing that half of its rotational circuit

[1] I ought perhaps to correct the above statement so far as the words "casual glance" are concerned. For at a first view, owing to a singular optical illusion, the disc appears brighter near the edge than in the middle. It is only after somewhat careful study that this is found to be an effect of contrast against the darkness of the sky background. By "casual glance," then, must be understood a single view not affected by merely optical illusion.

unchanged in character. Repeatedly the same spot on Jupiter, and occasionally, but less often (owing to the greater difficulty of the observation in the case of the remoter planet), a spot on Saturn, has been watched circuit after circuit, that is, day after day on the planet. In one case a great rift in a cloud layer on Jupiter, a rift large enough to show a region equal to the entire land surface of our earth, was seen for six of our weeks, or for fully a hundred Jovian days. It changed, indeed, in shape, but so steadily that the rift remained perfectly immovable all that time. It is absolutely impossible to reconcile such a phenomenon as this, or the multitudes of less striking but still severally convincing phenomena of a similar kind, observed in the case of both the giant planets, with the theory that the sun generates these cloud belts as he does those of our own earth. Turn to Mars, and we find very different relations—we find, in fact, precisely what we should expect in the case of a planet resembling our earth. There are clear and obvious signs of cloud-formation there as on Jupiter and Saturn, though there are no belts; but not only are there the differences already mentioned between the morning and evening skies, but the astronomer can trace with the telescope the gathering of clouds over continents and seas, and their dispersal under solar influence.

When we turn to consider seasonal changes, we find in the case of Saturn, the inclination of whose axis is rather greater than that of our earth's axis (so that the seasons might be expected to be more marked), no signs whatever of change in the cloud zones as the long Saturnian year progresses. Our great terrestrial cloud zone within the tropics follows the sun, passing far north of the equator in the summer of the northern hemisphere and far south in the winter of the northern, which is, of course, the summer of the southern hemisphere. The middle of this zone (if the zone were complete) would always be seen in the very centre of the sunlit half of the earth by an observer supposed to look directly at that earth-face (as the earth would be seen if viewed from the sun). Now, we look almost directly at the sunlit half of Saturn, the earth's distance from the sun being small compared with Saturn's. Instead of seeing his great central cloud zone always crossing the exact centre of his disc, we find that it is always equatorial, and passes alternately above and below the centre of the disc, as Saturn, circling with inclined axis round his enormous orbit, sways now the northern now the southern polar regions over towards our terrestrial observing-place. Here, again, is proof positive that the great cloud zones of this planet (and

the evidence bears, of course, on Jupiter also) are not generated by solar action.

Regarding the cloud phenomena of the giant planets as generated by internal forces, whose real seat lies deep below the visible surface of the cloud belts, we see that these forces must be of tremendous energy, must produce enormous changes in the cloud-laden atmosphere (with effects extending widely, both vertically and laterally), and imply enormous heat in the whole frame of each planet. Let us see what the evidence is on each of these three points.

Taking first the last-named of these considerations, we note that, while *à priori* reasoning would lead us to expect to find the giant planets in a state of intense heat, and maintained by such heat in a partly vaporous condition, and while all the appearances observed in both planets correspond with this anticipation, there is one circumstance which cannot possibly be explained on any other assumption. I refer to the small mean density of both Jupiter and Saturn. All that has been learned by the application of the wonderful powers of spectroscopic analysis to the heavenly bodies teaches us to believe that, speaking generally, all the planets are formed of the same materials. The idea has been entertained that the outer planets are formed of lighter materials, but this has been rather as an attempted explanation of the small specific gravity of the outer planets than as the result of scientific reasoning: and it should be regarded as entirely negatived by the small mean specific gravity of the central body of all, the ruling sun. Apart from this *à posteriori* suggestion, viz., that because the outer planets are of small mean density their materials are of small density, all the evidence tends to show that the planets are all made of the same materials, and that whatever varieties of density exist result from differences of condition. Now, if Jupiter and Saturn were at the same mean temperature as the earth, we should expect that, owing to their much greater mass, they would be much more compressed by the energy of their own attraction. They would thus be of greater mean density, instead of being, as they are, of much less. On the other hand, if they were as respects temperature in an intermediate condition between the sun and the earth, we should expect them to be of much smaller mean density. All the waters which are one day to form their seas would be in the form of steam close to the intensely heated central mass of either planet, and at a great distance from that hot surface would form mighty cloud masses. These masses of cloud would consist of several layers; for even in our own here, where clouds are relatively so much less numerous, we

recognise three distinct layers, the rain clouds, the cumulus or wool-pack clouds, and the cirrus or feathery snow clouds, besides two or three subordinate formations, as the stratus, cumulo-stratus, and cirro-stratus ; probably many more formations would exist in the cloud-laden atmospheres of the giant planets, while assuredly each layer would be very much denser and very much deeper than the corresponding layers in our own atmosphere. Now, the apparent surface of a planet in this condition—that by which its volume would be determined—would be the outer surface of the outermost cloud-layer ; if the layers were numerous and deep, this outermost layer would be so far from the real surface that the volume thus determined would be far in excess of the planet's true volume. The mean density inferred from this erroneous determination of the volume would be far less than the planet's true mean density. Now, we find that the mean density of Jupiter is but about one-fourth that of the earth, while that of Saturn is even less, being but about one-seventh of the earth's. We note further, that whereas, if those giant planets were in the same state as the earth, they would most probably be denser than she is, they are less dense, precisely as they would be if still in a state of intense heat. We thus seem forced to the conclusion that they really are in a state of intense heat, apart from that *à priori* reasoning which had led us to anticipate as much. The agreement between our *à priori* reasoning and the observed facts adds greatly, it need hardly be said, to the force of the inference, which might be safely enough deduced from either separately.

Let us next consider the direct observational evidence of intense disturbance in the cloud-laden atmosphere. We note that any disturbance on Jupiter, which could be recognised from the earth, must take place on a very large scale. A surface as large as that of England would be quite imperceptible in our best telescopes at Jupiter's distance. The moons of Jupiter appear little more than points in the telescope, and when they are passing over his disc they are scarcely to be discerned at all, unless they happen to be on a portion of his surface having a very different lustre from theirs. Yet, the least of these moons hides a surface of more than three millions of square miles. Probably the smallest perceptible marking on Jupiter would correspond to a portion of Jupiter's surface not less than a hundred thousand square miles in extent. Saturn being about twice as far away (comparing the distances when either planet is most favourably situated for observation), shows all the details of his surface on a correspondingly reduced scale. Not only so, but he is much less brightly illuminated than Jupiter. Probably a portion

of Saturn's surface distinctly recognisable from the rest, owing to some difference of tint or lustre, must (even when our best telescopes are used) have a surface of not less than half-a-million of square miles. It will be obvious, then, that a disturbance in Jupiter, and still more in Saturn, to be recognisable from the earth, must take place on a scale incomparably greater than that on which any terrestrial disturbances, even the most tremendous earth-throes, have taken place within the knowledge of man. Over a region hundreds of thousands of square miles in extent, the glowing surface of the planet must be torn by subplanetary forces. Vast masses of intensely hot vapour must be poured forth from beneath, and, rising to enormous heights, must either sweep away the enwrapping mantle of cloud which had concealed the disturbed surface, or must itself form into a mass of cloud, recognisable because of its enormous extent, and because its texture differs from that of the cloud masses surrounding it. Such a disturbance, extending in the case of Jupiter over an area as large as France, or in the case of Saturn over an area as large as Russia, would be just discernible with our most powerful telescopes. It might very well be, then, that the surface of either planet should appear absolutely at rest, while yet disturbances of the most tremendous character were taking place in every part of the planet's globe. If over a thousand different regions, each as large as Yorkshire, the whole surface were to change from a condition of rest to such activity as corresponds with the tormented surface of seething metal, and vast clouds formed over all such regions so as to hide the actual glow of the surface, our most powerful telescopes would fail to show the faintest trace of change. And Saturn might be still more tremendously disturbed without our seeing any signs of it.

Or again, if we consider the apparent outline of either planet, and inquire what changes would have to take place in the cloud envelopes near the apparent edge of the disc, to be discernible from the earth, we find again that the changes would have to be so tremendous that we might well despair of over discerning the slightest traces of their occurrence. The diameter of Jupiter is, roughly, about 80,000 miles; and anyone who has ever examined the planet with a powerful telescope knows well that a difference of level in any part of the outline by such an amount as the fortieth or the fiftieth part of the diameter (i.e., by 2,000 or 1,600 miles) would not be discernible. Yet, what a disturbance would be implied such a change of apparent level if the planet had a surface like of our earth! If we consider that in the most tremendous

earthquake ever known upon earth, a surface of a few thousand square miles rises or falls by a few yards only, we shall be able to form some idea of the fearful nature of a disturbance by which a surface of several millions of square miles would rise or fall through more than a thousand miles (more than half the distance which separates the surface of the earth from the centre). We cannot imagine that any such disturbances take place in Jupiter or Saturn; but even when we take into account the probability that the outline we see is that of cloud masses, we can scarcely expect to find any discernible change in this outline, when we remember on how enormous a scale the cloud envelope must be disturbed (both laterally and vertically) for the telescopist to recognise any perceptible change.

Thus, when we find in the case of both planets very marked changes of both kinds—large spots forming and disappearing on the surface, and the outline of the disc perceptibly changing in position—we are forced to conclude that the most tremendous forces are at work beneath the cloud envelopes which form the visible surface of these planets.

There could be no more remarkable illustration of the former class of changes than the appearance of the great red spot which is still visible, and has been visible for more than two years, in the southern hemisphere of Jupiter. With a surface equal to three-fourths of the entire surface of the earth, this great oval spot has exhibited changes of form and position only explicable on the supposition that the most remarkable changes are taking place in the whole region occupied by the spot. There must be all over that region an activity of disturbance far greater than we have on this earth over the comparatively minute regions disturbed by our fiercest cyclones. The ruddy lustre of this region can hardly be explained, except on the assumption that the light coming from it is partly due to the intense heat, not indeed of the surface here seen, but more probably of regions below that surface. The mere formation of such a spot (remembering always its enormous extent) would imply intense activity in the planet; but its continuing so long visible, while all the time undergoing changes which, though slow in appearance, are in reality stupendous, shows that this part, at any rate, of the planet is the scene of disturbances utterly unlike any which are taking place on our earth.

On Saturn there have been spots and other markings which, though not so remarkable as the great spot on Jupiter, have been quite sufficient, especially when the much greater distance of Saturn

is taken into account, to establish the occurrence of disturbances utterly inconsistent with the idea that Saturn is a habitable globe.

But it is when we examine the changes which have taken place in the outline of the giant planets that we perceive how unlike these orbs are to our own earth.

Take first the distortion of Saturn, which has been called the planet's "square-shouldered aspect." Seen by Sir W. Herschel in 1805 with three different telescopes, and then made the subject of measurement, this peculiarity of figure might, from that series of observations alone, be accepted as indicating a real objective change. But the distortion, together with others as remarkable, has been observed by Sir John Herschel, by the Bonds, in America—than whom no better observers ever lived—and by Coolidge, another American observer. It has been more than once observed by Sir George Airy. And even those unimaginative persons—or rather, those persons whose duty it is to set imagination altogether on one side—the regular observers at Greenwich, record as calmly as one might note that a cloud had changed in form, that "from time to time this year" (1865, I think it was) the planet Saturn has assumed the square-shouldered aspect. We are bound to believe that the planet's outline had really changed. Of course, no solid surface had risen or sunk to the enormous distance, and over the enormous extent of surface, necessary to produce the apparent change. But layers of clouds must for the time have formed above the sub-tropical zones of Saturn, at a height great enough to produce the apparent bulging out of the globe along those zones. Or else the equatorial cloud-zones must for the time have changed from the form of visible cloud to that of invisible vapour. Or, more probably, changes of both kinds have taken place. But although such cloud-changes are far less wonderful to think of than changes of equal range in the level of the planet's solid surface, they imply tremendous activity, produced, no doubt, by tremendous heat.

In the case of Jupiter, though Schröter notices occasional flattening of the outline of the disc, which, though slight in appearance, would, if real, have involved great changes in the planet's cloud envelopes, we have no satisfactory evidence of the kind just described in Saturn's case. Schröter, though a careful observer, may have been deceived, and no others have noted such apparent changes of form. But we have evidence of another kind which is, if possible, even more convincing.

The outline of Jupiter is ordinarily estimated by the eye without any extraneous means of measurement. Indeed, even such measure-

ment as Sir W. Herschel applied to Saturn is insufficient to detect the slight differences of level which seem to be indicated by observations like Schröter's. But there are occasions when disc-measurers far more trustworthy than any instruments men could devise come into positions enabling us to recognise, at any rate, changes of particular kinds. These are the satellites, which pass alternately in front of Jupiter's disc and behind it, nearly always (in the case of the inner satellites always) transiting the disc and being hidden (or occulted) by it once in each revolution around the planet. Now, theoretically we could recognise changes in the outline of the disc by careful observation of the time at which transit or occultation began or ended. For clearly, if the outline were unusually expanded or contracted where a satellite approached it, the transit would seem to begin earlier or later, respectively; if there were expansion or contraction when the satellite was about to leave the disc, transit would seem to end later or sooner respectively; and there would be corresponding time differences for the beginning and end of occultation. But as a matter of fact the observation of the times of entrance and exit, &c., is too delicate to be available, in the present position of observational astronomy, in this manner. But if it so chanced that a change of level were taking place at the moment when transit or occultation began or ended, such change occurring at the spot where the satellite was, then we might fairly hope that, owing to the proximity (apparent only, of course) of the satellite, the change in the outline of the disc might be detected. It would only be on very rare occasions that this could be expected, but clearly it might happen, if the giant planets are in the condition we have surmised.

Now, just such a case is recorded by Admiral Smyth as having happened in 1828. Here is the account given by a writer by no means too imaginative—Webb, in his "Celestial Objects": "The most surprising" (we would give the noun-substantive, but there is none, probably "observation," or "peculiarity," or something of that sort) "the most surprising is a phenomenon which requires and possesses the highest attestation. 1828, June 26, II." (the second satellite counting from the planet) "having fairly entered on Jupiter, was found twelve or thirteen minutes afterwards *outside the limb*, where it remained visible for at least four minutes and then suddenly vanished." The authority of such an observer as Smyth would alone have established this wonderful fact; but it was recorded by two other very competent witnesses, and (what is especially remarkable) at considerable distances, Maclear at twelve miles, and Pearson at thirty-five miles, from Smyth at Bedford. Explanation is here set at defiance;

demonstrably neither in the atmosphere of the earth nor Jupiter, where and what could have been the cause? At present we can get no answer.

But the spirit in which science advances is not in accord with this "calm submission" to leave a striking observation unexplained; and this observation can not only be explained, but by the very singularity of its nature absolutely forces its explanation upon us. We know that the satellite had not really shifted as it seemed to have done, nor had Jupiter's whole bulk shifted. The outline of Jupiter's disc, however, had unquestionably shifted. Either, then, the solid crust of Jupiter had risen and sunk over millions of square miles, through several thousand miles, or a change affecting his cloud envelope had taken place. No one can doubt between these two interpretations. Such a change in the solid matter of the planet would have produced a heat sufficing to liquefy, if not to vaporise, the whole of that region of the planet, which would therefore have glowed with intense lustre. On the other hand, a change in the cloud wrappings of the planet could have very readily taken place, an outer layer disappearing and again reappearing, as some warm breath from the surface below caused the "visible steam" forming the outer cloud-layer to change to the invisible vapour of water, presently to return to visibility as the added warmth passed away.

It should be noticed that the question is not whether this explanation of the remarkable phenomenon is antecedently likely or not. The explanation is absolutely forced upon us. We cannot in any way escape it. But as a mere matter of fact we have seen that other evidence does render it likely that what was thus observed should actually take place.

Now, the next cases are again precisely such as we might expect to recognise, yet the point to be noticed in their case also is that we should have no choice but to accept the explanation, even were it antecedently most unlikely.

Mr. Todd, Government Astronomer at Adelaide, has, during the last few years, paid special attention to the phenomena of Jupiter's satellites, in order that the movements of these bodies might be more thoroughly reduced to system. Now, this excellent observer has on more occasions than one noticed that when a satellite has been occulted, passing behind the planet's disc, the whole circular disc of the satellite has remained visible behind the disc of Jupiter. Mr. Todd's assistant confirmed the observation. The instrument used was a fine telescope, by Cooke, of York, having an object-glass eight inches in diameter.

In this case the satellite, a globe at least 2,000 miles in diameter, was entirely visible, although the disc of Jupiter apparently extended so that if it had been absolutely opaque the satellite would have been entirely hidden. Clearly, then, the part of the planet through which the satellite was seen was not absolutely opaque. But supposing only half the satellite visible (although Mr. Todd told me, as he also stated in his account of the observation, that the whole disc was seen), the centre of the satellite's disc was yet seen through 18,000 miles of the planet's globe, in reality of the planet's cloud-laden atmosphere. The clouds must have been very thinly strewn through this part, at any rate, of the Jovian air, for the satellite to be seen through so enormous a range of view.

Lastly, in February 1880, Jupiter passed over a small star (barely visible to the naked eye) in the constellation Aquarius. The phenomenon was visible from the southern observatories, and Mr. Ellery, Government Astronomer at Melbourne, observed it under favourable conditions. To this skilful observer, and to his not less skilful assistant, Mr. Turner, the star continued visible after the planet's edge had passed beyond it, a distance corresponding to full 500 miles of depth of Jupiter's atmosphere. The star was thus seen through a range of more than 6,000 miles of cloud-laden air. This part, then, of the planet, so far from being solid, is atmospheric and of little density, with clouds scattered so sparsely through it that even the faint lustre of a sixth-magnitude star—a mere point of light —can make its way through.

We may infer, then, in fine, seeing that the evidence is so varied in character, and the conclusion antecedently so likely, that the giant planets, Jupiter and Saturn, are as yet only in the stage of preparation to become fit abodes for living creatures. On a very moderate assumption as to the duration of the various stages of a planet's life, millions of years must pass before either planet can become a habitable world.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION.

AS far as we are immediately concerned, the Egyptian Question began when Mehemet Ali flung off the complete control of the Porte, and finally established himself as a vassal, indeed, but only of a nominal vassalage, to the Turkish Empire. Mehemet Ali had made himself master of Syria, and he and his adopted son, Ibrahim Pasha, inflicted defeat after defeat upon the armies of Turkey. In 1839 a series of events combined to give over Egypt into the hands of Mehemet Ali. Ibrahim gained a great triumph over the Porte. The Sultan Mahmoud died. The Turkish Admiral with all his fleet went over to the cause of Egypt. Had he been left to himself, Mehemet Ali would not even have allowed the Ottoman Empire to keep any semblance of authority. But the Powers of Europe interfered then, as they are interfering now, with Egyptian politics. England, Austria, Prussia, and Russia combined to restrain the Porte's rebellious vassal. France, alone, swayed by the jealous spirit of Thiers, who saw in the alliance only an English plot to lay hold of Egypt, held aloof from the alliance; was at one time not very far from going to war with England. Two treaties, signed in London in the Julys of 1840 and 1841, arranged the affairs of Egypt, and compelled Mehemet Ali, sorely against his will, to give up his Asiatic possessions, and to accept the suzerainty of the Porte. But he demanded, and demanded successfully, the hereditary transmission of the vice-royalty to the eldest male heir of his own line, and a degree of independence which left the Sultan little more than the shadow of command. The most varied judgments have been formed of the character of Mehemet Ali. All historians are compelled to agree upon the ferocity which crushed the power of the Mamelukes by a more than Elizabethan treachery; but Mehemet Ali appears to some historians as on the whole, for an Oriental, a great and just ruler: he seemed to Richard Cobden nothing more than "a rapacious tyrant."

Cobden, who saw Mehemet Ali at Cairo, in 1836, when the Pasha was still dreaming of the future of Egypt and himself, wrote thus: "Mehemet Ali is pursuing a course of avaricious misrule which

would have torn the vitals from a country less prolific than this, long since. As it is, everything is decaying beneath his system of monopolies. . . . . The Pasha has by dint of force and fraud possessed himself of the whole of the property of the country. I do not mean that he has obtained merely the rule of the Government, but he *owns* the whole of the soil, the houses, the boats, the camels, &c. There is something quite unique in finding only one landowner and one merchant in a country in the person of its Pasha." Cobden goes on to describe the magnificent cotton works which Mehemet Ali had built, and the miserable way in which they were allowed to go to ruin. "All this is not the work of Mehemet Ali. The miserable adventurers from Europe, who have come here to act the parasites of such a blood-stained despot—they are partly the cause of the evil. But they know his selfish nature, and his lust of fame, and this is only their mode of deluding the one, and pandering to the other." The opinion of a man like Richard Cobden on such a matter is of the profoundest political importance, but we who are his warmest admirers may well believe that the picture drawn by the young traveller of thirty-three years was somewhat highly coloured; that the peculiar characteristics of all Oriental rule were not sufficiently taken into account in estimating the character of Mehemet Ali. At least he tried to make Egypt great as he had made her independent, and he failed only because he attempted to raise Egypt at once to the level of a great power. In 1848, when madness deprived Egypt of her strange ruler, the succession came to his son, Ibrahim Pasha, whose statue stands in the Cairo Square, to remind the traveller from afar, and the Arab who lounges at its base, that Egypt had a past, and may yet have a future. But the hero of Koniah and Nezib was not destined to be famous as a Pasha of Egypt. He died within four months of his accession, and was succeeded by Abbas Pasha, the son of that son of Mehemet Ali whose tragic end is told by Warburton. Ismail Pasha, Mehemet Ali's second son, was burnt to death by a Soudan chief, Nemmir, "the tiger," King of Shendy, from whom he had too imperiously demanded tribute. Under Abbas Pasha nothing was done to advance Egypt. A Tacitus or a Suetonius is needed to fitly present this Egyptian copy of the degraded Cæsars. He lived like a later Roman Emperor, a vicious, fearful life, ever dreading the death by assassination which came at last in 1854, and handed over Egypt to Said Pasha. The contrast between Said and Abbas Pasha is as great as between Marcus Aurelius and Nero. Where Abbas was lonely, hostile to foreigners, and unable to speak any of the alien tongues; Said was hospitable, closely linked

with Europeans, whose life he carefully imitated, and was a brilliant French scholar. He encouraged foreign immigration, inaugurated the custom of employing Europeans in all the important administrations, and he greatly advanced the general condition of the country by removing many of the meaningless restrictions upon trade and commerce, and by seeming to recognise that the Egyptian labourer was something more than a mere beast to be worked and taxed to death. Through the influence of England, the railroad system had been established in Egypt during the rule of Abbas. Under Said's prospering reign railways and telegraphs were extended over Egypt. The Suez Canal was begun. Machinery of all kinds became familiar to the Egyptian mind, and the finances showed an increased revenue of six millions a year. But while Abbas, with all his faults, left Egypt not only agriculturally prosperous but clear of debt; Said, with all his virtues, left her the beginning of that public debt which is now of such intense interest to the outer world. A series of strange chances allowed Ismail Pasha, warrior Ibrahim's second son, to become the immediate successor of Said Pasha, and with his accession in 1863 begins the particular condition of things which we familiarly speak of as the Egyptian Question. Under the foreign policy of Nubar Pasha, Ismail succeeded in 1866 in obtaining from the Porte the title of Khedive, and the direct descent of the title from father to son, on consideration of increasing the annual tribute from nearly four hundred thousand pounds to nearly seven hundred thousand pounds. Again, in 1872, the Khedive obtained the privilege of making treaties with foreign powers, of owning vessels of war, and of raising troops. Indeed, the whole of Ismail's reign was marked by steady and incessant aggrandisement of the power and the position of Egypt, and the weakening of the chains which bound her to the Ottoman Empire. But for every step which Egypt thus took, for every link she severed in the Turkish chain, she had to pay a heavy price to court and courtiers at Constantinople.

But if the Khedive was prepared to spend money freely for his own personal advancement and authority he was no less lavish for the advancement of his country: improvements of all kinds were carried out; the Suez Canal was completed, railroads and telegraphs increased rapidly. Ismail was going too fast. Egypt prospered socially and commercially; financially it was a great failure. With all his talent, Ismail Pasha had not any of the qualities necessary for a great financier, and between his able fingers the money of Egypt ran like water. He became deeply in debt to the European powers, most of all to France and England, and anxiety for the

security of the shareholders furnished these two powers with justification for a close inquiry into the financial condition of the country.

The first decade of Ismail Pasha's reign showed an apparently widespread prosperity, and a corresponding increase in the public debt. The 1864 loan of £5,700,000 was supplemented in 1868 and 1870 by further loans for £3,000,000, £1,200,000, and £2,000,000, and in 1873 there was another for £32,000,000, in Mr. Dicey's round numbers. The Khedive's private loans were about £11,000,000, and the floating debt represented from £25,000,000 to £26,000,000. Up to 1876 the regular payment of the high rate of interest kept good the credit of Egypt.

But the Russo-Turkish war, while it revealed the emptiness of the Ottoman treasury, served also to unsettle men's certainty of the credit of Egypt. Unable to raise fresh loans, or to meet the demands upon him, the desperate Khedive sold all his shares in the Suez Canal to England for the sum of four millions in November 1875. The idea of buying the Khedivial shares belongs to Mr. Frederick Greenwood. It was hailed with general delight at the time; though it was then, and has since been, savagely attacked by a certain kind of Liberal politicians. Mr. Dicey points out that it is certainly a financial success, as the shares are now worth more than double the price we paid for them. Assuming the importance of a control of the Suez Canal to England, it is difficult to see how she could have done better than buy of the well-nigh bankrupt Khedive. The politicians who were most bitterly opposed to the purchase would have been still more unwilling to see England set a corporal's guard at Port Said, and hoist the Union Jack in the Egyptian Delta. At all events, England had her shares, and the Khedive his four millions, but he did not keep them long. Four millions were soon swallowed up in the whirlpool of his debts, and money was as much needed as ever. The Khedive turned again to England. A nation who was so ready to buy might no less readily lend, but the Khedive was shrewd enough to know that she would not lend without security. He invited England to study the state of his finances before advancing, and England in reply sent out Mr. Cave, at the end of 1875.

The revenue was drawn from direct taxes on land, on date-trees, on trade licences; from indirect taxation in the form of custom and tobacco duties; from the Moukabaleh, the village annuities, from railway profits, and miscellaneous dues. The Moukabaleh, which means compensation, was a measure introduced in 1871 to redeem half the land tax, in the hope of paying off the floating debt. The Government proposed to give the Egyptian landholders, who had no regular

title-deeds, indefeasible titles, and to reduce permanently the land tax by one-half, in consideration of their paying six years' land tax in advance; a financial blunder which has introduced terrible complications into the duty of unravelling the Egyptian finances.

The village annuities are the amounts paid by the cotton growers to the Government for adopting the debt of about one million, which they incurred by the reduction in cotton in 1870. This, as well as the Moukabaleh, was to expire in 1885.

Mr. Cave made his famous report, showing that nothing could be done without accepting heavy pecuniary responsibility, and then he returned home, and Mr. Rivers Wilson, the controller of our own National Debt office, went out to advise the Khedive, only to be recalled soon after. The Khedive had so far failed to draw England, and at last, in May 1876, he calmly issued a decree of repudiation. This was rendered a dead letter by the international courts, tribunals which had been substituted by the European powers for the old consular jurisdiction, and which had great authority in Egypt. These courts decided that the Khedive had broken his contract to his foreign creditors, and his May decree took no effect. The French bondholders then proposed a scheme of their own for the consolidation of the debt, which fell through owing to the objections of the English bondholders. The two parties then agreed to send out a joint mission to negotiate with the Khedive, and Mr. Goschen and M. Joubert proceeded to Egypt at the end of 1876. The Khedive agreed with them to pay an annual sum, as interest and sinking fund, of about, in round numbers, seven per cent. on a capital of £100,000,000. In less than a year, however, Ismail Pasha declared that this arrangement was based upon highly untrustworthy returns, that the debt must be reduced, or Egypt would be ruined by the taxation enforced to pay the interest, and once more he demanded a fresh commission.

When a country has once accepted an investigation of its finances by foreign powers, and given the practical control of its treasury into the hands of foreign representatives, its claim to independence can hardly fail to be regarded as signally diminished, and it is hardly surprising that both England and France began to think themselves something more than the mere friends and advisers of the Khedive.

A suspicion of the Khedive's honesty led the French Government to decide that any inquiry now set on foot should apply itself, not only to ascertaining the resources of Egypt, but the causes which brought about Egypt's embarrassments. In this demand England was, under M. de Lesseps and Mr. Rivers Wilson, induced to join, and the Khedive was forced to allow a commission to

practically place him upon his trial. It was soon shown that the Khedive had become the owner of one-fifth of the entire cultivated land of Egypt, and that the funds oppressively raised from this vast monopoly were, in Mr. Dicey's words, "so miserably administered as to result in a loss, not only to the country at large, but to the Khedive himself." A threat of the Khedive's that he would be unable to pay interest on the Unified Debt in full forced matters to a crisis. France insisted on the interest being paid in full, and somehow or other paid in full it was. This strong action on the part of a European power may have convinced the Khedive of the hopelessness of his position. At last he met the report of the commission, which declared that real financial reform must commence with the concession of his estates, by yielding up a million of acres of Daira land to the creditors of the State.

The next step in the work of the commission—the inquiry as to what amount the country could afford to pay annually in respect of its debts, without injury to its own interests and to those of its creditors—was interrupted by the unexpected summons by the Khedive to Nubar Pasha from exile to form a ministry, in which the portfolio of finance was to be entrusted to Mr. Rivers Wilson. Mr. Rivers Wilson was controller of the English National Debt, and he succeeded in obtaining permission from his own Government to retain this office while accepting the portfolio offered him by the Khedive. This permission aroused the gravest suspicions in France, where it seemed to statesmen as if England, after all her pledges, was seeking by underhand means to obtain complete supremacy in Egypt; and, in order to satisfy the complaints of France, M. de Blignières was appointed, much against England's will, as the colleague of Mr. Rivers Wilson in the new Nubar Ministry.

Having yielded thus far, and made such concessions, the Khedive was seized again with a despotic mania, which led him, on the strength of a small army *émeute*, to dismiss Nubar Pasha, and shortly after to dispense with the services of his French and English ministers.

The dismissal of the Anglo-French ministers caused greater annoyance even to France than to England, and the French Government proposed to compel the Khedive by armed force to reinstate Mr. Rivers Wilson and M. de Blignières. The arguments of England, however, prevented this step, and strong despatches alone were addressed to the Khedive. This action convinced the Khedive that he was perfectly safe in doing as he liked, and naturally he did not reinstate his ministry. His former clique of Pashas were restored to power, Nubar and Riaz Pashas were exiled, and money was raised

in the old evil ways. The warnings of England and France were despised, and he finally issued a decree, leaving entirely in his own hands the regulation of the liabilities of Egypt. The Khedive appeared to be entirely triumphant, and France and England seemed content to do nothing, when the sudden intervention of Germany forced them into action; the German consul at Cairo informing the Khedive that the German Government was prepared to defend the interests of German subjects at all hazards. Then England and France joined together, and accepted the offer which had been made before by the Sultan to depose the Khedive. The moment the order came, the power and the triumph of Ismail Pasha vanished into nothingness, and the bold defier of united England and France hurried away as rapidly as he could to Naples with his harem and his ill-gotten treasure, leaving his son Tewfik on the throne.

After the fall of Ismail the Anglo-French influence was re-established. M. de Blignières was reinstated, and Mr. Baring, who was afterwards succeeded by Mr. Colvin, took the place of Mr. Rivers Wilson. They were given great authority. They had the right to be present on the ministerial council, to advise on all financial questions, to appoint resident inspectors and receive their reports, and they were irremovable save with the consent of England and France. But in the face of their trying task even such powers seemed slight. Their difficulties lay not alone in Egypt; Austria, France, and Italy insisted that any financial settlement must be arranged by an international commission, in which other powers besides France and England should be represented; and such a commission was at length appointed with French, English, German, Austrian, and Italian members. The powers of the commission were theoretically unlimited; practically they had many limitations. They could not, like ordinary liquidators, bring the bankrupt whose estate they were considering to reason. So long as the European powers were not agreed together in compelling the Khedive to accept the advice of the commission, the commission had to wait his consent for any arrangement they made. As Mr. Dicey shows, the bankrupt was able to estimate his own revenue, to fix his own allowance, and to appropriate the bulk of an eventual surplus, after which the liquidators were allowed to distribute the sum which the bankrupt considered available for the payment of a composition to his creditors. The Moukabaleh claims were quietly shelved after a fashion much more agreeable to the Egyptian Government than to the claimants. To Mr. Dicey the liquidation seems "not in any sense a comprehensive settlement of the Egyptian financial problem," and he maintains that "the consolidation of all Egyptian loans into one stock,

paying one uniform rate of interest, and the collection of the revenue by one central administration, are the essential conditions of any effective and permanent reorganisation of Egypt."

In the mean time, however, there had been growing up in Egypt a spirit of hostility to the European intervention. A party calling itself the National Party began to lift its head against the foreign rule. "Egypt for the Egyptians" was its cry; it refused to tolerate ministers representing some special European influence; it demanded for Egypt the right to govern itself in its own way. The doctrines of the party, at first circulated by stealth, soon became more widely known; it was presently to be discovered that it had the army at its back. A bloodless insurrection, the famous "insurrection of the Colonels," suddenly gave the National Party a position and a leader. This leader is Arabi Bey, who at the present moment appears to hold the fortunes of the Egyptian Government, as Kossuth held the destinies of the House of Hapsburg, in the hollow of his hand. Ever since the day when the soldiery of the citadel pronounced against the Khedive, the star of Arabi Bey has been in the ascendant. The so-called Egyptian Parliament was no sooner summoned than it found its real master in the Colonel, and not in the Khedive. Tewfik's ministry has fallen before his dictation; the ministry in existence is practically in his hands. But Arabi Bey's political career has been hitherto too brief to show whether he is the Cromwell of a great movement against an Egyptian Charles; the Garibaldi of a struggle for national liberty against a foreign rule; a scheming political adventurer, fighting for his own hand like Hal of the Wynd; or only a puppet, whose actions are guided by mysterious unseen strings.

Sir William Gregory, whose opinion should be listened to with respect and attention on Egyptian matters, both from his knowledge of the subject and his experience as a politician, has told the world what he thinks of the practical dictator of Egypt. He sees in Arabi Bey a man of great and patriotic ideas, with an eloquence which at times reminds Sir William of the utterance of Sophocles' Antigone, and inspired by the loftiest love of his country. This opinion is practically shared by another Englishman whose name is associated with Egyptian politics, Mr. Blunt, who, having sung of many loves under the name of Proteus, finds sterner pleasure at present in the struggles of the Egyptian democracy. Sir William Gregory is in favour of what he calls home rule for the Egyptian race. Mr. Dicey, on the other hand, would advocate some strong policy of English interference. Mr. Dicey is openly in favour of the preservation by any means of English authority in Egypt. He regards the possession

of Egypt as indispensable to the strength of our hold over India, and, if annexation would strengthen that hold and prevent the advance of Russia, he would be prepared to annex Egypt.

This alternative, as he shows, however, is unfortunately surrounded by more difficulties now than it would have been when he first advocated it. In the pursuance of any such policy England has now a formidable rival in France. Had England, indeed, acted at the time which Mr. Dicey pointed out as most favourable—had she stepped in when France, weakened by her conflict with Germany, would have been unable to say her nay—then undoubtedly the placing of a corporal's guard at Port Said would have secured to England the command of the Canal, and the practical mastery of Egypt. But she did not take the step then, and circumstances now are strongly against her. Mr. Kinglake has put into eloquent words his prophecy of the time when "the Englishman, leaning far over to hold his loved India, shall plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the faithful." But the Frenchman now has planted "a firm foot on the banks of the Nile," and, if he could, would sit in the seats of the faithful himself. He is most unwilling that any other European power should do so. It is doubtful if England could now occupy Egypt without entailing upon herself a prolonged struggle, and incurring the responsibility for plunging Europe into a general war.

Of the morality of annexation it is not here my business to speak. It may be maintained by one school of philosophic politicians that the rights of nations are as the rights of individuals, and that one powerful State has no more right to wrest from a weaker her land or her authority than a powerful man has the right to snatch from one more feeble his watch or his purse. Others, however, claim, with equal show of reason, that nations are not like individuals; that if we accept in any sense the teachings of our history for guides, we are bound to consider the welfare of England first, and what they would call political philanthropy afterwards. If England has any right to India, they urge, she is justified in zealously and jealously guarding that dominion; and they ask why England now should refuse to act upon those principles of international morality which have entitled her to be mistress of her great dependency; which allowed Germany to take Alsace and Lorraine from France; and which permit the onward march of Russia. But if it be regarded as admissible for one moment that England has a right to interfere with Egypt, if her honour and the safety of her Indian Empire depend upon it, it is the duty of those who advocate this step to show very clearly that her *honour* and her rule are threatened.

JUSTIN H. McCARTHY.

NEW FINDS IN SHETLANDIC AND WELSH FOLK-LORE.

(*Conclusion.*)

VIII.

EVERY creed, like every philosophical system, seeks to encompass the whole world, the smallest as well as the greatest things, within the web of its thoughts or beliefs. This is especially the case with ancient faiths more directly traceable to Nature-worship; and with the scattered remnants of those faiths, the charm-practising popular customs. Not an apple can be grown, even now, in some parts of the world, not an ear of corn can ripen and be cut, without a spell-song being sung about the tree at stated times, or a presiding deity's rude image being formed by the reapers out of the sheaves which she or he is supposed to have helped into golden growth. The secret workings of Nature appear, indeed, most wonderful, to the observing eye and mind, in its tiniest appearances, in its every-day outcome. The Greeks had this feeling. So had, and partly still have, the Germanic populations wherever the popular classes are yet tenacious of the old lore and customs.

Keeping this in mind, I think no surprise need be felt that from Nuggles and Nixies—from quadruped animal symbolism, and from a humanised rendering of the powers of the liquid element—we should have to come even to some mysterious Fish Lore. Here, the turbot, a very good fish, is first of all to be taken into account.

In Scandinavian, Icelandic, and German speech, the turbot, and fishes akin to it, bear a name indicating sacredness. This hallowed character of certain members of the finny tribe is a feature of folk-belief to be met with from Vedic times down to superstitions still current among Australian aborigines. In the Flood myth of the ancient Hindu, which in its chief details tallies with the later Babylonian, and the still later Biblical, account, Manu ("the man") is told by the Divine Fish to build a vessel, or Ark, for safety. Perhaps one of the constituent elements of this myth is the fish-like shape of the earliest boats—for which the Fish got a sacred name as a prototype *of navigation*; hence, as a practical Saviour.

Aphroditean ideas are also frequently connected with the fish-cult. We find it so in Hindoo, Chaldean, Phœnikian, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman mythology, in connection with Durga, the terrible Goddess of Love, with Ishtar, Dagon, Isis, and Venus. In Christology, the Fish continues playing a part among the early sects; the Saviour himself being called "the Fish" ("Ichthys," in Greek, which is explained by the initials of Ιησοῦς Χριστός Θεοῦ Υἱός Σωτήρ; meaning: Jesus Christ, of God the Son, the Saviour).

In a well-known German story, recorded in Grimm's Tales, a Fish, called Buttje, has creative and prophetic qualities, and is a Maker of all things desired. In one of the German myths about the Wild Huntsman, a Fish flies before the ghostly Chace.[1] The Wild Huntsman himself, who is but a transfiguration of Wodan, or Odin, appears in a Swabian tale as a Neck (that is, as a Water-God) on a sea-born stallion. All this, I believe, is referable to that water-worship which among so many nations is the source from which the foam-born Deities of Love arise.

A different order of ideas may be embodied in the religious awe with which the turbot seems to have been looked upon on Teutonic ground. On this subject, the following has recently reached me from Shetland:—

"The turbot of commerce, proper, is seldom captured on our coasts. Although I have been a fisherman for many years, I have never seen one caught, while the other (halibut) is very plentiful. Now, I have never yet heard any explanation of the derivation of Holy Buttje, or the holy fluke; and the question is, what was it holy to? Was it hallowed or consecrated to some deity? Very probably—thought I; and next, what deity was it likely to be? . . . . I have very strong presumptive proof that the fish was held sacred to some one, or some thing, from the superstitions attaching to its capture, and which I myself was once compelled to observe—a loose-cast among my brother-fishermen. An air of mystery always surrounded its capture, that distinguished it from that of other fish, and often caused me to wonder, but which I could not comprehend. No sooner did the man at the line feel a turbot (halibut)—and his presence at the bottom of the sea was easily recognised by his manœuvres—than the event was the signal for silence, and signs took the place of words. The utmost freedom allowed on such occasions—and that only when any doubt hung over it—was to ask the question only in an undertone: 'Is it a fish, tinks du? or is du i' da grund?'—meaning: 'Do you think you feel a fish? or has the

[1] See "Wodan, the Wild Huntsman, and the Wandering Jew," by Karl Blind, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of July, 1880.

line got foul of the bottom?' If the former was affirmed, it was only by a nod of the head, and then a silent activity took possession of the crew, over whom a spell seemed to hang; and woe betide the greenhorn that spake *or uttered the name of the fish*! Should such a calamity happen, as it sometimes did with the uninitiated, and should the turbot (halibut) be lost after the offence, the fisherman in question was solely blamed for the loss, and for a time his life was made miserable by the rest." [1]

The following from the same pen is also of importance :—

"I have learned another fact in regard to the turbot—namely, that the 'blugga-banes' (the breast-bones) of the turbot were always preserved in some secret chink in the wall of a fisherman's cottage, in order to insure luck. I never saw this observed in my father's cottage. In fact, both my parents endeavoured to discard all superstitious ideas as foolish. And only curiosity led me to inquire into them, and, if possible, to try to trace their cause and origin; and it is this fact that renders your article so interesting to me now."

As to the religious veneration, in which the turbot was clearly once held, the thoughtful writer of the letter says, correctly enough :—

"It only adds another proof of the fact so often found that a superstitious usage among a peasantry may have its roots far down into a past paganism, and that it may be observed with all the seeming earnestness and reverence that first attached to its observance, while the actors could give no reason for it, but that they were taught it was right to do so. Another fact I may mention is: the 'kinn-fish,' that is, the cheek-flesh, of the turbot is never eaten, but always cut out raw. On this, however, I do not lay much stress; only, it is a peculiarity, and never observed in the case of other fish.'

To my mind, this peculiarity carries with it strong evidence of some special rite connected with the preparation of that holy fish as a dish.

IX.

But to whom was the turbot hallowed?

My Shetlandic correspondent suggested Thor as the butt-fish's divine genius—an idea which I had rejected in my mind before, but which, on renewed examination, I cannot any longer look upon as quite untenable. Various weak attempts have been made to derive the turbot's name from Latin or Greek (*turbo*, and *ῥόμβος*). They may at once be put aside by the simple remark that in Nether German, as well as in Swedish, "butt," or "butta," is the real name of the fish. Tur-bot is, therefore, clearly a compound. The English word "halibut" (Holy Butt) contains proof to the same effect—namely,

[1] Communicated by Mr. Robert Sinclair.

that "butt" is the root of the word, and "Tur" or "Tor" only an addition. To the English "halibut" corresponds the German *Heiligen-Butt*, or *Wicheln-Butt* (from *weihen*, to consecrate).

There are other German compound words referring to that fish; for instance, *Stein-Butte* (Stone-Butt). This, at first, seemed to me the counterpart for the Keltic "turbot" (Welsh: torbut);—"tor" meaning stone. No explanation of this word *Stein-Butte*, or tor-but, can, however, be given from any habits of the fish. "Tor," or "Tur," must therefore have a different meaning. Now, curiously enough, we find in German also the word *Dorn-Butt*. We are thus once more driven to inquire whether the word "Dorn" may not be a popular etymological substitution for Thunaer, Donar, or Thor (English: Thur, as in Thursday). This seems likely enough when we remember that in South Wales, on ground where Teutonic invaders and settlers have introduced their nomenclature of places, there is an islet, called Thorney (Thor's Island); so also, in Orkney, a Tur Ness, or Turn Ness (Thor's Ness). Again, when we look into the Icelandic sagas, we actually come across the name of "Stone Thor"; nay, in the Skalda, where the struggle of the God of Thunder with the Giant Hrungnir is recorded, Thor gets a stone-splinter into his head, from the stone-weapon of his foe; "which still sticks there, to this day."

All this makes it rather probable that Tor-but, or Tur-bot, Dorn-Butt and Stone-Butt, really point to Thor; and that the word halibut, *Heiligen-* or *Wicheln-Butt*, is but a later veil of sacredness thrown over the fish. And is it not remarkable that the enchanted Buttje, or Fish-Prince, in Grimm's Tale,[1] finally smashes up the Fisherman's wonderful new wealth in a great storm with thunder and lightning? This, too, would go to prove the Butt's identity with Thor; the Fish-Prince being thus apparently a real Thor-Butt.

Loki once changed into a salmon. Why not Thor into a butt-fish?

I may notice here, in passing, that in the German incantation by which the fisherman always brings up the enchanted Fish-Prince from the sea, there are two words (or perhaps it is a single word) unexplainable from our tongue, and which have always baffled investigators. The incantation begins thus:—

Manntje, Manntje Timpe Te!
Buttje, Buttje in der See!

That is:—

Little Man! Little Man Timpe Te!
Little Butt! Little Butt in the sea!

Nobody knows what *Timpe Te*, or, maybe, *Timpeté*, means. Now, it is highly probable that the lines in question form a parallelism, or

[1] *Kinder- und Haus-Märchen*, No. 19.

iteration ; the Little Man (or Dear Man) tallying with the Little Butt (or Dear Butt), whilst *Timpeté* might correspond to, or be a tautology for, the sea. But, then, in what language is the sea so called?

For years, ever since Mr. George Smith's publication of *The Chaldean Account of Genesis*, the word *Tiamatu* (meaning "sea"), or *Mummu Tiamatu* (meaning the "Sea Chaos," which in the clay tablet deciphered by Mr. George Smith is said to be "the producing mother of all"), has struck me as containing a possible solution of the *Timpeté* mystery. This may seem far-fetched at a first glance ; for what has Chaldæa to do with the coasts of Northern Germany? However, we know, at least, that Phœnikians traded in early times that way, coming by sea ; even as, from excavations made in recent years, we now positively know that Etruscans traded by land as far as the Baltic coasts of Germany. Is it, then, so utterly impossible that, from those days of dim antiquity, a sea-word of Chaldæan origin, brought in the wake of the Phœnikians, should have lingered in a German spell-song? Was not Chaldæa the very abode of mysterious lore? To my mind, judging from comparative instances, there is a strong possibility, nay, even a considerable probability, of this explanation being on the right track.[1]

X.

But let us return to our holy fishes. A counterpart of the sacredness of the turbot, or halibut, is to be found in the peculiar aversion in which the salmon and the trout are, or were, held among the fishing population of north-eastern Scotland.

In Mr. Walter Gregor's statement—"The word 'salmon' *was never pronounced.* If there was occasion to speak of salmon, a circumlocution was used. . . . In going past a salmon cobble in the harbour, a fisherman would not have allowed his boat to touch it; neither would he have taken hold of it either by hand or boat-hook to haul past it. To have said to a fisherman that there was a salmon in his boat, or to have spoken to him of salmon on his proceeding to sea, or to have spoken of salmon or even trout when at sea, aroused his anger and called forth stormy words. A trout or a salmon caught in the herring nets, as it sometimes, though rarely, happens, was regarded as *a most untoward event*, and was looked upon as the harbinger of the failure of the fishing during the rest of the season."

[1] I have to thank a specialist, Mr. Theo. G. Pinches, for the following communication :—"The word *tiamtu* (lit. 'sea') is declined as follows : *Nom.* tiamtu ; *Acc.* tiamta ; *Gen.* tiamti ; *Construct.* tiamat. Other (and most likely later) forms of the word are : ti'amtu (—a, —i), tâmtu (—a, —i), and tâmdu (—a, —i). The two last seem to have been used only in Assyria, and not in Babylonia."

It is not unusual in folk-lore that in one locality an old heathen idea survives in the way of observance, whilst in another it does so in the way of aversion. So in Shetland the Butt may, even now, get great honour, whilst in north-eastern Scotland the salmon and trout are put under certain circumstances on the unlucky list.

It strikes me that the aversion said to be felt towards the salmon may be a revulsion against its former veneration in times when the Finn or Fianna race were powerful in Scotland and Ireland. There is, in Ireland, a very curious Finn or Fenian tale about the "Salmon of Knowledge" (*Eo Feasa*), of which there are several versions. To put the substance of these tales shortly, the warrior-hero Finn gets a great deal of knowledge, and the power of foreseeing coming events, from a prophetic fish, namely, a salmon. Of another mythical, semi-divine personage and patron deity of learned men, who also bears a Finn name—Fionntan—it is fabled that he himself was the "Salmon of Knowledge," and that he haunted Connla's sacred well, and the Boyne, and the depths of the Ocean. He is also called "Fionntan the Prophetic," and was said to have flourished in Ireland before the great Flood, and to have lived down to the advent of Christianity.[1]

These Finns, Fianna, or Fenians are described as of tall stature, broad-shouldered, red- or fresh-faced, yellow-haired, blue-eyed. They bear such names as Oscar—a clearly Teutonic one. They have "drinking-horns filled with *beoir*" (beer).[2] They are eminently fighters and fond of the sea. The very word which might be supposed, even after they had lost their Germanic speech, to have lingered longest among and after them, because it refers to their character as a war-clan, stands, in the midst of a Keltic epic, as a clearly non-Keltic expression—like a significant monument of one of the earliest Teutonic invasions of Ireland. It is the undoubtedly Germanic word: "fight," both as a substantive (*im-fich*) and as a verb (*fichim.*)[3] In Anglo-Saxon: *feohtan*; Frisian: *fiuchta*; Old High German: *fëhtan*; Middle High German: *vëhten*; Dutch: *vechten*; Swedish: *Fegd* (war).

However, I will not discuss here fully the question of the race-connection of the Fianna. Be it enough to say that these old Fionn-Irish stories are, beyond doubt, a mixture of tribal tales of a semi-historical kind, and of ancient mythological views. Finn or Fionn races, as northern invaders of evidently Germanic descent,

[1] Comp. also Mr. Alfred Nutt's learned treatise on the Folk- and Hero-Tales of the Celts, in the *Folk-lore Record*, vol. iv. 1881.

[2] *The Youthful Exploits of Fionn* (Mac-Ghníomhartha Fhinn).

[3] *The Lay of Ossian on the Land of the Young* (Laoidh Oisín air Thír Na N-Óg); 61, 62.

we hear of in Ireland, Scotland, and Britain, as well as in Lochlin (Norway). And again there comes up the island-name of Fione, Fyen, or Fünen, in Denmark, with that famous place of Odinic worship, Odens-oe.

To my mind, the Fionn-Irish tale about the learned and prophetic Fish—the "Salmon of Knowledge"—has a curious contact, partly with the Hindu flood-myth, partly with the Babylonian Oannes or Wann story. Repeated colonisations or invasions by sea appear to be indicated by those legends, both in Babylonia and in Ireland. The Fianna, however, were at last overthrown. Ossian, or Oisin, miraculously saved through centuries as the last of that heathen warrior-band, laments their vanished power in words of curse before St. Patrick :—[1]

> If I were still myself, O Patrick,
> As I was in the days of yore,
> I would put thy clergy all to death;
> And a head on a neck would not be after me!

When the Fionn power was broken, the "Salmon"—the red fish in the shining scaly armour, who might have symbolised the red-faced invader—perhaps became "tabooed" in popular lore. Such taboo may have been carried from Ireland, the ancient home of the Scottish race, to what is now Scotland. Were not also the later Norwegian invaders, owing to their armour, called "scaly monsters" in Irish history? As "seals," or sea-dogs, they were mythically transfigured in Shetland!

Another question : Is the comparatively small use made of fish-food by many of the popular classes in Ireland, perchance referable to some such historical revulsion of tribal feeling?

XI.

I now turn to some Water-stories from Wales. They were gathered in that south-western corner where the Flemish (Germanic) immigration has been a strong one, and where there have been previous Norse invasions—so that there is presumptive evidence of these stories being in a great measure of Teutonic origin, though found on Keltic, Kymric, or Kymro-Silurian ground. Some of these tales were collected with considerable difficulty; for in one instance a venerable woman of a village, when first approached in a complimentary way, as being famed for her "stories," resented the remark very much. And when, by change of polite phraseology, it was said that she was renowned for being able to "tell a good many tales," she became even more vexed.

[1] *The Lay of Ossian on the Land of the Young*; 120.

For what I am going to state now, I have to thank my son-in-law, Mr. Charles Hancock, who travelled, last summer, with my daughter in Wales. During his repeated and careful investigations, several tales about Mer-Maids, Sea-Sprites, or Fish-Men, and Sea-Horses, were told to him by George Thomas, an oyster-dredger, aged 81, who was born five miles from Tenby, and is the oldest among the fishermen there. First the story of a Mermaid at Saundersfoot is to be mentioned :—

"This tale goes back to over 100 years. A Mermaid was once left high and dry on a large rock off Saundersfoot (a small seaside village near Tenby); and there she sat, with her glass and comb, combing her hair, which was the colour of the sea—of greenish hue —and bewailing her fate, as she had no means of getting to the sea. A poor labouring man, coming down to the beach to gather mussels, caught sight of her; and him she at once asked to have pity on her, and carry her out to the water. In return, she promised him money, which she knew well where to find. He carried her from the rock, and put her into the sea; and the next day she came back, bringing with her silver and gold, *all of which she had found at the bottom of the sea.* 'And no treasures of the earth,' said George Thomas, 'are as great as those of the sea.' Day by day (he continued) the poor labouring man would come down to the rock, and, taking the Mermaid's gifts, would often repay them by the same service she had at first asked him for. And the man became wonderfully rich; and the people in the neighbourhood gave the rock the name of the Mermaid's Rock, a name which has clung to it ever since."

Stories of stranded Mermaids being carried by men seawards, and requiting the favour, are not infrequent. The Mermaid, in the above tale, appears as a grateful being, and easily attracted to man. At the same time the sea is described as containing, at its bottom, a hoard of silver and gold; and that is a very important trait. This supposed richness of the water is one of the oldest cosmogonic ideas, to be found already in the Indian epic, Râmâyana. It symbolises the fertile creative power of the water, or the idea that everything came out of that inexhaustive bottom of the sea, where modern scientists have assumed a protoplastic matter and force to reside. The Edda speaks of the Sea-God Niörd as being so rich and wealthy that he can confer all kinds of goods—estates as well as moveable property; therefore, also silver and gold. The phosphorescence of the sea, as well as the gold-carrying sand of rivers, may have contributed to the formation of the same idea.

A story of a sea-sprite, half man, half fish, was also told by George

Thomas. He said he heard it over fifty years ago, but still clearly remembered it. It was a tale about a "Jenny," or "Ginny" (a *genie*?), as he called it, that lived in a box in the sea, off the coast, and who had for companion a beautiful woman stolen from the shore. Now and then, the Man-Fish brought her to land. When on shore, he would go to sleep in her lap, snoring so loud as to make the trees shake and re-echo with the sound. But at the slightest noise of any other kind, she would rouse him from his slumber; and once awake, he would seize the maid in his arms, and go back with her to his home out at sea.

This, perhaps fragmentary, story seems to be somewhat mixed. The Man-Fish, no doubt, whilst again reminding us of the Babylonian Oannes legend, is fully within the circle of Teutonic ideas. But then, some of the incidents of that South-Welsh tale have a more or less distant affinity with the story of the wicked Genie in the *Arabian Nights*, who carried a female of incomparable beauty in a large glass case, secured by four locks of bright steel, on his head. That Arabian Genie, too, comes out of the sea, takes a little rest on the shore, his immense head reposing on the lady's lap, when he "falls to sleep and begins to snore till the very shore echoed with the noise."

This latter expression occurs, however—as before stated—also in the Eddic tale of Thor's wanderings to the Giants. And it is certainly not to be supposed that the *Arabian Nights* were known in Iceland in the thirteenth century, when Snorro Sturlason wrote the Prose Edda; for the stories of *A Thousand and One Nights* were only introduced into Europe in the beginning of the eighteenth century. Furthermore, it is well known that, under Arab and Mussulman guise, these latter fantastic tales are, in their substantial germ, of Aryan growth. They mostly originated in India and Persia, and were only amplified, and more wonderfully elaborated, by the fancy of the Arabian Semite, who preserved his mirage-fed imagination even when he had left the Desert for the town. Remembering this Aryan origin, or germ, of what is called the *Arabian Nights*, it would not be surprising to find in that part of Wales where Germanic settlers have appeared in early times, a bit of a sea-story tallying on the one hand, in some of its incidents, with an Eddic, and on the other with an "Arabian," story.

Still, the fact of a "Ginny," or "Jenny," being mentioned in the tale of old George Thomas, seems to show that some vague echo of the extraordinary tale in *A Thousand and One Nights* must have reached him. Yet, his account is in so far very different from the

Arabian one, as his sea-sprite lives in a box, whilst the Oriental genie carried a case on his head. Again, the Welsh story describes the beautiful companion of the Man-Fish as very faithful to her liege-lord, whilst exactly the contrary is told of the Oriental lady who was in vain kept in a glass case by her wicked tyrant.

Perhaps the Welsh legend is, therefore, a curious cross-breed between an old popular tale and some bookish notions accidentally picked up by the now octogenarian oyster-dredger near Tenby. What he told, looks as if it had reference to some long-forgotten viking, who was living on board ship (that is, in a box) with a bride stolen from natives; and that she, being quite willing to dwell with him (which is not the case in the Arab story) always gave warning, when he was asleep on shore, against the coming of foes.

The same old man who told this Mermaid and this Man-Fish tale, said that—"Sea-Horses have also been seen on this coast. They prowl about the fields at night and in the day-time. But they are very shy; at the least sound they make tracks, scampering off to their home, the sea, or *vanishing into the clouds*."

This is clearly a Nuggle; but that special name—which as yet I have not been able to trace anywhere in this country but in Shetland—George Thomas, when questioned, did not know. He neither knew anything of the "Finn" name, though his Man-Fish distinctly looks as if he were of that connection. Even of Nixes he could not tell any tale. Seals, or Selkies, which in Shetland are an *alias* for the "Norway Finns" (whom I identify with the Teutonic Fionn race), George Thomas only knew in their real, not in any mythological, state. He had often seen "sea-calves"—(German: *See-Kälber*)—as the expression on that shore of South Wales is. They haunt the caverns along the coast, where they breed their young. A sailor will say, on getting a glimpse of a mother with her brood: "There goes the Cow!" This word "sea-calf" renders it, in my opinion, very likely that the Scotch "Kelpie" name, which cannot be explained from Gaelic, is only a diminutive of Calf, or *Kalb* (German: *Kälbchen*, or *Kälblein*; in dialect speech: *Kälble*).

Of Sea-Horses, George Thomas further said that he had often heard sailors about his neighbourhood declare that "they had seen them on the Indian coast, where they really do exist." This, of course, refers to the zoological family of the marine creatures. Thus, in the popular mind, the mythical forms of fancy mingle with the real beings of natural history, if the former have not even been evolved from the latter.

XII.

Some further tales, or fragments of tales, were got from another very aged person, Bridget Hodge. She is 82 years old, and lives at a place on the Welsh sea-shore, near Saundersfoot, called "The Wise Man's Bridge." The whole place is composed of two cottages only. Probably in former times, when the land-laws were different, it was a village. Why the place was called "The Wise Man's Bridge," Mrs. Hodge could not tell; there being no bridge, nor river, anywhere near.

That old woman remembers hearing, in her youth, of a mermaid who was stranded on the beach near the Wise Man's Bridge. She sat combing her hair, and crying bitterly. Here this particular story ends—a little too soon; and we are not wiser than before. Of importance, however, is another tale related by the same more than octogenarian woman :—

"There was a Water-Witch who once visited the coast near here—namely, Pendine. She came from Bridgewater in a ship of her own, and had jugs[1] on board to carry her balm in. The ship ran ashore, and was turned into a horse's head-bone. The Water-Witch cried bitterly when she found the vessel was nowhere to be seen. She piteously sang in great grief and lamentation—

Lullăbў! lullăbў!
From Bridgewāter to Pendīne!

Then she mounted the horse's head-bone, and rode out to sea, disappearing for ever from view."

Of this horse's head-bone we shall presently hear more. I will only add here that Bridget Hodges also said "her son once saw a horse's head coming out of the sea, with large eyes staring vacantly; but it seemed to have no ears—or if it had, they must have been thrown back, as frightened horses sometimes have them. As he watched it, it glided back into the sea, and never came up again, although he waited over an hour, in hopes of seeing it reappear." This must have been a Nuggle apparition to the heated fancy of the man who, perhaps, had seen some large marine animal.

The horse's head-bone was again mentioned to my informant

[1] Mr. George Sinclair, now of Dunedin, New Zealand, writes to me of Shetland stories about "witches on shore, who, by means of wooden cups, wreck boats at sea. The cups are put into a tub of water; each cup means a boat; and the witch names them. Then she violently agitates the water, and the number of upset cups corresponds to the number of wrecked boats." The witches' doings in *Macbeth* remind us of this sea-magic.

during his rambles. "I had walked out"—he writes—"from Tenby some two miles or more, and found myself at a village called New Hedges. Here I got into conversation with the villagers, and was directed to a tumble-down cottage where lived a very old fellow, 85 years of age, David Harris by name. He had been a labouring man and never able to read or write, and is now paralysed in his limbs and bent double with infirmity; but his memory is still clear and unclouded for the tales he had heard in his youth. His utterance is difficult, and many words I could not catch very easily. But I jotted down on my way what he told, and here is the result of my notes." David Harris said :—

"Along the Pendine shore there is a huge cavern where many ships have been known to be wrecked—and no wonder. For, the spot was at one time haunted by two Sea-Witches who used to ride out to sea on a horse's head-bone, and lure big ships to destruction, the sailors thinking they were coming into deep water. These witches had *only the shape of people.* Sometimes they would ride on the water, carrying the ships they were luring on their backs."

I believe the horse's head-bone represents, in these stories, an old poetical figure for the waves which in an Eddic poem are called the "prancing steeds." Homer likens the agitated, white-crested waves and wavelets to frolicsome goats and kids capering about. When in the story told by that Welsh labourer it is said that the Water Witches had "only the shape of people," it is almost literally the same expression as in a weird Zulu story, related by Mr. David Leslie.[1] And when it is said that the witches sometimes ride on the water, carrying the ships they are luring on their backs, their character as the representatives of the waves, or rather as the waves themselves, becomes fully patent.

A story in which the Mermaid plays the part of a good genius, was told by the same old man near Tenby. He said :—

"There were some rocks outside Milford Haven, known as the Scilly Rocks. They were the terror of seamen entering that harbour, and certain death would assuredly have overtaken all who approached them closely but for a Mermaid who was often seen to sit there, warning ships not to come too near. Or, as the sailors put it :—

> The Mermaid on the rocks she sat,
> With glass and comb in hand.
> 'Clear off, ye livery lads,' she cried;
> 'Ye be not far from land!'"

---

[1] *Among the Zulus and Amatongas* (p. 119 : "Only they are not quite people, you know; they are Esemkofu").

"These lines," my informant says, "were repeated to me all in one sentence; but they sounded rhythmic; so I have put them down as above." To my own question as to whether the strange word "livery" was pronounced short or long in the first syllable, the reply was: "long."

All these tales have been gathered from the people's lips in that south-western corner of Wales in which a population of Flemings came in in the twelfth century. The remembrance of that Germanic settlement from Belgium still lingers in the popular mind; for George Thomas, the old oyster-dredger, said he recollects a tradition about the Flemish clothiers who taught the Welsh people all kinds of arts—especially the working up of wool into cloth; knitting; and also, good house-building. The same old man would have it that the name of Tenby is derived from "ten" and "bay"; ten men having in far-off times landed in the bay and settled on the place. This is one of the many popular etymologies which are found in similar cases when a word apparently lends itself to an easy explanation. Another derivation explains Tenby as a Danish "by," or town, whilst the Welsh people prefer to call it "Dynbych (Denbigh) y Pyscoed"; that is, the Precipice of Fishes.

In some places in that south-western quarter of Wales, the people still talk a language of an apparently mixed character, in which Flemish words seem to linger. At least, Mr. Charles Hancock was told by country people who spoke English, that they could not understand many things said by other villagers who also spoke English. It strikes me that the word "livery," in the Mermaid's song before quoted, might be the Flemish or Nether German *lieve*; so that "livery lads" would be "dear lads." The same word exists also in English in such phrases as: "I had as lief go as stay."

These indications already point to the Teutonic character of the water-tales gathered in and near Pembrokeshire.

XIII.

Lest the general reader might be startled by the above statement as to a Germanic influence even in Wales, it will be as well to give here some points not universally known.

Long before the Flemings—perhaps some 1,400 years before their immigration into Pembrokeshire—Frisian and other Germanic seafaring men and warriors may have come to Wales, and settled there; for in Roman times, Menapians and Chaukians were already among the tribes that dwelt even farther west, in Ireland. The majority of the Belgians, to whom the Menapians belonged, were stated by

Cæsar to be of Germanic origin, and to take pride in that descent. The Chaukians were a Frisian, Teutonic, tribe. If Menapians and Chaukians were dwellers in Ireland, they may be expected to have touched also the Welsh coast.

Indeed, the Menapian, or Manapian, name which, in Ptolemaios' time, occurs for a town (*Μαναπία πόλις*) in that part of Ireland where now Dublin stands, also occurs later on for St. David's (*Menapia, Menevia*) on the opposite Welsh coast, as well as for some other parts between Ireland and Great Britain. It stands to reason that Belgian Menapians, after having settled so far west in Ireland, would soon make a military impression upon Kymric or Siluro-Kymric soil; turning once more a little back to the east. This procedure is the more easily understood when we remember that other Belgian tribes were settled in Southern Britain long before the landing of Cæsar. He found those tribes of Belgian origin as agriculturists on the British coast, whilst the native Kelts had been driven by them into the interior.[1]

Altogether the history of Germanic invasions of this country shows that on several occasions Ireland—not Britain—was first aimed at. Witness the earliest attempts of the Scandinavian Picts or Pehts, and the earliest Viking expeditions of the Norwegians; both proceeding, in the first instance, along the north and north-west of what is now Scotland, towards the Irish shores. In this way, Chaukians and Menapians, Pehts and Norsemen—all coming over what Ptolemaios already called the "German Ocean"—usually set sail at first for green Erin, and, owing to various reasons, then moved again a little back in the direction from whence they had come. Even strategically this was not a bad plan. The Iberian (Euskarian or Basque) and Keltic races of the British Isles were thus repeatedly taken between a double Teutonic grip—from the west and from the east.

Keltic derivations, it is true, have been given by way of attempting to explain the Menapian name. But the fact of the Menapians having evidently come over to Ireland as the brothers-in-arms of the German Chaukians seems to point to their own Teutonic origin, which was that of the greater number of the Belgian population in Cæsar's time. A Belgian deputation itself declared to the Roman General that the vast majority of the Belgians were of German blood (*plerosque Belgas esse ortos a Germanis*).[2] Cæsar further clearly says that the three races which inhabit Gaul—namely, the Belgians, the Aquitanians, and the Kelts—all differ among themselves in speech, in institutions, and laws.[3] In other words, Gaul (used as a geographical,

[1] *Gallic War*, v. 12. [2] *Ibid.* ii. 4. [3] *Ibid.* i. 1.

not as an ethnological term) was inhabited by a German-speaking, an Iberian- or Basque-speaking, and a Keltic-speaking race.

To this very day two-thirds of the Belgians are Germanic. They speak as their mother-tongue, not French, like the descendants of the Romanised Gauls and Aquitanians in France, but Flemish, or Nether German (*Neder-duitsch*) as they often call it; for Flemish is only a variety of the Low German dialects spoken by the popular classes all along the German coasts of the North Sea and the Baltic. And this Flemish speech still extends, even now, into France, along the north-western frontier of that country.

Historically, the Menapian, or Manapian, name first turns up in Baktria, the old home of the Indo-Germanic tribes. After that we find it among the mainly Teutonic Belgians. After that in conjunction with the German Chaukians, or Kauchians, who had effected a lodgment in Ireland. Still, even allowing the Menapian question to be a moot point, the early presence of a Teutonic population on Irish soil about 2,000 years ago is sufficiently attested by the Chaukian settlement. This is the oldest instance of an "English garrison" in Ireland of which we know with our present knowledge of classic literature. The fact may usefully be pondered upon by those who indulge in vague generalities about the strictly Keltic character of Ireland.

Later on, after the Chaukians and Menapians had appeared in Ireland, and long before the immigration of the Germanic Flemings from Belgium into Pembrokeshire, Northmen swarmed all round the coasts of Ireland and Wales, and occupied many places. I have heard Prof. Blackie, who has done such good work in agitating for the better study of Gaelic, mention in a lecture at the Royal Institution the word "Skerries" (a kind of rocky isles) as a peculiarly Keltic word. This, however, is quite a mistake. "Skerries" is eminently a Germanic word. Icelandic: *sker*; Danish: *skjär*; Swedish: *skär*; Dutch: *scheeren*; German: *Scheeren*. A *Skär-Karl*, in Swedish, is a man inhabiting an islet. Shetland has its Skerries. On the Scotch, Irish, Welsh, and English coast, wherever the Northmen established themselves, that word occurs. There are the Skerries of Anglesea (in old Danish and Norwegian: Oenguls-ey, or Angels-öen), the Island of the Angles. Off Tenby there is the Scar Rock—that is, the Rock-Rock; the original meaning of that Scandinavian word "skar" being no longer understood.

Moreover, there are numbers of islets and places about Milford Haven and its neighbourhood, bearing the clearest Germanic, Scandinavian or Anglo-Saxon, names: such as Stockholm, Gatholm, Grasholm, the Flat Holmes, the Steep Holmes—"holm" meaning

"island"; or Thorn Island (Thorn-eye, Thor's Island); Angle (Angle Island), and so forth. Again, Caldey, Ramsey, Scalmey, Barrey; Milford, Haverford, Freystrop (Freyr's Thorpe) are all clearly Teutonic. Even Butter Hill, Honey Hill, Hubberston have been interpreted as probable corruptions from the Norse names of Buthnar, Hogni, and Hubba. There is the Great and Little Orme's Head in North Wales, and the Worm's Head in South Wales—even as there is a Worms' Isle on the Esthonian coast of Russia where the Warangian Northmen, the Teutonic founders of the Slavo-Finnic Russian Empire, must once have had a lodgment. But the instances of a Teutonic influence even on Welsh ground might be multiplied far more.[1] Many details will be found in the works of that very careful Danish writer, Worsaae.

All this, I believe, goes far to show that a great deal, though certainly not all, of the Water Tales in that south-western part of Wales must be of Germanic origin, and that they have been brought thither by successive waves of Teutonic invaders or settlers.

XIV.

Old David Harris also told a moralising water-tale, which however seems to lack some explanatory conclusion or point. He gave a story about a hatchet which a labouring man had once dropped into a pool. A Marquis, standing by, reached into the water, and pulled out a golden axe. "No!" said the man; "that's not mine!" Next, the Marquis pulled out a silver one. "Nor that!" said the man. At length, the iron hatchet was brought up by the Marquis; and this one was acknowledged by the labourer as his own;—"the moral of the story being that honesty is the best policy."

How so, the story does not tell, as no reward is mentioned for

[1] "The Scandinavian type of face, familiarized to us by Christine Nilsson, the singer—with light blue eyes, and an expression peculiar to the type—is constantly seen in Wales. . . . Previous to the time of the Norman conquest, the Scandinavians had made a broad mark on the country. Scandinavian sea-kings invaded the coasts, sailed up the rivers, plundered and slaughtered the people, after three centuries of the Anglo-Saxon dynasty. Undoubtedly, their descendants still live, in the eastern and north-eastern counties especially of Wales; while even in Pembroke and Carmarthen shires there are often striking resemblances to the Scandinavians traceable in the peasantry. . . . The typical Welsh—the true Welsh, as the Cymry say—have been described as of middle height, with head of medium size, thin lips, prominent cheekbones and chin, oval or triangular face; keen, sharp eyes, either light or hazel; slight build, active, springy, alert. . . . This well-defined Welsh type is more marked, according to my observation, in the women than in the men; and it is constantly seen in Glamorganshire." (*Rambles and Studies in Old South Wales*, by Wirt Sikes. London: 1881.)

the act of truthfulness. I do not know whether this Welsh morality-fable has been told before; but the "Marquis" who brings up the axes from the water, one after the other, looks somewhat like a transfigured Water-Sprite.

Finally, I have a South Welsh tale in which water is not even transfigured into any Mermaid-, Nix-, or Witch-form. It was told by an old woman who lives on the turnpike road between Bwlch and Cathedine. Her name, if my informant remembers aright, is Price. She said :—

"On the ground now occupied by Llangorn Lake there was once a very large town, the people of which were very wicked. In the middle of the town was a well of beautiful water, enough for all the inhabitants. The well had to be closed of an evening ; and its keeper one night neglected his duty. Out rushed the water, overflooding every house, bringing death to every door, and destroying every vestige of what once had been the pride and the glory of the country all round."

This tale, of course, inculcates the duty of man to be watchful lest the beneficial qualities of any sheet of water over which he has control, should suddenly be converted into those destructive forces which are symbolised in various water-myths.

On the borders of Wales, a Germanic notion seems to linger, which is well known to be prevalent among the Nottingham bargemen. These latter cry out: "The Eager is coming!" when there is a sudden dangerous swelling, and clashing of waves, in the river Trent. Now, I learn that "below Gloucester, four miles down at a place called Stonebench, the Severn is distinguished for the enormous strength of its tides, caused by the resistance it meets with from currents of fresh water. So vehemently do they clash that the waters have been known to be dashed to an extraordinary height. This collision of water is called by Gloucester people 'Hygra.'"[1]

The "Eager" of the river Trent is—as Carlyle remarks in a well-known passage of his *Hero Worship*—undoubtedly the Germanic water-god Aegir, or Oegir, a deity of terrifying quality. "Eager," or "Eagre," is still a nautical English term for a spring-tide or suddenly swelling storm-flood. The Gloucestershire Hygra, or Heagra, seems but a slightly different, aspirate, form of the same Norse name.[2]

XV.

All these floating remnants of tales in Shetland and South Wales —and I am sure, with proper diligence, many more of them might

[1] Communicated by Mr. Charles Hancock.

[2] See *The Sailor's Word-Book*, by Admiral W. H. Smith.

be gathered—are part and parcel of an ancient cosmogonic system, once converted into a religion and a cult. The tenacity with which the creed was held, may be seen from the fact of so many old places of well-worship having been re-baptised by the Roman Church for ecclesiastical purposes of its own. In some cases, the water was for a moment declared, by the priest of the New Creed, to be poisonous. But this alleged spell of poisonousness was forthwith taken away by him through a blessing of his own, which allowed the time-honoured worship to be continued under a new name, or even under the old one with the mere addition of the word "Saint."

Wales, also, is full of such traces of an ancient water-cult, partly of Kymro-Silurian, partly of a later Germanic, origin. "Ffynnon Fair"--My Lady's Well—had been dedicated to heathen water-goddesses before being assumed to have reference to the Virgin Mary. The old beliefs as to the supposed powers of fertilisation of those well-shrines have, however, lingered, without change, through thousands of years. "Rag wells," into which votive offerings are thrown, and "wishing wells," gifted with magic qualities of healing or creation, continue to be frequented by simple folk in Wales and in England. Eyes are still occasionally washed there on certain festive days. Bent pins are, even now, mysteriously dropped into them by women "wishing" for husbands or sweethearts. In short, the magical charm-practices have by no means died out altogether.

All that has been stated in this essay goes to prove that among the northern races, too, there was once a strongly developed, fully elaborated doctrine which traced the rise of Life from water, and that the various powers of water for good and for evil were fabulously embodied in a great many mythic figures. Everything having been supposed to have come out of the water, we need not wonder that the very doctrines of morality were drawn up as from a well or lake. And whether we agree with, or disagree from, the cosmogonic view in question, on grounds of modern science, it is at all events desirable that we should see the inner meaning of the ancient notions; for they crop up, even in our present days, in the works of scientists who entirely steer clear of the region of poetical fancy. In this sense, the foregoing may serve as a contribution, from living sources of popular thought, to the better understanding of our fore-fathers' water-worship ideas.

KARL BLIND.

THE POETS' BIRDS.

V. THE CUCKOO.

AMONG the mysteries of Pan, what is there more puzzling than the parable of the cuckoo? Take fiction or take fact, and the result is the same—astonishment that man should have imagined such an outrage against nature, or that nature should have authorised such an outrage upon herself. Here is the belief of the ancients:—

In winter it changes into a hawk, but reappears in the spring in its own form, but with an altered voice. It lays a single egg, rarely two, in the nest of some other bird, declining to rear its own young, as it knows itself to be an object of universal hostility among birds. The young cuckoo, being naturally greedy, monopolises the food brought to the nest by its foster parents: it thus grows fat and sleek, and so excites its dam with admiration of her lovely offspring, that she first neglects her own chicks, then suffers them to be devoured before her eyes, and finally falls a victim herself to his voracious appetite.

Is this incredible? Then, hear the statement of modern naturalists:—

The cuckoo leads a wandering life, building no nest, and attaching itself to no particular locality. It shows no hostility towards birds of another kind, and little affection for those of its own. If two males meet in the course of their wandering, they frequently fight with intense animosity; and these single combats account, no doubt, for the belief formerly entertained that the cuckoo was the only hawk that preyed on its own kind. It does not pair, and it is unusual to see even a male and female together. It is, however, frequently accompanied by a small bird of another kind. There does not appear to be any intimacy or any hostility between the ill-matched pair. The larger bird flies first, the lesser one, as if spell-bound, follows it: if the cuckoo perches on a tree, the other posts itself on another hard by, or on another branch of the same; if the cuckoo alights on the ground, the other is by its side. No sooner does the young bird see the day, than he proceeds to secure for himself the whole space of the nest and the sole attention of his foster parents, by insinuating himself under the other young birds and any eggs which may remain unhatched, and hurling them over the edge of the nest, where they are left to perish. The singularity of its shape is well adapted for these purposes; for, different from other newly-hatched birds, its back, from the shoulders downwards, is very broad, with a considerable depression in the middle. This depression seems formed by nature for the design of giving a more secure lodgment to an egg or a young bird, when the young cuckoo is employed in removing either of them from the nest.

A young cuckoo was hatched with three young titlarks on the 6th of June.

On the afternoon of the 10th, two of the titlarks were found lying dead at the bottom of the ditch; the other had disappeared. Subsequently this cuckoo was removed and placed in another titlark's nest, nearer home, for more convenient observation. On the following day the cuckoo was found covered by the old titlark, with outstretched wings, from a very heavy shower of rain . . . while her own young ones had in the mean time been expelled by the cuckoo, and were lying lifeless within two inches of her nest.

An eye-witness of the crime thus describes the murder:—

The cuckoo struggled about till it got its back under one of its nestling companions, when it climbed backwards, directly up the open side of the nest, and hitched the bird from its back on to the edge. It then stood quite upright on its legs, which were straddled wide apart, with the claws firmly fixed half-way down the inside of the nest, among the interlacing fibres of which the nest was woven; and stretching its wings apart and backwards, it elbowed its victim fairly over the margin so far that its struggles took it down the bank. After this the cuckoo stood a minute or two feeling back with its wings, as if to make sure that the little thing was fairly overboard, and then subsided into the bottom of the nest.

As it was getting late, and the cuckoo did not immediately set to work on the other nestling, I replaced the ejected one, and went home. On returning next day, both nestlings were found dead and cold, out of the nest. I replaced one of them, but the cuckoo made no effort to get under and eject it, but settled itself contentedly on the top of it. But what struck me most was this: the cuckoo was perfectly naked, without a vestige of a feather or even a hint of future feathers; its eyes were not yet opened, and its neck seemed too weak to support the weight of its head. Its companions had well-developed quills on the wings and back, and had bright eyes partially open; yet they seemed quite helpless under the manipulations of the cuckoo, which looked a much less developed creature. The cuckoo's legs, however, seemed very muscular; and it appeared to feel about with its wings, which were absolutely featherless, as with hands. The most singular thing of all was the direct purpose with which the blind little monster made for the open side of the nest, the only part where it could throw its burden down the bank.

Which is the more incredible—the conjecture or the conviction? and is it not a wonderful bird, this "plain song cuckoo grey"—a hieroglyphic, an oracle, a sphinx, anything that is mysterious, unsatisfactory, and suggestive? What is the truth about it? No one knows: all knowledge seems only an exchange of ignorance. Nature refuses to read her riddle, and so science waits for Œdipus. No wonder, then, that the poets were puzzled by the cuckoo; but a great wonder it surely is that they should have altogether ignored this horrible mystery of legalised assassination and of high treason and revolt against instinct. Nature, indeed, appears to have created this bewildering bird in order to provide, once and for all, "the exception" for every one of her rules. It does not pair, and it does not build a nest. The

hen bird has no maternal affection, no domestic tenderness. The cock bird has no mate, no paternal solicitude. The young are horribly cruel; yet their foster-parents idolize the little assassin, and under the contagion, as it were, of the cuckoo's heartlessness, abandon their own nestlings in the most pitiless way, and concentrate their infatuated attentions upon the murderer!

There is nothing in all wild nature *more* shocking than this, and in human annals, fortunately, nothing that equals it for cold-blooded barbarity—this perennial acquiescence of mother birds in the massacre of their helpless young.

This one atrocious enormity of the cuckoo suffices, in my opinion, to controvert and stultify all the beatific moralities of the poets—even though Milton, Keats, and Shelley be among them—as to man alone

> Marring kind nature's plan;

and it is at any rate remarkable that the poets should have taken no further notice of this horrible miracle than to break a poor jest on it.

Indeed, the poets' cuckoo is quite a bird of their own. It is the herald of spring; and as the poets, to emphasize their want of sympathy with Winter, are always very amiable to Spring, they are very amiable to the cuckoo too, as being a seasonable detail. The cuckoo thus ranks as one of the popular birds in poetry, and Wordsworth, who is the poet of the cuckoo, has many delightful lines in its praise—

> The first summons, cuckoo, of thy voice
> . . . to the sick man's room
> Sends gladness by no languid smile declared.
> O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
> Or but a wandering voice?
> . . . . .
> Darling of the Spring:
> No bird, but an invisible thing—
> A voice, a mystery.

Again—

> From the neighbouring vale
> The cuckoo, straggling to the hill tops,
> Shouteth faint tiding of some gladder place.
> The cuckoo's sovereign cry
> Fills all the hollow of the sky.

But many others are kind to the "vernal cuckoo." "Why art thou always welcome?" asks Montgomery; Akenside has an ode to the "rustic herald of the Spring;" Eliza Cook breaks out—

> Whene'er I hear the cuckoo's song
> In budding woods, I bless the joyous comer.

Spenser delighted in "the merry cuckow, messengere of Spring;" and among its friends were Hurdis, Savage, Campbell, Mackay, Lilly.

Hark! how the jolly cuckoos sing
Cuckoo, to welcome in the Spring.

It is to be noted that these compliments are paid to the bird as being the *vernal* cuckoo. Spring is popular, and therefore the cuckoo, its "herald," is popular also; just as the lark, being "the herald of Day," receives exaggerated adulation. At the root of each, however, is the poetic tradition that Winter and Night are in themselves hateful—a tradition in which prosaic health can never sympathize. In the East, also, the cuckoo is the harbinger of Spring and of the Dawn too; but "the koel's fluted song," as Edwin Arnold calls it, is held in love and reverence for itself, and not vicariously, as it would seem to be with our own poets. The cuckoo's note is said to be a perpetual invocation of the Deity—the Hindoo, with his characteristic sympathy with the animal world, thus justifying that monotony of which English poets complain so harshly;[1] and Valinki, the Milton of India, calls himself "the koel." Hindoo and Mahomedan tradition alike invest it with sanctity; for in the former the cuckoo is the suttee revisiting earth, and in the latter it is one of the ten animals permitted to enter the paradise of Mahomet. It still, therefore, retains in the East some of the dignity that may have been supposed to attach to it in Greece, where Jupiter did not scorn its form, and Juno wore it on her sceptre.

But the English poets' cuckoo, while escaping reproach for the enormity of its transgressions against nature, receives congratulations as being a feature of Spring. Its voice in itself is too monotonous for the poets, who yet affect to delight in the dove's one exasperating syllable, or the "damnable iteration" of the barn-door fowl.

The cuckoo, ever telling of one tale.—*Quarles.*

Linnet with unnumbered notes
And the cuckoo with only two.—*Cunningham.*

The cuckoo, away in the thicket,
Is giving his two old notes.—*E. Cook.*

The same dull note.—*Phillips.*

The cuckoo chants, as though he were proud
Of his quaint unchanging measure.—*C. Smith.*

Unwearying cuckoo.—*Coleridge.*

And so forth, till the idea of monotony merged into another of dreariness, and so from dreariness into melancholy.

[1] *Vide infra.*

This unison of woe.—*Savage.*

The first cuckoo's melancholy cry.—*Wordsworth.*

The cuckoo's plaintive roundelay.—*Campbell.*

Or else, the idea of monotony led to another of want of orginality, and so to foolishness: "The foolish cuckoo" (*Dryden*); "the shallow cuckoo" (*Milton*); "the hollow cuckoo" (*Thomson*); "the witless cuckoo" (*Carew*); and thence, to go a step further, we get the phrase, "a cuckoo cry"—

"God save the king" 's a cuckoo cry
That's unco easy said, aye.—*Burns.*

"I love thee," is a cuckoo song.—*E. Cook.*

That such points as these should have chiefly occupied attention, when others of very exceptional interest were on the surface, would be surprising anywhere but in poetry; but even there it is remarkable that the enormous amount of legendary folk-lore that gathers round this bird should also have escaped reference. Shakespeare, quoting,[1] has made one version of the cuckoo's song immortal; and Prior and others are partial in rejecting it:

Cuckoo! cuckoo! that echo'd word,
Offends the ear of vulgar bird;

while, from the first, it is considered the bird of jealousy; for in Chaucer's "Temple of Venus," that minister of the Paphian has—

A cuckow sitting on hire hond;

and thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher, comes to be "slanderous." Gay, in his "Shepherd's Week," refers to a local superstition, that if a woman, on hearing the cuckoo for the first time, took off her left shoe, she would find one of her future husband's hairs in it; and several poets have introduced the tradition that, for good luck during the year, the cuckoo must not be heard before the nightingale.

It was a common tale
That it were gode to here the nightingale,
Moche rathir than the lewde cuckowe singe.—*Chaucer.*

---

[1] And when that home was come Phœbus the lord,
This crowe sang "Cuckow, cuckow, cuckow."
"What! bird," quod Phœbus, "what song singes thou now?
Ne were thou wont so merrily to sing,
That to my herte it was a rejoysing
To hear thy vois? alas! what song is this?"

Chaucer (*Manciple's Tale*).

Be thou not dismaied,
For thou have herd the cuckoo erst than me;
For if I like it shall amendid be
The nexte Maie, if I be not afraid.—*Chaucer.*

Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love.—*Milton.*

And when Carew says that—

The warme sunne, in hollow tree,
Wakes the drowsie cuckoo,

he was also giving expression to a tradition then current, that this bird hybernated instead of migrating. And there ends the poets' cuckoo. Not a word of its astounding habits and nature, not a reference to its large mythology, not an allusion to its history in fables!

PHIL. ROBINSON.

CHAUCER AT WOODSTOCK.

THE distance of time that lies between us and the past seems itself to be lessened, if we lessen the distance of space—if we stand on the very site of the actions that interest us, on the very ground that our heroes have trodden. As we stand so, the imagination is quickened, and the knowledge of old days that we have gathered receives a new life. And so, local associations have for us all a very special value. Intelligently appreciated, they may do for us no slight service in helping us to realise what has come and gone long before our time. Therefore it is worth while to ascertain and establish such an association; and we propose now trying to prove the connection of the poet Chaucer with the Park at Woodstock.

We know so little about Chaucer, that nothing that casts light on him and his life is to be disregarded. It is with London that he was most closely connected. He was probably born in the heart of the City; his official work drew him for many years to the wharves just below London Bridge. He lived for some time in one of the old City-gates; he died in Westminster. But all those scenes have changed so utterly that it is difficult indeed to picture the London of Chaucer's age and Chaucer in the midst of it; most difficult to obey the mandate of a sweet singer of our own time, when he bids us—

> Forget six counties overhung with smoke,
> Forget the snorting steam and piston stroke,
> Forget the spreading of the hideous town;
> Think rather of the pack-horse on the down,
> And dream of London small, and white, and clean,
> The clear Thames bordered by its gardens green;
> Think that below bridge the green lapping waves
> Smite some few keels that bear Levantine staves
> Cut from the yew wood on the burnt-up hill,
> And pointed jars that Greek hands toiled to fill,
> And treasured scanty spice from some far sea,
> Florce gold cloth and Cyprus drapery,
> And cloth of Bruges and hogsheads of Guienne,
> While nigh the thronged wharf Geoffrey Chaucer's pen
> Moves over bills of lading.

There are places in the country, far away from London, that have been associated with Chaucer, as Donnington, in Berkshire. But their claims do not bear investigation. The Chaucer really connected with them is not Geoffrey, but Thomas, who was possibly the poet's son, though this is by no means certain.

And Chaucer's connection with Woodstock has been doubted or denied for the same reason ; that is, it has been urged that it was Thomas, and not Geoffrey, that had a house at Woodstock. Now, it is quite true that Thomas had a house there ; and the first formal connection of the name Chaucer with Woodstock is of the date 1411, eleven years after the poet's death, and appears in a grant made by the Queen to Thomas Chaucer of the farm of the manors of Woodstock, Hanbrugh, Wotton, and Stanfield, with the hundred of Wotton. But of course it cannot be argued that because Thomas was there, therefore Geoffrey cannot have been. The presence of the one is not incompatible with the presence of the other ; it may even make the presence of the other probable, when the date permits. In the present case there is good evidence for connecting Geoffrey also with Woodstock.

The evidence is to be found in one of Chaucer's undoubted works—in the "Parliament of Fowls." The scene of that poem is undoubtedly Woodstock Park.

This "Parliament of Fowls," or "Assembly of Birds," professes to recount a certain memorable dream that had visited the poet. He had spent the day amongst the books he loved—amongst the books that "of usage" he read, "what for lust and what for lore," that is, partly for delight and partly for instruction, and in the especial perusal of the "Somnium Scipionis" ; and,

> Fulfilled of thought and busy heaviness,

had retired to rest. In his sleep, as it seemed, the great Roman whose apparition his book had narrated stood by his bed's side, and promised to requite him for all his study of the old tattered volume that spoke of him ("our old book all to torn").

> This foresaid African me hent anon,
> And forthwith him unto *a gate* me brought,
> Right *of a park walled with greenè stone.*

This description at once distinguishes the locality Chaucer has in his mind. From the time of Henry I. to the Elizabethan age, and later still, this stone wall is specially mentioned in connection with Woodstock, and as one of its striking features. Let us first

quote Fuller, as he refers to older authorities. "Why," he asks in his "Worthies of England," "should he speak of fallow deer in Oxfordshire? Why not rather in Northamptonshire, where there be the most, or in Yorkshire, where there be the greatest parkes in England? It is because John Rous, of Warwick, telleth me that at Woodstock, in this county, was the most ancient park in the whole land, encompassed with a stone wall by King Henry the First. Let us premise a line or two concerning Parks; the case before we come to what is contained therein: 1. The word *parcus* appears in Varro (derived no doubt [?] *à parcendo*, to spare or save) for a place wherein such cattle are preserved. 2. There is mention once or twice in Domesday-book of *parcus sylvestris bestiarum*, which proveth parks in England before the Conquest. 3. Probably such ancient parks (to keep J. Rous in credit and countenance) were only paled, and Woodstock the first that was walled about. 4. Parks are since so multiplied that there be more in England than in all Europe besides."

Rous does not actually mention the building of the wall, though he gives some account of the making of the park—unless, as Fuller suggests, he means to refer to this form of cincture when he says the park formed at Woodstock "erat *primus parcus Angliæ*." Nor does Knighton mention the wall, briefly stating "hoc anno [1110?] rex Henricus apud Villam de Wodestoke fecit magnum parcum." But it is fairly certain that the wall was built by Henry I.; for this king collected a menagerie at Woodstock—the first menagerie in England, we presume—and probably built the wall for additional security, in case any of his wild beasts should escape from the enclosure devoted to them. ("The menagerie" is marked in an early eighteenth-century plan of Blenheim Park, given in Mr. Marshall's supplement History to his "Early of Woodstock Manor"; it stood a little south-east of the old manor-house, Henry I.'s palace). "Our king," writes William of Malmesbury, "was extremely fond of the wonders of distant countries, begging with great delight, as I have observed, from foreign kings, lions, leopards, lynxes, or camels; animals which England does not produce; and he had a park at Woodstock, in which he used to foster his favourites of this kind. He had placed there also a creature called a porcupine, sent him by William of Montpellier, of which animal, Pliny the elder, in the eighth book of his Natural History, and Isiodorus on Etymologies, relate that there is a creature in Africa which the inhabitants call of the urchin kind, covered with prickly bristles, which it darts at will against the dogs when pursuing it. The bristles which I have seen are more than a

span long, sharp at each extremity, like the quills of a goose where the feather ceases, but rather thicker, and speckled, as it were, with black and white."

Plot speaks of Henry I. as "'tis like the first that enclosed the park with a wall, though not for deer, but all foreign wild beasts, such as lions, leopards, camels, linxes, which he procured abroad of other princes." He speaks as if these beasts were allowed to run loose within the park, which is absurd enough. Probably there were already deer on the spot: a deer-fold is mentioned at an early date, certainly as early as 1123; and certainly there was constantly there the court and its retinue, who would have found such freedom somewhat overpowering. The menagerie with its cages no doubt occupied a certain limited space in the park, perhaps with a wall of its own (if so, the foundations must be traceable); but the stone wall that bounded the whole park was probably raised, as we have said, for additional security, in case of any animal escaping, not only for the sake of the dwellers in the neighbouring country, but for the better detention of favourites so rare and so precious.

To pass on to a later time: Hentzner, who travelled in England in 1598, visited Woodstock, among other places. "This palace," he says, "abounding in magnificence, was built by Henry I., to which he joined a very large park, enclosed with a stone wall; according to John Rosse, the first park in England."

In the account of "a Topographical Excursion" made in the year 1634, a special notice is given of Woodstock and the walled park with its handsome lodges.

We may conclude, then, with some confidence, even if there were nothing else to guide us, that by "the park walled with green stone" Chaucer denotes Woodstock.

We may add that in a poem that used to be attributed to Chaucer, but which is certainly by Lydgate—"The Complaint of the Black Knight"—there is mention of this same park with its green stone wall. "The Complaint of the Black Knight" contains several imitations and reminiscences of Chaucer's "Parliament of Fowls," and of his "Book of the Duchess"—and this reference to Woodstock is one of these, as its form seems to show; though, indeed, Lydgate, who was acquainted with Thomas Chaucer (see his lines on Sir Thomas' going on an embassy to France), probably had seen the place with his own eyes. This is the passage:

> And by a river forth I gan costay [walk at the side of]
> Of water clear as beryl or cristal,
> Till, at the last, I found a little way

Toward a park enclosed with a wall
In compass round, and by a gatè small
Who so that would might freely gone
Into this park walled with grenè stone.

"The Parliament of Fowls" has other points that associate it with Woodstock Park—that justify us in saying that in describing the park of his vision, Chaucer is in fact describing the park of Woodstock. It makes mention of a river, of a wear or fishpond, and of a well. Add these three features to the one already discussed, and the identification may, we think, be said to be fully demonstrated.

First for the river and the fish-ponds. Describing the interior of the park, into which the Africanus of his dream has conducted him, the poet writes thus :

A garden saw I full of blossomed bowes
Upon a river in a grenè mead,
There as sweetness evermore enough is
With flowers white, blue, yellow, and red,
And coldè wellè stremes nothing dead,
And swimming full of smalè fishes light,
With finnes red, and scalès silver bright.

Now, this description applies well enough to Woodstock Park, with the River Glyme flowing through it. But what gives special value to this passage for the purpose of identification is, that in the original which Chaucer here, as is well known, translates, nothing whatever is said of any river. We quote from one of the Chaucer Society volumes Mr. W. M. Rossetti's literal version of the stanza of Boccaccio's "Teseide" which Chaucer has reproduced :

With whom going forward she saw that [Mount Cithæron]
In every view suave and charming;
In guise of a garden bosky and beautiful,
And greenest full of plants,
Of fresh grass and every new flower ;
And therein rose fountains living and clear ;
And among the other plants it abounded in
Myrtle seemed to her more than other.

Clearly, the English poet was adapting the Italian picture to suit his own remembrance.

Of course, the river in the old days before the achievements of "Capability" Brown presented a very different aspect from that it now presents ; but even then it was not left altogether to nature. The fish that swam in it were too well appreciated to be given up to their own devices. So here and there "wears," or fish-ponds, were formed. Two are marked in the early eighteenth-century map

already mentioned. And hence we have a capital illustration of the following lines in the "Parliament of Fowls"; or, to speak from our present point of view, we have in the "Parliament of Fowls" a detail evidently suggested by the dams in the River Glyme:

> This stream you leadeth unto the sorrowful wear,
> There as the fish in prison is all day.

Chaucer sees also "a well," and of the well in Woodstock Park here are many mentions. It was associated with the story of Fair Rosamond, and known as Rosamond's Well. "Rosamond's Labyrinth," says Drayton, "whose ruins, together with her well, being paved with square stones in the bottom, and also the bower from which the labyrinth did run, are yet remaining, being vaults arched and walled with stone and brick, almost inextricably wound within one another, by which, if at any time her lodging were laid about by the Queen, she might easily avoid peril imminent, and, if need be, by secret issues, take the air abroad many furlongs about Woodstock, in Oxfordshire." The Topographical Excursionist of 1634 mentions the ruins of her bower, and "many strong and strange winding walks and turnings, and a dainty, clear, paved well, knee deep, wherein this beautiful creature did sometimes wash and bathe herself." In this matter, however, Boccaccio's picture may have been suggestive, for the corresponding lines are to this effect:

> Among the bushes beside a fountain
> She saw Cupid forging arrows.

If, in addition to these various coincidences, we remember that the manor-house at Woodstock was a favourite residence of Edward III. and his Court—two of his sons (the Black Prince and Thomas) were born there—and that Chaucer was a member of that Court—at one time *dilectus noster valettus*, at a later *scutiger regis*—we think that anyone who, in visiting Woodstock Park, likes to imagine Chaucer there, may certainly do so without misgiving.

There is another poem by Chaucer that may very reasonably be associated with Woodstock; but the proof is less commanding than that we have considered. This is the "Book of the Duchess." We may be sure that the scene of that poem is either Woodstock or Windsor; and, on the whole, the probability is in favour of Woodstock—a probability which is increased by the established connection of the "Parliament of Fowls." Certainly, Chaucer's words—

> A long castle with walles white
> By Sainct Johan on a rich hill,

seem to correspond admirably with those of the Excursionist of 1634, who speaks of Woodstock as "that famous court and princely castle and palace, which as I found it ancient, strong, large, and magnificent, so it was sweet, delightful, and sumptuous, and situated on a fair hill."

"Murray's Guide to Oxfordshire" informs us that "the poet Chaucer resided at Woodstock, and is supposed to have taken much of the scenery of 'The Dream' from the neighbouring park." But the poem called "Chaucer's Dream" is undoubtedly not by Chaucer; and, in the second place, whoever wrote it, the scenery there described is not that of Woodstock. Possibly the "Guide" meant the "Book of the Duchess;" for that was once known, mistakenly, by the title of "Chaucer's Dream."

We will just add that Woodstock is mentioned by name in "The Cuckoo and Nightingale." This poem is certainly not by Chaucer; but it is one of those attributed to him—one of those belonging to the Chaucerian circle, and evidently to some extent inspired by the fond perusal of his writings; so the naming of Woodstock there encourages the view here maintained. The author, whoever it was, follows his master in the localisation of his story.

JOHN W. HALES.

SCIENCE NOTES.

The Possibilities of Cometary Collisions with the Sun.

IN my Notes last month I discussed the case of a comet which, like that of 1843, approaches at perihelion so closely to the sun that some portion of its nebulous surroundings must come in collision with the solar atmosphere, and thus augment the solar calorific energies. In such cases the action of the cometary fringe is alone in question, but there is another possible collision differing considerably from this, *i.e.* the case of a comet plunging point-blank, bodily and completely, into the sun.

Mr. Proctor has been made the target of much journalistic banter since he started this discussion of the possible results of cometary collision with the sun, but these writers would have made better display of their acquaintance with the subject had they aimed all their small shot at all the other astronomers, who, with the exception of Sir Isaac Newton, have been so curiously blind to the interest of this subject. Mayer and Tyndall, neither of them astronomer, have discussed the possible feeding of the solar fires by meteoric bombardment, and much has been written on the possible consequences of cometary collision with the earth, that popular bugbear that has driven whole nations frantic with terror.

Truly it is just possible that a comet may strike the earth. If half a dozen balloons were annually to ascend from the Crystal Palace, and a blind man stationed on Shooter's Hill were to fire at random into the air six rifle-bullets per annum, it is just possible that one of them might happen to hit one of the balloons that might happen to sail just in the line of his fire just at the instant of his firing; but the aeronaut who should modify his proceedings on account of this possibility would be a curious lunatic. Now, if we consider the magnitude of the space traversed by the earth and by the half-dozen comets that come annually within telescopic reach of the earth, and compare it with the space engirdled by a circle having a radius extending from Sydenham to the blind shooter, we shall find, after duly allowing for the differences of magnitude of the possibly

colliding bodies, that we are less exposed than the aeronaut, and should be still more ridiculous than he if we were to trouble ourselves about such a risk.

The possibility of a cometary collision with the sun is far less remote. In the first place, the target is vastly larger, the exposed area of the sun being eleven thousand times greater than that of the earth; or supposing the sun to be represented by a three-feet target, the earth would be represented by a bull's-eye of one-third of an inch diameter, and thus with mere random shooting (as above supposed) the chances of hitting the sun as against hitting the earth would correspond to those of hitting the target as against hitting the bull's eye. But this is not all, for every comet that enters our solar system does aim at the sun, and if this aim were accurate, *i.e.*, if its motion were directed point-blank towards the sun, it would plunge bodily into our central luminary.

Thus the question originally discussed by Sir Isaac Newton, and now revived by Mr. Proctor, is worthy of some consideration. It is interesting, not only to the astronomer, but also to the physicist, the chemist, the meteorologist, the geologist, and the biologist; to the physicist and chemist on account of the physical and chemical speculation it suggests; to the meteorologist and geologist as possibly explaining the mysterious fluctuations in climate which our globe has undergone; to the biologist as suggesting a cosmical accelerating and fluctuating agent that may explain some of those strange variations that appear to have occurred in the rate of evolutionary progress, those upon which the few remaining believers in periodical creative interference base their residual arguments.

Effect of a Direct Collision of a Comet with the Sun.

THIS is a physical and chemical rather than an astronomical problem. Mr. Proctor has shown indisputably that a direct and complete plunge of a comet of any magnitude into the sun would produce an enormous evolution of heat by the arrest of mechanical motion, or the conversion of mechanical into thermal force. But what would become of all this heat?

I will endeavour to answer this question, premising emphatically that in doing so I am necessarily entering a speculative region, and proceed accordingly.

Assuming what is now generally admitted, viz. that the sun is largely composed of gaseous matter, with a relatively small solid

nucleus within, and also accepting, though "without prejudice," Mr. Proctor's conclusion that the colliding comet would dive profoundly into this atmospheric ocean, generating internally the vast amount of heat above named, let us consider what would follow.

The view of the solar structure which I ventured to expound in 1870 is now becoming so widely accepted that I may state it without further argument. It is that the photosphere, or visible luminous surface of the sun, is actual flaming matter, due to the superficial recombination of dissociated elements accumulated in the relatively dark ocean below, glimpses of which are revealed by the sun-spots; and that outside of the photosphere is a great atmosphere, largely composed of aqueous vapour, the products of the combustion going on in the photosphere, and that this vaporous envelope acts as a jacket limiting the possibilities of solar radiation, and thereby also limiting the amount of recombination or combustion of the inner dissociated gases, which gases can only burn (*i.e.*, recombine) when their temperature is reduced below that which effects their dissociation.

In such a state of equilibrium between radiation, combustion, and dissociation, any addition to the temperature of the sun must effect a further dissociation of some of the vaporous envelope. But in doing this an enormous amount of heat disappears as temperature, is rendered latent, or converted into separating or dissociating force. For the dissociation of water under the pressure of our atmosphere its vapour must first be raised to 5074° Fahr., and then as much heat must be rendered latent as would raise it 8000° more. The temperature of dissociation rises with increase of pressure.

Thus an increase of the inner temperature of the sun would not produce an outblaze on its surface, would not even make its surface in any degree warmer. This appears contradictory at first glance, but it is only a repetition in another form of what occurs in every saucepan or tea-kettle that is boiling on a kitchen fire. When once the water boils, no amount of heat applied below can raise the temperature of the water above 212°, so long as the atmospheric pressure on its surface remains as usual. The heat disappears in doing the work of vaporisation; the same occurs in dissociation, only that the latter demands 8000° instead of the 990° demanded for vaporisation.

Therefore, unless I am altogether wrong, the immediate effect of the plunging comet would be to effect a dissociation of some portion of the vaporous envelope of the sun, thus producing an outward extension of the photosphere which would effect an enlargement of the visible solar disc, the boundaries of which are those of the

photosphere. A very ponderous comet would be necessary to render this enlargement at all sensible.

But should we receive any more solar heat in consequence of this expansion of the photosphere and dissociation of some of the outer vaporous atmosphere of the sun? We certainly should, though the temperature of the photosphere remained the same. The increase would be mainly due to the thinning of the jacket, which restrains and limits the amount of solar radiation. This thinning would not only allow more heat to reach us, but would increase the quantity or depth, though not the intensity, of solar combustion in the photosphere.

The net result would be an increase of the solar reserve of energy, which reserve would be given out gradually in the form of increased radiation, raising in greater or lesser degree the mean temperature of our world and the others that are dependent on solar radiation.

If I am right, the latent heat of dissociation performs in the sun a function analogous to that of a fly-wheel in machinery; it takes up any sudden increase of power, and then gives it out gradually and steadily until exhausted.

The fate of the comet itself may be discussed in my Notes for next month.

The Constitution of Comets.

ONE of the first questions to be considered in reference to the consequence of a point-blank cometary plunge into the sun is that of the constitution of the comet itself. Are comets mere bubbles of gas, "boules de vent perdues dans la nuit étoilée" (as Flammarion describes them), when far from the sun, which become expanded by his radiations as they approach him?

They cannot be thus constituted, for this reason: all the gases with which we are acquainted expand spontaneously when free from pressure, and to an extent that is practically unlimited; and therefore this supposititious "boule de vent" would spread itself throughout the interstellar space until it became blended in equal tenuity with the atmospheric matter, which, if I am right, already occupies that space; and thus the comet would cease to have a separate bodily existence.

Are they composed of discrete particles of cloud matter? This appears extremely probable, the probability approaching demonstration. In the first place, such a constitution explains all their visible astronomical peculiarities, provided we assume that the cloud particles

are spread widely apart as they approach the sun. Such an outspreading would occur if the solid particles were capable of giving off expansive vapour when heated. The intense commotion visible in the heads of comets as they approach the sun displays some such action, and the revelations of the spectroscope indicate the presence of solid particles mixed with hydrocarbon vapour, and something like cyanogen. The spectrum of a comet corresponds almost exactly with that of paraffin, the pearly hydrocarbon of which candles are now so commonly made. This may be melted, boiled, and distilled like water or alcohol, and, when coming over from the still, forms white clouds consisting of solid and liquid particles suspended in the midst of hydrocarbon vapour.

Now, what would happen to a cloud of such matter in the course of its orbital flight while subject to perihelion volatilisation?

In the first place, the vapour would outspread itself in accordance with the universal law of gaseous diffusion, but the rate of such diffusion would be so much smaller than that of the orbital motion that it could outspread itself but little beyond the line of orbital path before it again passed into cooler regions of space and commenced its recondensation. But if in the course of this rapid flight and outspreading rarefaction it encountered the resistance of even the most attenuated interplanetary medium (call it "luminiferous ether" if you please, though I believe it to be expanded air and water), this resistance would brush off a trail of the outermost portion of the vapour, which when condensed would still fly onward in an orbit similar to the original one, but somewhat retarded and contracted.

Schiaparelli, without any consideration of my paraffin imaginings, has discovered that when the earth crosses the track of a comet we have showers of those fiery meteors popularly called shooting stars, and that they radiate from a point corresponding to where the comet once existed, or in other words, that they all dive into our atmosphere from the region of the comet's orbit. The accuracy of Schiaparelli's observations has been confirmed by further research, and astronomers generally accept his conclusions.

But this is not all. Here and there the rays from one and another of these flashing visitors have been caught in the slit of the spectroscope, and the best observers conclude that they display a hydrocarbon spectrum like that of the comets. Of course these momentary glimpses are not so reliable as deliberate observations, and their evidence must be accepted with corresponding reserve.

It is necessary here to guard against a fallacy into which some have fallen, viz. the confounding of these comet-trail meteors with

another and a totally different class of meteors, those solid masses that come down upon the earth with ponderous thud and bury themselves considerably in the soil. These have no connection whatever with the radiant showers; they come from anywhere in general, and nowhere in particular, and come alone. We have no record of anything solid ever falling upon the earth from any of the hundreds of thousands of the comet-trail meteors that have been observed. They are evidently composed of combustible matter forming only gaseous products. Therefore there is no reason to suppose that the centre of any comet is a lump or lumps of meteoric iron or anything else of similar density. An apparent concentration would be presented at the centre of a comet's head if it were composed of equally distributed minute particles, travelling in little orbits around their common centre of gravity, like star clusters.

Carbonic Acid in the City.

EXPERIMENTS have been made at various times on the composition of the air of great towns as compared with that of the open country. The difference, indicated by chemical analysis, is far less than might be expected, especially as regards the proportion of oxygen. Neither has the proportion of carbonic acid in town atmospheres been found to be so much greater than in the country as might have been supposed, seeing that human and other animals take in oxygen and give out carbonic acid, while growing plants do exactly the opposite. Besides this, the fires and lights of the town are all taking away oxygen and returning it combined as carbonic acid.

This small difference is due to that beneficent property of gases, their mutual inter-diffusion. They spread themselves out among each other as though—within certain limits—each were a vacuum to all the rest. But for this, every noxious emanation would remain as a pestiferous pool of air wherever it was formed, and being invisible, we might walk into it and be suffocated or poisoned as fatally as when a non-swimmer walking in a fog steps into a deep canal. But for this, perfumes would exist only in concentrated patches.

Carbonic acid gas is so dense that it may be poured from one vessel to another. I have frequently shown the pretty experiment of dropping a soap-bubble into a glass vessel containing a sufficient depth of the invisible gas. The bubble at first sinks a little by the momentum of its fall, then rises and floats on the invisible surface like a cork on water,

In spite of this density, carbonic acid does diffuse into the great body of the atmosphere, though less rapidly than do nitrogen and oxygen. Otherwise our lower main streets would be river beds down which streams of carbonic acid gas would ever be flowing towards the sea.

Some recent experiments made by Mr. Otto Hehner on the atmosphere of one of our London streets (Billiter Street), during a dense fog, indicate that these atmospheric abominations act somehow as a barrier to the ordinary diffusion of this suffocating gas. Instead of 4 parts in 10,000, he found from 7·78 to 10·84, according to the density of the fog, and that a specimen of the air taken in the afternoon after the fog had lifted contained but 4·77, or little more than the normal quantity.

Here is another element of cost due to our barbaric methods of wasting coal. Every man who goes to the city to earn his daily bread carries with him a certain limited amount of potential vital energy which constitutes his earning power or money value in business. This potential energy is set free, or converted into actual work, by the oxidation of his brain tissues, if a brain-worker, or his muscular tissues, if a muscle-worker. The presence of very little carbonic acid checks this (of much annihilates it); and thus a London fog reduces the day's earnings of the whole population over and above the consumption of gas and other wasteful expenditure which it enforces.

In spite of all this, and of more miseries than could be described in a whole volume of this Magazine, there still remain among us several specimens of full-grown men who maintain that our dirty smoky fire-holes are "cheerful."

The Healing of Wounded Crystals.

IN his "Dissertations on Subjects of Science connected with Natural Theology," Lord Brougham devotes a chapter to "*The Vis Medicatrix*," or the healing power displayed in the bodies of animals, and, in common with the physiologists of the time (1839), regards it as a special action of the vital principle. "So convinced," he says, "have some anatomists been by daily observation of a kind of active power pervading and moving the system, that some speak of the vital energies as if thought as well as life could be predicated of the parts of our system." John Hunter, for example, "speaks familiarly of limbs and bones acting in disease, or when suffering from injuries, as if they had an intention of inflaming, and knew how to execute it."

The most prominent facts upon which this personification of the *vis medicatrix* was founded were those of the formation of new bony matter, new blood vessels, and other tissues to fill up the gaps of wounds, fractures, and other injury.

This selective deposition of the right material in the right place has been up to the present time commonly regarded as a speciality of living things, or a purely vital action; but some curious experiments have lately been made, showing that inorganic, or what we distinctively term "dead matter," has a similar power of selective healing.

If any of my readers have never made alum-crystals, they should at once remedy their defective education by dissolving in some boiling water as much of this salt as it will take up; then pouring the solution into a vessel containing a cinder, a small piece of coke, or other rough-surfaced substance, and examining the result when the solution has cooled without disturbance. They will find the nucleus encrusted by a group of alum-crystals beautifully and regularly formed, models of geometric perfection, as are crystals generally.

But these beautiful forms may be marred by violence, they may be wounded and fractured, as may be the muscles and bones of living beings. Can such wounded crystals, when properly treated by chemical surgery, heal their wounds and regain their original symmetry? If so, they are endowed with the *vis medicatrix*, or something closely corresponding to it.

A paper was recently read at the French Academy of Science, by A. Loir, in which he showed that if the angles or edges of a crystal of alum be broken off and it then be placed in a nutritive saturated solution of alum, the growth of the wounded crystal proceeds more rapidly on the mutilated parts than on the rest, and thus its original form is restored.

This is strikingly shown by feeding a wounded crystal of common colourless alum with a saturated solution of violet-coloured chrome-alum; the original geometric form of the pale crystal is restored by the deposition of violet chrome-alum, and if the fractures have not been very deep, it is easy to see that the wounded parts have received a thicker reconstructive deposit than has been laid on the uninjured facets of the crystal. If two crystals of similar size, one mutilated and the other perfect, be placed in the same solution, that requiring to be healed receives a larger deposit than the whole one, especially if the wound be deep. This is provable by comparative weighing.

"Nothing like Leather."

CAMILLE FLAMMARION, addressing the readers of his new periodical, *L'Astronomie*, tells them and other "citizens of heaven," that "only those who are familiar with astronomy have any real intellectual life, any existence in light and truth"; that "all others have their heads enveloped in a veil, they are but ants grovelling earnestly in the passages of their ant-hill; they may be good, they may help each other, they may have various enjoyments, they may cultivate the fine arts, succeed in business, revel in opulence, they may be academicians, deputies, senators, ministers, crowned with honours, they may be princes or kings; but, ignorant of astronomy, they are only blind men, are in fact incomplete beings."

We naturally smile at this, and yet, if we attempt to refute the assertions, we shall find that, wild as they appear, they are strictly logical and true. We are living and moving upon one of the heavenly bodies like Venus or Jupiter, and yet it is a fact that the majority of the human inhabitants of this planet are blindly unconscious of their own position in the universe; they really are "citizens of heaven, living as foreigners in their own country."

Similar exclamations may be made (better in French than in English) respecting the prevailing and wilful ignorance of other branches of science. We see around us a multitude of chemical mechanisms composed of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, &c., and standing on two legs. They believe that they are intelligent; they undertake to teach, to guide and govern, their fellow chemical compounds; they cram themselves with linguistic and antiquarian lore, study the outside doings of the past generations and distant peoples, while they wilfully ignore the continuous proceedings of their own inner selves, refuse to make themselves acquainted with the ascertained laws of those chemical changes which constitute the whole sum and substance of their own vitality and active existence. These are not merely "foreigners in their own country," but strangers in their own homes.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

The Ducal Libraries.

THAT the sale of the Sunderland Library should be succeeded by that of the Beckford Library, as it is just to call that superb collection of books which, descending to the Duke of Hamilton from the famous virtuoso of Fonthill, is now generally described as the Hamilton Palace Library, needs surprise nobody. It would be hard indeed if the right of a territorial nobleman to deal with his own property in the fashion adopted by his tradesmen or servants were disputed. So far, moreover, as regards scholarship, the dispersal of these princely collections is a boon. I know many of those who make most constant use of books, and I never heard of any one of their number having been able to verify a quotation at Hamilton Palace or at Blenheim. A few, a very few, of the Sunderland treasures now rest in my own book-cases, and, apart from the use to which I hope they will be put, are much better cared for in their new home than in the old, in which they were subject to such influences of damp and neglect that their bindings have dropped off or crumbled away. Before very long I hope to see a portion of the Beckford volumes gracing the same modest shelves. There is, however, one aspect of the matter that has not yet been put forward. At the present moment the question of the maintenance of the "great houses" is being every where discussed. If we are to have a nobility, its members must maintain some form of state. So long as that state is associated with literature and art, and is suggestive of taste and culture, it may commend itself to the public. The present is, however, an ill-chosen moment for the heads of great houses to dissociate themselves from what is most creditable in their past. It is scarcely worth the while of the most conservative to struggle hard for the maintenance of a body of men whose sole qualification should be capacity to act as their own game-keepers.

Destruction of Life and Sport.

AN invention which reaches England from America, and has recently been successfully tested in Birmingham, may, if

generally adopted, do something to wipe off the bitterest reproach to which the younger members of our aristocracy have been subject. It consists of a pigeon made of hard clay capable of being projected from a trap, and of adopting movements as eccentric as those of the "blue rock" when seeking to escape from the gun. If those who at Hurlingham and other similar haunts pursue amusements which revolt the mass of Englishmen and degrade the nation in the eyes of Europe will accept this substitute in place of the living bird, they will at least furnish proof that cruelty is not the chief excitement in their pastime. I shall wait patiently to see what is done in this matter. Those in highest social position seek now, to a certain extent, to conciliate the opinion of the middle classes. If there is one thing more likely than another to disgust these classes, and to reconcile them to a vital change in methods of government, it is the fact that those who claim to be their leaders elect in their amusements to shock the moral sense of the majority. The continued maintenance of Hurlingham I can regard as nothing else than an outrage.

"The Bargain with the Queen."

I HAVE received a communication from the Office of the Duchy of Lancaster, in which a correction is courteously made of a statement in Mr. Lucy's article published last month under the title "The Bargain with the Queen." In computing the Queen's income Mr. Lucy ascribed as the contribution to the privy purse from the Duchy of Lancaster, during the year 1880, the sum of £78,177. It appears from the balance-sheet that this was the gross revenue of the Duchy for the year, and that the payment made for Her Majesty's use to the keeper of the privy purse was only £41,000. The fact, therefore, is that the total income of the Queen from national sources (including the civil list and the Duchy of Lancaster) during the year 1880 was only £426,000. The gentleman who writes on behalf of the Chancellor of the Duchy faithfully describes the desire of Sylvanus Urban to be that "fair inferences should be drawn from truly stated premises," and I have much pleasure in making this correction, which, though interesting in itself, does not, of course, affect the general argument of the article. An apology is also due to Mr. Labouchere, who, in his speech in the House of Commons on the 23rd of March, following with flattering fidelity the argument and illustrations of the article in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (the name of the magazine being, indeed, the only important item omitted in his reference) adopted its error, and was immediately corrected by Mr. Bright.

A Man in Flames.

HERE is something which should possess an interest for Mr. Mattieu Williams. A person writes to a scientific journal to say that, on February 18, as he was out in a storm in Aberdeenshire, he found himself enveloped in a "sheet of pale flickering white light." The light seemed to proceed from every part of his clothes; and though he turned and tried to shake off the luminosity, it still clung to his person. The flames disappeared only with the violence of the storm, having continued to invest the person for two or three minutes. The phenomenon is believed to be analogous to "St. Elmo's fire," well known to sailors in the tropics. Other correspondents have come forward with testimony to the same effect. Heather in the Scottish Highlands has been seen to exhibit flames, but I suspect the appearance should have been termed "luminosity"; and by way of showing that North Britain is not peculiar in its fiery visitations, a third writer mentions that he experienced a like visitation of luminosity near Great Yarmouth. Now, I am not in the least concerned with the scientific aspect of the matter—that phase will probably receive attention from competent authorities. What, however, does strike one very forcibly is the result, say, to a supposed witch, that would certainly have accrued some two centuries ago, had she been suspected of conniving to set some respectable person on fire. I am afraid to say how long ago it is since the statutes against witchcraft were repealed, but I think I am within the mark when I say that it is only about one hundred and fifty years since the crime of conspiring with the devil was deleted from the criminal code of the land. Imagine the splendid "case for the prosecution" which the occurrence of the luminosity in Aberdeenshire or at Yarmouth would have afforded. I suppose at least a batch of old women in the neighbourhood would have been burnt with high glee by the popular voice—headed by the parish minister—as a fit and just means of renouncing the devil and all his works. Elderly ladies of solitary habits may feel thankful that to-day they live under a dispensation which has seen fit to disbelieve in their special friendship and acquaintance with the evil one.

The Salmon-Disease.

GOOD news for fishers at last!—Professor Huxley has just given us the first fruits of his investigations into the disease which for years back has caused the disciples of the gentle Izaak to bewail the fate of many a silver-coated denizen of Tweed and other rivers. The pest is a fungus—*Saprolegnia* by name—and a near relation of that which causes the potato-disease. We are told its normal

habitat is dead insects, and Huxley has certainly shown that it can be made to infect a dead fly from the salmon. From each diseased patch on the salmon, myriads of germs or spores pass into the water to attack other fishes, and thus the fell disorder continues to increase. Of course the only remedy is to be found in the destruction of every infected fish. The same policy of isolation pursued in the case of a small-pox patient is, in short, to be extended to the finny races; with this difference, that whilst we can isolate our human patients without necessarily killing them off, we must extinguish the piscine patients or want of "hospital accommodation." Whatever be the result of these researches, we may at least be grateful that the energies of practical biology are at length beginning to be exerted on behalf of the fishes. Fishes as a rule are the enemies of the insects; would it not be a singular revenge if the dead flies prove to be the means of afflicting the finny races with the salmon-disease?

"JUMBO" AT THE ZOO.

IT is certainly by no means a common occurrence for the animals at the Zoo to become public characters—save, indeed, when a new and rare specimen, such as a gorilla, a bird-eating spider, a cannibal snake, or a manatee is the attraction. But the very ordinary African elephant, "an old familiar friend" of everybody, has lately afforded subject-matter of universal talk, and has inspired I am afraid to say how many leaders and notices in the public prints. There is decidedly more philanthropy—or shall I say national "Zoophily"?—at the root of the popular excitement, than zoological curiosity. Mr. Barnum, of New York fame, has bought "Jumbo," and across the seas he has perforce gone. Meanwhile, the bairns are breaking their hearts over the loss of the big African, who ingested their buns with the calmness and suavity proper to a great mind and body, and who bore them on his back in the matutinal and afternoon rides with such serene contempt for the weight of his load. I have seen "Jumbo" march gravely about the gardens with a load of children and their elders (chiefly of the nursemaid species) which would have filled a 'bus of respectable calibre. Despite his load, the big beast, of course, marched unconcernedly on, but with an eye—which, though small, is a twinkling orb—on the buns. Trotman's stall, near the elephant-house, used to be the resting-place where his "passengers" disembarked, and I have often wondered if the animal ever thought of the possibility of a raid on Trotman's buns. The young person in the stall would have had nothing to say in the way of practical remonstrance, I suppose, if Mr. Jumbo had cleared the decks of everything eatable some fine morning. SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY 1882.

A STORY OF THE HUÉS.

WHILST people are young they fondly cherish the idea that Nature has made exceptions in their case. The bulk of humanity may be influenced by this or that, may have such and such fancies or inclinations, but their own traits are peculiar to themselves alone, like their own features. In growing older, not without regret, one learns that every man is vastly like another; that half a dozen broad characteristics shared by millions pretty well exhaust the varieties of the human type. The discovery is in some degree humiliating, but it has consolation. The ordinary mortal who grasps it becomes less shy of obtruding his views—of the very rare mortals, truly exceptional, I do not speak. He knows that most people of his own character—many millions, as I have said—will look at any question from his point of view, that what interests himself will interest a large proportion of mankind. And if he be a writer, that lesson of experience much simplifies his daily task.

Were I not thoroughly satisfied of this general truth, I might hesitate to tell the story following. For there are numbers of most estimable people in my own acquaintance who will not admit themselves capable of feeling interest in a drama unlike those daily acting betwixt Belgravia and the City. They declare that mystery is an annoyance, and new thoughts are a bore. I simply disbelieve these friends, for I know that my own case is an exception, and that a tale which moves me will certainly move others. And, therefore, I confidently ask a hearing for an extraordinary narrative which reaches me from the other side of the world.

Towards the end of last dry season, a young member of the Chinese Gold Company was returning from an excursion up the river Sarawak. The executive of the association at Bau had sent a

prospecting party to search for washings reported near Lindi, and this young fellow, A-chang, was named interpreter and commissariat officer of the expedition. Half Dyak by blood, he was familiar with the three languages. Whether the party found any washings I am not informed; the story begins with its return to Bau. It was near the end of the dry season, as I have remarked; a time of year when the upper reaches of the Sarawak are transformed to a chain of pools, connected by shallow foaming torrents. None but the lightest canoes find water enough to paddle, and a sampan, such as those heavy Chinamen were using, must load and unload a dozen times an hour. A couple of the crew remain aboard to pole it through the shallows, whilst the others make their way along shore, searching the jungle for produce, or following the rocky margin of the stream.

In one of these pleasant breaks, A-chang fell behind, and as the landing-place of Bau was but a few miles farther, he did not exert himself to overtake the sampan. Provided with a stout bamboo, cut in the forest, he leisurely pursued his way. One may find all sorts of nice things in a stroll through the Eastern jungle, where Nature has hidden her most precious gifts. A-chang had his Dyak mother's eyes, his Chinese father's shrewdness. As he wandered on, he probed the root of a tree seeking damar, studied a tapong for wild honey, measured a rattan with his eye, or marked the situation of an iron-wood or rubber. When some knotted tangle of bush and creepers drew him back to the water side, he looked for traces of coal and antimony, washed a handful of mud in his calabash. And here or there, noting a hollow in the rocks, smooth and waterworn, he emptied it carefully of rubbish—for in such purses diamonds are found,

Gaily the young fellow pursued his devious track hour after hour. About a mile above Tanjong there is a stretch of bank awkward to get over, for the jungle is impervious, and the boulders lie far apart, amidst an ugly rush of water. With his bamboo for a leaping-pole, A-chang swung himself from stone to stone. He had nearly reached firm ground again, when suddenly his pole sank nearly a foot into the little rock on which he planted it to spring, jammed there, and left him suspended above the water. He kept his hold, and before the tough bamboo could break, he stood upon his feet beside it.

Exploring the secret of this phenomenon with intense curiosity, he found that the staff had slipped into a hole scarcely bigger than its own thickness, at the central depression of a hollow, protected on the side down stream by a ledge of rock some inches high. The hollow, of course, was filled with mud and drift. Generations of boatmen might have passed that secret nook without perceiving it.

The edges were round and even as if wrought with a drill, by the slow grinding of pebbles arrested here in their whirling course down the flood. A-chang himself had seen what a pretty little heap of diamonds will collect in such a sheltered corner. Carefully he drew out his pole, and knelt to examine.

And as he did so, his heart leapt, he snorted in deep agitation like a buffalo. There, in the hollow end of his bamboo, was fixed a diamond, amidst sand and grit. He snatched at it with trembling fingers, and tore out a superb crystal, worn and scratched with centuries of attrition, but unmistakable as the king of gems. The Chinese gold-worker of Bau knows a diamond familiarly, since they are often discovered in the trenches, generally small, but of good water.

A-chang could not believe his eyes. He sat down abruptly, and stared at the jewel, muttering and laughing. On a sudden he heard a voice : " Most fortunate of the sons of Han, I give you joy ! "

He nearly rolled off the stone. Under the forest, some few feet away, stood a tall and brawny woman, evidently Chinese, though dressed in Malay fashion. Good-looking she was in her way, with a masculine and imperious expression. A-chang stared at her quivering for a moment ; then, thrusting the diamond into his mouth, he gripped his vaulting-pole and fled. Instinct led him, not knowing whither he went, to Tanjong, the miners' landing-place. Close by was his hut, removed from the main quarter. He did not stay until he reached it, and shut the door, and hid his gem in the thatch.

It was the consciousness unavowed of an intent to do most perilous wrong that unnerved him. Questions might arise what course duty enjoined, but one fact was certain, that a paid servant of the Kunsi had no right to keep what he chanced to find. This principle is laid down by the articles, and it has been vindicated in a score of bloody penalties. Upon the other hand, A-chang was member of the T'ien-Ti Hwuy, the great secret society of Heaven and Earth. By the terrible oaths of that brotherhood, he was bound to inform his chiefs of such a grand discovery, and they would certainly claim the diamond. A-chang knew very well that Kunsi and Hwuy would pursue him with vengeance unimaginable in its horror if he deceived them and they found him out. He had himself borne part in the execution of hideous decrees. And a woman knew his secret ! She would certainly relate what she had beheld ! But as A-chang glanced furtively at the place where his diamond lay hid, he never thought seriously of giving it up. It was now his life ; as well die at once as surrender it.

He made his preparations noiselessly. As soon as dusk fell he

would steal away. The paths of the jungle were all known to him, and he would hide till morning. Then, travelling through the Dyak villages, he would reach Kuching, and take ship for Singapore, where men are clustered like bees in a hive. Beyond this point, A-chang did not carry his speculations. Singapore was the limit of his geography. How should enemies find him there? All would be joy for ever! Whilst, to dissipate his terrors, he thought of a future time, all luxury and delight, a sudden drowsiness came over him. He strove against it vainly. His eyes closed, his limbs relaxed. With a final effort, stimulated by superstitious dread, A-chang staggered to the wall, recovered his diamond, thrust it into a fragment of bamboo, which he stopped with rice and mud, and dropped it amongst the smouldering embers. Then, like a man weary to death, he rolled upon his back and slept.

Before going further with this tale, it is necessary to say something of the Hwuys; the word is spelt Hué in Singapore, Australia, California, and other lands where white men have their notice drawn perforce to these associations. The number of Chinese secret societies is much greater, doubtless, than Europeans have discovered, but fifty at least have been identified with more or less exactness, all or very nearly all containing elements that may militate against public order. The whole subject is fascinating, but at this moment we are concerned only with the two chief Hwuys, the T'ien-Ti and the Wu-Wei-Keäou—the Heaven-and Earth or Triad, and the Do-nothing or White Lily, often mistranslated into No-Hypocrisy. The former of these is so ancient that it claims to have been instituted by the mystical emperor Yao, but until the last Tartar conquest it appears to have been no more than a philosophic mystery, of high metaphysical aims and benevolent intentions. Its symbols, ceremonies, usages, are sufficiently well-known to prove that the T'ien-Ti Hwuy and European Freemasonry sprang from the same root, and diverged in times so modern, comparatively, that the proceedings at initiation, and even the words, are substantially the same. If any reader doubt this fact, before cavilling let him consult Gustav Schlegel's translation of a text-book which he got hold of.

At the present day, however, this powerful society is an abiding terror to the Imperial government, and a bugbear to European authorities wherever Chinamen have settled. There is no reasonable doubt that the Taeping rebellion sprang out of it. The name Taeping is that of a recognised order in the T'ien-Ti association, and the title Wang, originally assumed by the leader of the movement, is the precise equivalent of our Provincial Grand Master

in Masonry. The purposes of the society now are political, and its tremendous machinery is employed in silence for prosecuting ends unavowed. Though not malignant, as are some rivals, its enormous ramifications, its wealth, and the unquestioning obedience of its proselytes, make it a fearful weapon lying in the hands of an unknown authority.

More mysterious still, vastly more terrible, is the Wu-Wei-Keäou, which ranks next in point of influence and first in activity. It is supposed to date from the Tartar conquest, and from the earliest time it has been at variance with government and social laws. Very little indeed is known about this association, but now and then it makes a tragic appearance in history. In the reign of Kien-Lung, shortly after its foundation, the White Lily devised a scheme for blowing up the palace at Pekin, and raising all the eighteen provinces in revolt. By mere chance, this plot was revealed at the moment of action, and many thousand associates were executed, after an abortive but desperate insurrection ; 3,000 were decapitated in one day at Nankin. But the Hwuy, retiring underground, soon recovered strength, and endless trouble of every sort has it since created. Nobody suggests an object which the Wu-Wei-Keäou may be pursuing at the present time, save malevolence, mischief, plunder, and murder; but it has an object, no doubt, and probably one grand and noble in conception. For the social practices of the White Lily are fanatically ascetic. To eat anything besides rice and the plainest vegetables, to drink liquids other than water or tea, are crimes punished with death. At lodge meetings everyone must appear in white cotton. Silk or fur may not be worn at any time, and it is only to avoid public notice that a member is allowed coloured clothes out-of-doors.

These two or three external details make up pretty well all we know of the White Lily tenets. But their practices are too evilly notorious. No one in a Chinese settlement cares to gossip about the society. The authorities, native or foreign, ignore it so far as they can, whilst watching and spying uninterruptedly. When a Chinaman is found dead, with marks too well-known upon his body, the police, if they can, return the case as one of suicide, and everybody is glad to hear the last of it. Occasionally, of course, some English magistrate learns the truth, and loyally, though very unwillingly, he undertakes an investigation which never discovers the people really guilty. Supernatural powers are universally attributed to the White Lily ; popular terror and fascination strengthen its evil influence. At a certain grade, members are believed to be initiated in magic science, and it seems likely that the chiefs possess unusual

skill in mesmerism, legerdemain, and kindred arts, backed perhaps by secrets of drug and philtre. Some readers may recall the extraordinary panic which seized all China in 1876, when the "tails" of the Celestials were docked by unseen machinery. No more astonishing trick has ever been perpetrated in the history of the world. At home in his house, at the theatre, in the fields, in the street, in bed, a man's tail suddenly dropped clean off. Dozens of foreigners, the leading people of a dozen towns, bear the testimony how they themselves have seen, with their own eyes, a man walking along the street, majestically virile with a pendant tail, which there and then parted company with the owner, leaving him stupefied with shame and fright. Though the prisons choked, and scores of men were executed on suspicion, the authorities discovered nothing, save only the fact that the Wu-Wei-Keäou was at the bottom of the scandal. Suddenly as it began, so suddenly it ceased, leaving a subject of conversation at the local dinner parties quite unique in its charm of mingled mystery and fun.

I hope some one better acquainted with the matter will pursue this interesting topic of the Chinese Hwuys; I have said all that is necessary for my tale. In Sarawak it is death to belong to a secret society. This sweeping edict was passed eleven years ago, in the panic caused by a number of unusual atrocities. The police traced the crime far enough to show what grave perils to society may arise at any moment from these unscrupulous and irresponsible conspiracies. Neither the T'ien-Ti nor the Wu-Wei-Keäou was concerned in this particular assassination. It proved to be the work of the Ko-Lao Hwuy, a very modern league lately recruited amongst old soldiers. Upon the eve of his execution, a member of that gang wrote upon the wall some fragmentary and perplexing confessions, in which the names of three chiefs were given as the designers of the murder. If I remember rightly, these all escaped, but the branch of the Ko-Lao established at Kuching was broken up, for a time at least.

The Kunsi itself, the co-operative gold-working association at Bau, is a secret society as well as a business concern. Once upon a time, when government did not watch it jealously as now, the Kunsi resolved to take possession of Sarawak, and rule the country. Its orders went out at evening, and next day the capital was in flames, the Rajah a fugitive in the woods, every Englishman caught was dead, and the bishop had sworn allegiance under pagan ceremonies to the chairman of the gold-diggers' guild. This was in 1859, and although the rebels were defeated ultimately, with desperate slaughter, it is a recollection which would justify more stringent measures than the Sarawak government adopts. One man only, I

believe, has been executed under the law above mentioned, and it was invoked only because evidence could not be obtained to convict him of a homicide which he had certainly committed. It remains only to say that each Hwuy lies under despotic control of the president, elected by the council, who again are elected by a larger body, and so on downwards. No member is acquainted with the name of any official, excepting some of those immediately above him. The president is often a mere coolie, so report goes, but always a man of talent and courage.

When A-chang awoke it was night. He rose and groped for a candle, struck a match, and the small hut burst into light; then vanished again in obscurity, as match-box and candlestick dropped clattering on the mud floor. That instant's glow had displayed two sitting figures, one by the door, the other by the hearth. A-chang's teeth chattered, and the cold perspiration wet his brow, wrinkled and ghastly with fear.

"Light the candle, my child!" said a voice so near as to show that one of the two had risen. "We have come to visit the luckiest of the sons of Han!" As he spoke, the stranger felt about for the candle, and lit it.

The men were not unknown to A-chang. A leading merchant of Bau was one, an influential member of the Kunsi; in appearance an oily, comfortable personage, beaming with smiles. The other, he by the door, had charge of the picket, outlying sentries, and spies posted by the Kunsi round its central station, whose duty it is to watch over and aid the corps of smugglers, to intercept all wandering Chinamen and bring them to head-quarters, to keep an eye generally upon all who come and go. This man lived at the guard-house above Tanjong, whereby he commanded the river and the high road to Gombang. His name was Ku-Juh-Sang, and the merchant's, Inchi Ch'en.

"Rest, my son!" said the latter, patting the young man's arm. A-chang sat down; his wits had returned. "You are a youth highly favoured, and you will come to great honour. The gods have granted you a sight of the Holy Stone (Tai-pe-kong) of a pious and virtuous society. They led you to its place of concealment, and displayed it to you. This redounds to the credit of your worthy father, and all your respectable ancestors. Where is the stone?"

"I have surrendered it to the Kunsi."

"Nay, nay, my son, your tongue betrays the truthfulness of your heart. You are a virtuous youth. To keep that holy diamond would bring upon you tortures unspeakable. Do not irritate the powers to

whom it is sacred," and so on. The Inchi's tones changed to menace and command, but A-chang was resolute.

Impatient at length, Ku-Juh-Sang opened the door, and several coolies slipped out of the black darkness. They gathered, squatting, round A-chang, whilst the two leaders tried every hiding-place their long experience could suggest. In the hours thus silently consumed the prisoner had time to think. He saw that these men did not represent the Kunsi; were they officials of the T'ien-Ti? He cautiously tested all those about him with the gestures of the brotherhood; none replied, or even seemed to notice. Assured now that he had fallen into the hands of unlicensed plunderers, A-chang scratched with his fingers on the dusty earth, marking everywhere within his reach the symbol which denotes to the initiated that a brother of the Hwuy is in deep distress. In the morning it would have been his duty to report himself, and if he failed to do so, the Kunsi would be sure to send for him. They might find his corpse, or they might find the hut empty. In any case, some member of the T'ien-Ti would almost certainly read the scrawl.

Inchi Ch'en's face wore no smile as he asked, after a long investigation, "Will you give up our Tai-pe-kong?"

"Whose is it?"

"It belongs to devotees of piety and virtue, as I have told you."

"I have it no longer."

"You lie!" cried Ku-Juh-Sang, striking him with his foot.

"Reflect once more, my son! Learn what power it is you defy! Those men around you are unworthy disciples of the Lotus Hwuy!"

"The Wu-Wei-Keäou!" murmured A-chang, aghast. A thousand legends of magic and devilry passed through his shuddering soul. Ch'en waited silently, but the stolid Chinese courage prevailed.

"Take him away!"

All rose, and they left the hut. A-chang walked free, but his captors were close all round. When they reached the bazaar upon the river bank every house was dark. A-chang did not even think of crying out. The ways of Bau are mysterious, and no one in that poor quarter would interfere with Inchi Ch'en. He approached, however, on one side, as they passed the shops, his colleague on the other; each took an arm and laid the cold edge of a knife significantly across it.

As they stumbled along the narrow, broken colonnade, reeking with a thousand evil smells, a door opened suddenly, a man fell headlong into the midst; a door closed, all was dark again. The

person so violently ejected fell into A-chang's arms. In that flash of light the two had recognised each other, and before they were dragged apart A-chang had conveyed by rapid signs that a brother of the craft asked succour. Not a word was said, and the followers of the White Lily roughly thrust aside this shameless creature, who frequented an opium shop after midnight. They led their prisoner to the waterside, tied his arms, put him into a canoe with Ch'en and Ku-Juh-Sang. The rest went home.

This friend whom A-chang had warned was he who introduced him to the Hwuy, a man named Yan-poa. His energy and daring secured a position avowed at the meetings of the Gold Company, secret but substantial at the lodge. His habits, however, precluded him from the highest posts in either association. Yan-poa would not take his opium at home, as do wise Chinamen, nor gamble decorously amongst his equals. Fond of excitement and low company, he frequented smoking-shops and hells not approved by the Kunsi, because "run" by persons who did not cash up their percentage on the receipts. They never lasted long, but whilst their halcyon time endured Yan-poa was an enthusiastic client. From one of these establishments he was thrust out when he fell amongst A-chang's captors.

The canoe upon which that luckless youth embarked with Ch'en and Ku-Juh-Sang was small enough to force the shallows, under impulse of the latter's strong arm. In pitchy darkness A-chang travelled towards his death. A terrible voyage that was! If an accident occurred, and nothing was more probable, the whirling stream would roll him, bound and helpless, down, crushing him against a rock, transfixing him upon a snag, rending limb from limb amidst the abattis of branches and the thick-pressed snouts of stone. But death infinitely more agonising awaited him at the end Ch'en blandly spoke from time to time upon indifferent subjects, asked how the prospecting had succeeded, how the Chinese pedlars were faring up the river? Not a word more about Tai-pe-kong, or diamond, or White Lily. These matters were finished. The captive had made his choice, and said his say. The venerable maxims of "The Superior Person" forbid a man of Inchi Ch'en's position to hurt the feelings of a prisoner by discourteous silence, though he be the most hideous criminal, and the road be that of execution.

An hour before dawn they reached the pool where A-chang found his diamond. Ku-Juh-Sang raised the mournful, reverberating cry with which a Malay sportsman calls his dogs. In another moment a red glow faintly shone amongst the trees, appeared and

glimmered on the hurrying water. Two females came out from the bush, carrying torches. One of them A-chang recognised—the tall, brawny creature who had watched him in the afternoon. She met his eye, as he landed, with an evil smile of triumph.

A few steps behind the veil of trees they found the building, solidly walled with logs, raised on posts of iron-wood. A-chang had never visited the central station of the Kunsi police, but he recognised it. They mounted by a stout ladder, and he was conveyed at once to a strong room, where there was just space to lie down. The girl brought rice and water, laughed in his face, and left him to the darkness.

Meanwhile the officials of the Wu-Wei-Keäou sat drinking tea in consultation. They were disconcerted to some degree by the obstinacy of this half-breed; as a rule, the numerous persons of his blood are submissive to Chinese command. In what they had done hitherto, Ch'en and his comrade had acted without instructions, feeling sure of high approval if they brought in the diamond. Inchi Ch'en happened to be at the port, upon business of the Kunsi, when Lih-Kiu ran in, telling her husband what she had seen upon the river. Forthwith they sent a message to the Grand Lodge, hidden in the deepest recesses of the forest, and, forestalling instructions, they proceeded in their own way.

Ku-Juh-Sang wished to persevere, and get matters finished. He suggested molten lead as a vehicle for obtaining the desired information. Ch'en smiled in polite contempt of this old-fashioned treatment, which, in his own experience, had failed with many prisoners, who died without telling their secrets. He advised other means, if it were thought necessary to act before receiving orders.

"I don't like your magic!" said the other sullenly.

"Why, dearest friend, has it not already served us, that which in your wisdom is called magic? This cherished but misguided youth would have been beyond our just resentment now, had I not sent him to sleep!"

Ku-Juh-Sang was not persuaded, having an instinctive dread of methods against which human intelligence and human courage do not avail. Perhaps he had secrets of his own. Ch'en hinted as much, with his placid smile, and the other gave way suddenly. But as he pronounced his consent, Lih-Kiu broke into the room, exclaiming: "If you are going to raise devils, Inchi Ch'en, it shall not be in my house. I hate devils, and all who have transactions with them!"

The amiability on Ch'en's face set hard, like a frown. His smile

froze into a rictus. "You cannot mean that? See, only little bits of paper I use——like ——"

"I know well enough what you do with your bits of paper. And I say you shall not practise your arts here! I know you, Inchi Ch'en. We live in the woods, but we are not *mias*—apes!"

Ch'en's mouth twitched violently as he bowed and threw himself back. "Your wife is a fine woman!" he said to Ku-Juh-Sang. "I am sure that when you present her to the lodge, everyone will declare that she is worthy to be acquainted with the secrets of the White Lily!"

"I know nothing about the White Lily," the girl said in vexed alarm. "But I know ——"

"Get out—go to bed!" cried her husband furiously. She did not obey at once, and he snatched off his heavy shoe, throwing it with all his force, and striking her on the jaw. Such insults are uncommon in a Chinese household, where the wife has her full share of dignity. Lih-Kiu glared, and stood for a moment as if meditating a reply in kind. But a glance at Ch'en, rolling with silent laughter, disconcerted her.

"This is your doing, Inchi!" she said with menace, turning to go.

"No, my daughter! That was your husband's slipper. Here is mine!" And he lightly tossed his shoe, which hit her in the back. Lih-Kiu turned in fury, and met a look so full of malignancy triumphant that she went out cowed.

It was still black night with A-chang, when his cell became a stifling furnace. Gradually the heat increased, until he screamed for air, but no one came. The walls of his prison were of male bamboo, probably lined with zinc, and double, for no sound reached him. One who has not tried it cannot fancy the agony of heat when it descends in suffocating volumes on a man confined, weighting the atmosphere itself. A-chang had been baked and parboiled his whole life long. Probably he had borne a temperature as great, and never thought of it. But then he was free to come and go.

His imagination was not stirred. The maddening sense of helplessness did not even present itself. Unused to confinement, the Dyak is always fevered if shut within four walls, and here the elements of terror were all deepened a thousand-fold. A-chang hammered and shrieked, put his head on the firm smooth reeds, shouted the secret they could not have dragged from him by torture, but no one heard. Falling at length into a state which would soon have ended in apoplexy, he lay naked on the floor, breathing hard and semi-conscious.

The door opened, and air rushing in, hot though it was, cut him like an east wind. He shivered and drew himself together, moaning incoherently. It was Ku-Juh-Sang who stood at the entrance. "Get up!" said he, "we are going to travel!"—but not until they dragged him into the air did A-chang recover his wits. Lih-Kiu, the more savage because daunted, was waiting with tea. Ch'en brought the prisoner biscuits, Huntley & Palmer's, of the sweetest sort. A-chang took a handful, for the breeze was already reviving him. How blessed was that open sky, windy and blue above the trees! How sweet the misty freedom, and the colour, and the fresh, damp perfume of the forest! Though he went a stage nearer to his doom, that breath, that sight, gave joy to his Dyak blood.

In half an hour A-chang's iron muscles were restrung, his brain clear. It was near eleven o'clock when they started, Ch'en, Ku-Juh-Sang, a savage-looking Kayan slave, and himself. They tied his hands behind him and started on the Gombang road, an excellent highway, as all know, made and kept by the Gold Company at Bau. Not a soul appeared thereon whilst they followed it only a few hundred yards. Then they came to an enormous tree, a tapong, with great buttresses around the roots in which a family can live, and does, for the mere trouble of roofing the space over. At this point his guard closed in with weapons ready, and A-chang, his bonds cut loose, received instructions to climb one of the supports and make his way through a big hole some ten feet from the ground. He did so, followed by the Kayan slave. They passed through the cavity, one after the other, climbed down the hollow, and found themselves in a narrow chamber, on a floor of rotten leaves and touchwood and fungus. A-chang had kept some hope till this time. He saw that neither of his superior guards knew Dyak, nor were fluent in Malay; this Kayan must be at home in either one or other, probably in both. But when he tried, whilst Inchi Ch'en, cursing and lamenting, was laboriously aided by his comrade, A-chang's fond fancies vanished. The small Kayan was not inelegant. His robust little body, from neck to hips, showed the most beautiful and elaborate tattooing of pretty colours. But he was deaf and dumb.

The others clambered down, and all four stood, easily enough, within the body of the tree. After puffing awhile, Inchi Ch'en stooped. Suddenly the earth gave way, showing a flight of steps, dark in the middle of the ascent, faintly illuminated at the bottom. They descended, and walked some fifty or a hundred yards in a subterranean passage, lit by glimmering holes here and there. It opened behind a rock, in the bed of a stream, which they followed some

distance, up to their knees in water. Then, for a while, they used a "batang" path, a series of logs placed end to end, convenient only for people gifted with prehensile toes and destitute of nerves. Upon this slippery and dangerous road A-chang moved as upon a highway, but the Chinamen were pitiably awkward. Dropping all remnants of politeness, Ch'en fiercely swore that he would be carried, and the prisoner and the slave took him alternately upon their shoulders. It was not an overpowering exertion for them ;—do I not remember how a mere boy carried me ten miles on one occasion, when I had hurt my foot?

After a while they reached a belt of campong—old black jungle —where the big trees stood far apart, and the undergrowth was scanty. This traversed, they again descended into the bowels of the earth, to reappear in a swamp so dense with vegetation that one could not see a yard on either flank. Here Ku-Juh-Sang led the way with extremest caution. He scrutinised the narrow batang path, the trees above, the jungle round. Now and then he called a halt, and gave himself to mysterious operations which A-chang's woodcraft easily comprehended. There were dangers on the road—pitfalls, spring-traps armed with a spear, catch-traps that noosed a man or flung him aloft, and ranjows to transfix him as he fell. Ku-Juh-Sang loosed the springs or gave earnest directions where to tread, remaining behind a moment, when all had passed, to refix the apparatus. Such precautions are usual around the head lodge. When the authorities at Labuan received a hint where to seek the local president of the T'ien-Ti, one native policeman was killed, four were grievously wounded by these secret defences, though the search-party used the utmost vigilance.

After four hours' march they reached their journey's end, in a black and ancient wood. It was a small clear space, occupied by a little building, strong as a fort, with several outhouses about it. A number of servants dressed all in white received them, and led A-chang to one of these, where they gave him rice and pickles. When the meal was finished, unconquerable sleep possessed him.

Yan-poa had not misunderstood the significance of those devices scored upon his back. Without an instant's hesitation he followed the party. At the water's edge they flashed a lantern for one moment ; he recognised Inchi Ch'en and Ku-Juh-Sang. When they had gone up the river with their captive, Yan-poa followed a group of three amongst the subordinates returning home. He marked the hut where each vanished silently. Then he visited A-chang's dwelling, observed the door wide open, the bar forced,

the disarrangement of the simple furniture. And, finally, he espied the secret marks upon the floor, intelligible to a brother of the Hwuy. The Kunsi he saw had no part in this affair. Inchi Ch'en and Ku-Juh-Sang were not the officials to whom such business was entrusted. As the mystery formed itself in Yan-poa's shrewd intelligence, he conjectured something of the truth. A-chang had discovered heaps of gold up the river, and enemies of the Company had carried him off to extract a secret which had reached their knowledge somehow.

Without loss of time he acted on this idea. Deferring for a moment his appeal to the Kunsi, an authority avowed and recognised,—therefore, to some extent, scrupulous,—he summoned the council of the T'ien-Ti Hwuy. By what means he roused them after midnight, or what took place, I have no definite information, but the results are confessed. Within an hour the three men whom Yan-poa had marked down were captured silently, one of them with his wife and children. They found lodgings in a sort of well, ankle-deep in slime, abounding with snakes and centipedes and what not. It lay beneath the dwelling of a brother who, as it was credited at the inquiry, knew nothing of their arrival; thence, one by one, they were drawn out and examined, probably in a subterranean place whence their cries could not reach the outer air. By some means or other, the Hwuy council ascertained enough to set it on the track.

From this moment the T'ien-Ti vanishes from my story. Probably enough the Wang, or Provincial Grand Master, was also chairman of the Kunsi—certainly, amongst his councillors were several who occupied high place in that legal and authorised association. Seeing that the abduction was a flagrant crime, and knowing nothing precise of the motive, they probably thought it judicious to proceed by measures avowable. Information was sent to Blidah Fort, where dwells an English superintendent of police, and also to the president at Kuching. And at the earliest hour the council of the Kunsi met to deliberate upon this case. As a preliminary step, they posted a chain of sentries round the settlement, forbidding all communication, and absolutely closed the river to persons who wished to pass up stream. Thus they prevented accomplices from warning the chief criminals. Afterwards, in the leisurely and thorough but fussy China style, they prepared an expedition.

Yan-poa would not wait. Reflection more and more strongly convinced him that there was profit to be made by recovering his friend. He went around, by permission of the Kunsi, and

recruited some score of desperate characters. Provided with authority to occupy the outpost of Ku-Juh-Sang, he started so early that the prisoner had been led away scarce ten minutes before his arrival. To seize and bind the inmates of the post occupied some little time, and more was wasted in trying to get information. After beating them all, save the women, Yan-poa convinced himself that they really did not know whither the prisoner had been conveyed, and set forth, with a Dyak tracker, to investigate. All to be learned with certainty was the fact that Inchi Ch'en had left by the Gombang road, that he could not have followed it to the mountain settlement. Somewhere he had turned off, and the question was simply—where?

Hour after hour Yan-poa searched, directed by his guide. At length he returned to meet the stronger party which could not be far behind. Upon the road he encountered Lih-Kiu. "Who freed you?" cried he savagely.

"I freed myself! Those fools of yours would not take me to you. Now, if I show you which way they went, will you kill Inchi Ch'en and Ku-Juh-Sang?"

"I swear I will!"

"Swear by your blameless father and your virtuous ancestors, and the holy stone of your guild!"

"I swear!"

Lih-Kiu told him all she could of the road to the Grand Lodge of the White Lily, obtained by listening at doors and uxorious gossip. Whilst talking she led him to the hollow tree, and, pausing there, would have warned him of the dangers in the path. But Yan-poa did not listen. Ambitious fancies occupied his mind. He might do a great service to the Hwuy and the Kunsi, which would earn him the highest reward. He climbed the buttress, vanished in the hole, and his faithful Dyak, who had understood nothing of the conversation, followed lightly. Lih-Kiu shouted after them, but in vain. She returned to her post.

The crowd there, the bustle and excitement, told that the main body of the avengers had arrived. Of half-breeds mostly was it composed, with some Malays and some Dyaks; but all the officers were Chinese, of course. The Celestial is brave in a special sense; which happens to be one peculiarity valuable under the conditions of modern warfare, as we may find to our cost some day. But he is not adventurous nor eager. For expeditions like this, the small but spirited Malay, the careless Dyak, are infinitely better fitted than the brawny Chinaman pure-blood; and the Kunsi officials, though

eaten up with conceit, are shrewd enough to know this; upon all points of self-interest they are preternaturally clever. Lih-Kiu demanded an audience at once, and told what she knew. The name of the White Lily had chilling effect. The officers deputed for this service were men in whose nerve the Kunsi put especial trust, but they had not reckoned upon fighting with unseen powers, the unnameable resources of the Wu-Wei-Keäou. They hesitated, and talked of referring for instructions.

At this moment a stir arose outside so considerable that the chiefs went out. A Tuan Inggris had reached the landing-place, with two footmen and two police. He chanced to be halting at Blidah Fort, which is no longer a military station, when the Kunsi messenger arrived. This gentleman immediately assumed command of the expedition; his name does not signify—we may call him Smith. After learning how matters stood, he ordered an advance. In single file the party threaded the subterranean passage, waded up the stream, and sought traces of the landing-place. So well hidden was it that the Dyak trackers missed it, wandering upwards until they reached a deep black pool between perpendicular rocks, which brought them to a pause. Lih-Kiu, who accompanied them, knew the road but by hearsay. The trackers turned, working their way back, and missed the spot again. At this moment a Dyak showed himself upon the bank. He trembled with excitement; his yellow face had the green undertones of horror. Yan-poa's men recognised him as the guide who had set forth with their missing leader, and questioned him eagerly. He reported that Yan-poa was dead, caught in a trap. This news caused a panic. Had not Smith been there, with his disciplined men, the expedition would have returned. He made a spirited harangue, calling on each nationality to vie with the others, and with a half-heart they all followed him.

The Dyak put them on the trail, and Smith followed, urging the pace as fast as he dared. So rapidly he pushed forward that the heavy Chinamen could not keep up if they would; nearly all of them vanished. After half an hour's march the guide slackened, then stopped, pointing ahead, with terror in his face. A few steps beyond, the batang path was blocked by Yan-poa's body, hanging upon a spear. The instrument of death had been firmly lashed on the crown of a vigorous sapling, bent double by main force, and caught by a rope which the passing foot disengaged. Calling a halt, Smith cut away the lashings, and tossed the corpse, spear and all, into the swampy bush alongside. After this dreadful warning he proceeded with extremest caution. To go first would have been death

inevitable, but he kept close behind the Dyak leading. That scapegoat was relieved continually, for human nerves would scarcely bear such tension. Several traps were discovered, and after each escape the march grew slower, until, sweat pouring down his face, the poor fellow begged to be let go. When they had passed the swamp Smith quitted the batang to cut a path alongside, through the untrodden jungle. Before they had taken many steps, the Dyak fell backwards with a cry of terror, and Smith caught him by the hair as he slipped into a pit.

Mutiny was breaking out when they reached the old, clear forest, through which they could proceed with less alarm. But daylight fades rapidly beneath a world of leaves that blocks out the midday sun. Resolute though he was, Smith felt oppressed by the desperate and mysterious perils of this service. His own flesh crept a little as the shadows darkened in that silent wood, haunted by malignant spirits, the more terrible because unseen. "Halt!" was on his very tongue, when a rifle shot broke the murmuring stillness. A bullet sung past his ear and struck one of those behind. It was the signal for a volley, delivered at close quarters. Several men dropped; the others broke into headlong flight. The footmen, however, the police, and half-a-dozen more stood their ground, slipping each behind a tree and opening fire. Smith shouted loudly, and one by one a number of the fugitives paused, looked back, and rejoined the faithful few, dodging amongst the trees. The foe apparently were weak in numbers, and when Smith with a trusty handful assailed their flank, resistance ceased at once; the surprise had failed. Skirmishing from tree to tree, keeping up an uninterrupted fire, the Malays crept quickly in, and carried the position with a rush—a long breastwork it was, needing several hundred men to hold it. Advancing cautiously, they saw their goal ahead.

Superstitious terrors vanished before the familiar peal of musketry. Waiting no order, the Malays ran crouched across the clearing, and took shelter behind the outhouses. All the darkening scene glowed for an instant as a jet of fire and smoke burst from every window of the building. Again the volley was repeated; then silence. Rapidly the assailants stole from point to point, until they found shelter beneath the flooring; for the house was raised on posts, as usual. But the defenders no longer replied. Filled with a sudden dread, Smith called his men back. Some obeyed; a few stood battering and wrenching at a window. Then, with the roar and shock of an earthquake, the house rose solidly upwards, and fell in hurtling atoms. Great branches whirled and dropped, trees were uprooted,

earth and sky seemed to meet in the clang and din of hell. When that uproar subsided, there was silence for a moment. Men uninjured had been lifted from their feet and tossed headlong to a distance, stunned and bleeding. The first sound was a whimper of half-conscious pain, which rose and swelled on every hand till the very forest seemed to shriek. Smith, badly bruised, exerted himself to collect the few who kept their senses. It was not yet quite dark. Slowly and toilfully he gathered men who were howling for fear, not pain. They lit half-a-dozen fires, which made the clearing glow luridly; trembling sentries were posted, and the wounded men sought out.

I need not pursue the tale further. Some thirty Malays and half-breeds had perished; as many more were grievously hurt. Fragments of one strange body they found, believed to be A-chang's. Not a sign of the White Lily brotherhood. Every member had escaped, by a subterranean passage doubtless. Within the next few weeks a considerable number of the sectaries were taken, mainly upon denunciation of the Kunsi, whose secret and terrible methods of obtaining evidence a humane government cannot rival. Neither Inchi Ch'en nor Ku-Juh-Sang were amongst these. The two were found hanging on one tree close by the landing-stage the day after these events: the police returned their case as one of suicide. Lih-Kiu received protection from the Government, dwelling at Blidah Fort until she wearied of the monotony. Upon her earnest petition, the Rajah gave her a passage to Singapore: what happened to her there is another story, scarcely less tragic.

It remains only to tell that A-chang's hut was burnt to the ground a few hours after the lodge blew up, and no more has been ever heard of his diamond.

F. BOYLE.

MY RARE BOOK.

I WISH I could say it was my diligence that discovered it, and that I hunted it out of some fifth-rate bookstall of Goswell Street or of the New Road—"all this lot at 6*d.* apiece." But no, it has no romantic story as far as I am concerned. Given perhaps, eighty years ago, by friend to friend, or by lover to sweetheart, in days when our great-grandmothers were beautiful and our great-grandfathers devoted, it got to be neglected, it got to be sold—somebody ceased to care for it, or somebody wanted the few shillings it then would bring—somehow it tossed about the world, till a keen bookseller or keen book-buyer rescued it, and took it to a binder of note, and then it was arrayed in seemly dress, and safer for the future. Afterwards, but not for very long, I think, it was a rich man's possession: one thing, and quite a little thing, in a great library of English classics, from Defoe and Sterne to Dickens and Tennyson. Then it came to be sold, along with most or all of its important companions, and so I got it, in most prosaic fashion. I bought it under the hammer at Sotheby's—or rather, Mr. Ellis bought it there on my behalf—on the 3rd of March, in this present year of grace. And now it takes up its position on insignificant shelves, by the side of the Rogers with the Turner illustrations; by the side of a few things—but the collector knows them not.

This is how it figures in the auctioneer's catalogue: "Wordsworth (W), Lyrical Ballads, with a few other Poems (including Rime of the Ancyent Marinere by Coleridge), FIRST EDITION, *green morocco extra, g, e, by Riviere*, 1798." The "g, e," means nothing more mysterious than "gilt edges." The morocco is of a rich and sunny green—the "good" green of modern artistic speech, which rightly enough, I suppose, endows colour and line with moral qualities. I am thankful to the rich man for having saved me both money and trouble in binding, completely to my taste, it happens, my rare book.

And few things, perhaps, deserve a more careful guardianship. The "Lyrical Ballads" were a starting-point in the new English literature, which addressed itself to study in the field of Nature more than in academies, and which taught us the beauty and interest of

common life and of every-day incident; and it is a delight to me to see the pages of these simple lyrics and pastorals as Wordsworth's own eye was content with them when Cottle, the Bristol bookseller, passed them through the press, and printed them as well as might be, on pleasantly toned paper, bearing here and there on its water-mark the date of its making, "1795." On the whole, it is a well-printed book; two hundred and ten pages, tastefully arranged, and of *errata* there are but five. Those were days when centralisation had not brought the best work all to London, and even concentrated it in certain quarters of London; and of what is sometimes called *provincial*, but of what there is better reason to define as *suburban*, clumsiness—for nothing is done so ill in the world as what is done in London suburbs—there is only a trace in the gross inequality of the size of the figures in the table of contents: they are taken, it appears, from different founts. But generally the book is printed with smoothness and precision, and, even apart from the high literature which it enshrines, is worthy of its good green coat, joyful of hue, pleasant of smell, and grateful of touch to the fingers that pass over it. And nothing that comes now, even from the Chiswick Press, or from Jouaust or whoever may be the fashionable printing man to-day in Paris, can be much neater than its title-page; the mention of which brings me to a point of interest to the bibliographer.

The book has two title-pages; or, rather, like many of the books of its day, there belong two title-pages to the same edition of it, the custom having been for a second bookseller, who bought what the first bookseller was minded to get rid of, to print his own title-page. This is the course that the thing followed in the matter of the "Lyrical Ballads." The book was printed, as we shall see in detail presently, by Cottle, in Bristol, in the year 1798. Five hundred copies were printed, but they did not sell. "As a curious literary fact," says Cottle, in his "Recollections," "I might mention that the sale of the First Edition of the 'Lyrical Ballads' was so slow, and the severity of most of the reviews so great, that its progress to oblivion seemed ordained to be as rapid as it was certain." "I had given," he further adds, "thirty guineas for the copyright; but the heavy sale induced me to part with the largest proportion of the impression of 500, at a loss, to Mr. Arch, a London bookseller." Mr. Arch printed his own title-page. My copy has his title-page, "*London, printed for J. & A. Arch, Gracechurch Street*," and so I think had the copy sold at Mr. Dew Smith's sale about four years ago. The date, of course, remains the same, 1798, and all else remains the same. The British Museum copy—it was Southey's copy—has the

Bristol title-page, and the Museum may possibly acquire a copy with Mr. Arch's when opportunity occurs. In the only copy of the First Edition which they have at present, the words are, "*Bristol, printed by Biggs and Cottle, for T. N. Longman, Paternoster Row, London.*" Thus the First Edition of five hundred was divided—say two hundred for Mr. Cottle, say three hundred for Mr. Arch, when the Bristolian found the sale was "slow" and "heavy." Where have they all gone to? It was only eighty-four years ago. But where have all the copies of the big edition of the "Christmas Carol" gone to? That was hardly forty years ago. How indeed do these things vanish? And where are the snows of yester-year?

To recall a little the origin of the book—the circumstances under which Wordsworth and Coleridge planned and produced it. It was in the Nether Stowey and Alfoxden time, when the men were neighbours, three miles of green Somerset country dividing the home of Coleridge from the home of Wordsworth. I saw the place —that is, the neighbourhood and Coleridge's home—a very few years since, much in that summer weather which tempted their own more prolonged wanderings, which followed them in that excursion to "Linton and the Valley of Stones," which was the first cause, Wordsworth says, of the issue of "Lyrical Ballads." Plain living and high thinking they practised then, and from necessity as much as from choice. A yeoman of Somerset would hardly have lived at that time—and certainly he would not live to-day—in that cottage which was Coleridge's. Straight from the country road you step to its door: in an instant you are in the small square parlour, with large kitchen-like fireplace, with one or, I think, two small windows, and a window-seat from which, on days of evil weather, the stay-at-home commanded the prospect of the passing rustic as he walked abroad—perhaps of the occasional traveller on his way to the village inn. But generally, fair weather or foul, the spectacle was scanty—time was marked by shifting light and changes in the colour of the sky, or by the movements of beasts at milking-time, or at hours of rest and of labour. Never, I should say, was one hour merely frittered away by either the poet who lived or the poet who visited in that humble cottage. Never a call of ceremony: an interview that bears no fruit—a social necessity, the continual plague of cities. Never an hour that did not tell in some way, by active work, or by "wise passiveness," upon the mind that was to be cultivated and the character that was to be developed. Such a life, led not in actual isolation, but in narrowed and selected companionship, was perhaps about the best preparation men could make for work of the con-

centrated and the self-possessed power of the "Ancient Mariner," and of the serene profundity of the lines connected with Tintern Abbey. This was the place, and these were the conditions, for the quietude of life and thought felt as the greatest necessity of existence by Wordsworth, "a worshipper of Nature," "unwearied in that service."

In 1797 came the first thought of the book. Wordsworth's account of it may already be familiar. Prefixed in later editions to the poem of "We are Seven," which was printed for the first time in "Lyrical Ballads," is a note which says: "In reference to this poem I will here mention one of the most noticeable facts in my own poetic history, and that of Mr. Coleridge." And then he tells the story: "In the autumn of 1797, he, my sister, and myself, started from Alfoxden pretty late in the afternoon, with a view to visit Linton and the Valley of Stones near to it; and, as our united funds were very small, we agreed to defray the expense of the tour by writing a poem, to be sent to the *New Monthly Magazine*, set up by Phillips, the bookseller, and edited by Dr. Aiken. Accordingly, we set off, and proceeded along the Quantock Hills, towards Watchet; and in the course of this walk was planned the poem of the 'Ancient Mariner,' founded on a dream, as Coleridge said, of his friend Mr. Cruikshank."

And then Wordsworth adds some details which are extraordinarily characteristic. "Much the greatest part of the story was Mr. Coleridge's invention," he says, "but certain parts I suggested." Now, what were those parts? They were parts, we shall see, which yield to no other in importance, and which do very much to throw over the work the glamour of noble imagination, the sudden magical charm which was Wordsworth's own, and with which he was accustomed to illumine the commoner themes of his habitual choice. It was Wordsworth's suggestion that the Ancient Mariner should be represented as having killed the Albatross, and that "the tutelary spirits of these regions"—the regions of the South Sea—"should take upon them to avenge the crime." "I also suggested the navigation of the ship by the dead men, but do not recollect that I had anything more to do with the scheme of the poem." A detail, however, he had to do with. "I furnished two or three lines at the beginning of the poem, in particular—

> And listened like a three years' child:
> The Mariner had his will.

These trifling contributions, all but one, which Mr. C. has with unnecessary scrupulosity recorded, slipped out of his mind, as they

well might." If the contributions themselves were characteristic, so certainly is the manner of speaking of them. But these men, and the men who were more or less their associates, believed much in each other. In no different spirit from Wordsworth's did Coleridge himself write, in his introduction to "Poems on Various Subjects," these words about Charles Lamb: "The effusions signed C. L. were written by Mr. Charles Lamb, of the India House—independently of the signature, their superior merit would have sufficiently distinguished them." And in no different spirit did Coleridge write of Wordsworth, years afterwards, in the "Biographia Literaria," when their ways had parted. He could explain generously then "what Mr. Wordsworth really intended" by the theories put forward in that famous preface which was too much for Coleridge.

But to return to the book, or rather, for the moment, to Wordsworth's account of it. As they endeavoured to proceed conjointly in the construction of the "Ancient Mariner"—it was still that same evening in which the poem was conceived—their respective manners proved so widely different that it would have been, to Wordsworth's mind, "quite presumptuous in me to do anything but separate from an undertaking upon which I could only have been a clog." "The 'Ancient Mariner' grew and grew," he adds, "till it became too important for our first object, which was limited to our expectation of five pounds; and we began to think of a volume, which was to consist, as Mr. Coleridge has told the world, of poems chiefly on supernatural subjects taken from common life, but looked at, as much as might be, through an imaginative medium." That "imaginative medium" was to distinguish these poems, we have been told elsewhere, from the rhymed stories of Crabbe. Poetic realism and prosaic realism, and what a world between them!

In April 1798 Wordsworth wrote to his friend, the Bristol bookseller, "You will be pleased to hear that I have gone on adding very rapidly to my stock of poetry. Do come and let me read it to you under the old trees in the park." Definite proposals, too, were to be made, and it was written to Cottle—this time I think by Coleridge—"We deem that the volumes offered to you are, to a certain degree, one work in kind.' That same spring, but later on, Cottle did visit Nether Stowey, and he writes of it in his own book of interesting if sometimes illegitimate gossip: "At this interview it was determined that the volume should be published under the title of 'Lyrical Ballads,' on the terms stipulated." Thirty guineas seems to have been Wordsworth's share. And, furthermore, it was settled that it should not contain the poem of "Salisbury Plain," but only

an extract from it—Cottle himself, nevertheless, thought that poem the finest Wordsworth had written—that it should not contain the poem of "Peter Bell," but consist rather of shorter poems, and for the most part of pieces more recently written. "I had recommended two volumes," Cottle tells us, "but one was fixed on, and that to be published anonymously." All which speedily came about. Cottle further says, "The volume of the 'Lyrical Ballads' was published about midsummer, 1798." But it was not really till some while after midsummer, for not only were the Tintern Abbey lines, which close the little volume with so august a calm, not written till the 13th of July, but it is said expressly in Wordsworth's "Life" that as late as September the 13th the book was "printed, not published." Some weeks before, Wordsworth and his sister took up temporary abode in Bristol that they might be near the printer. Then, at length, in the early part of autumn, the "Lyrical Ballads" appeared, and Wordsworth and his sister, and Coleridge, left England for Germany.

To the first edition of "Lyrical Ballads" is prefixed four pages of "Advertisement," or preface. About it two or three points are noticeable. First, it gives no hint that two poets have been engaged upon the volume: "the author," who speaks of himself in the third person, is responsible alike for the "Ancient Mariner" and for "Goody Blake and Harry Gill." Secondly, it is written in that familiar language—just our daily speech a little chastened and braced—which Wordsworth employed at the beginning, and employed to the end. Again, it utters, thus early in Wordsworth's life, that note of warning as to mistaken notions of what Poetry demands, which the writer repeated afterwards with infinite elaboration. "It is the honourable characteristic of Poetry that its materials are to be found in every subject which can interest the human mind"—that is, by implication, his first apology for the choice of humble theme. "Readers of superior judgment may disapprove of the style in which many of these pieces are executed: it must be expected that many lines and phrases will not exactly suit their taste." Expressions may seem too familiar—may seem lacking in dignity. But, "it is apprehended that the more conversant the reader is with our elder writers, and with those in modern times who have been most successful in painting manners and passions, the fewer complaints of this kind will he have to make." Here is the apology for the fashion of presentation—the germ of that which was afterwards so fully developed in famous writings which borrowed here and there a neat and significant phrase from this first "Advertisement."

The title of the "Ancient Mariner" begins the table of contents,

and the poem runs on to the fifty-first page of the volume—nearly a quarter of all that the volume holds. But Coleridge's remaining contributions were small and few, consisting of "The Nightingale," and of but one other. That he made even these contributions has sometimes escaped people's notice. He had intended to do more, for he tells us in the "Biographia Literaria," that, having written the "Ancient Mariner," he was preparing, among other poems, "The Dark Ladie," and the "Christabel." "But Mr. Wordsworth's industry has proved much more successful, and the number of his poems so much greater, that my compositions, instead of forming a balance, appeared rather an interpolation of heterogeneous matter." When the "Ancient Mariner" came to be reprinted —under Coleridge's banner alone—some minor changes were made. Some of them were gains, but some were losses. And there was added then what the "Lyrical Ballads" does not contain, the "Gloss"—that wonderful telling of the story and yet departing from it—which is set forth in grave and inspired prose. "It was an after-thought," Wordsworth tells us, in speaking of his friend's poem.

Of Wordsworth's own share—that far greater share of his—in the poems, it is interesting to notice how the general title, "Lyrical Ballads with a few other Poems," is required to cover the whole of it. For they are of two kinds—Wordsworth's poems in the volume—the simple stories of humble life, which may or may not be dramatic, in which the "I" of the poet is not necessarily himself, and the poems which record unmistakably his personal feeling and experience, such as "The Tables Turned, an Evening Scene," the noble lines written near Tintern Abbey, and the small poem which rejoices in perhaps the longest title ever bestowed upon verse, "Lines written at a small distance from my house, and sent by my little boy to the person to whom they are addressed." These, and one or two others, are the contributions to which Coleridge refers when he says that "Mr. Wordsworth added two or three poems written in his own character, in the impassioned, lofty, and sustained diction which is characteristic of his genius."

Many of Wordsworth's verses, whether of the one class or the other, in the "Lyrical Ballads," bear reference to the circumstances of the moment and the place—are stamped with the mark of his Alfoxden sojourn. "The Thorn" arose out of his observing on the ridge of Quantock Hill a thorn on a stormy day. He had often passed it unnoticed in calm. "I said to myself, Cannot I by some invention do as much to make this Thorn prominently an impressive object as the storm has made it to my eyes at this moment? I began the poem accordingly, and composed it with great rapidity."

He adds that Sir George Beaumont painted a picture from it, which Wilkie thought his best. Wilkie—that sagacious Scotchman—did not commit himself too much by such praise. But Wordsworth thought the picture nobly done. The only fault of any consequence, he said, was the woman's figure, too old and decrepit "for one likely to frequent an eminence on such a call." "Expostulation and Reply," which Wordsworth learnt was a favourite among the Quakers, was composed in front of the house at Alfoxden in the spring of 1798. "The Tables Turned" was composed at the same time, in praise of the

> Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
> Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

And of "The Last of the Flock," the author says that the incident occurred in the village of Holford, close by Alfoxden.

But I think the most interesting of the records is the record of "We are Seven." This was composed while walking in the favourite grove. In Wordsworth's confession that he composed the last stanza first, we get at the secret of how entirely the subject had struck him from the spiritual side.

> "But they are dead; those two are dead!
> Their spirits are in heaven!"
> 'Twas throwing words away, for still
> The little maid would have her will,
> And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

The life of the poem lies in the instinctive thought of immortality, and in the sense of neighbourhood and close companionship between the quick and the dead. It is the same thought, the same sense, that throws its magical light on the tale of Lucy Gray, and permits those last verses which make the whole thing wonderful, and the common story fine—

> Yet some maintain that to this day
> She is a living child;
> That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
> Upon the lonesome wild.
> O'er rough and smooth, she trips along
> And never looks behind;
> And sings a solitary song
> That whistles in the wind.

The poem of "We are Seven," expressing a conception precious to Wordsworth, yet not expressing it exactly as he would have it expressed, was, after its first publication, subjected to more changes than any composition of its length. Of course the direct address to "dear brother Jem"—"A little child, dear brother Jem"—is removed. Wordsworth only allowed it to stand at first because he

relished the joke of hitching in his friend James Tobin's name, and this gratuitous reference to a good fellow, a bad critic, and the brother of the author of "The Honeymoon," was promptly suppressed. "I sing a song to them," is substituted for a line far more effective with the context,—"I sit and sing to them." Another line, beautiful with the context—"And all the summer dry"—yields to the line "And when the grass was dry." But at one point "little Jane" becomes "sister Jane," perhaps happily, and, "Quick was the little maid's reply" gives the desired sense of readiness and certainty better than the line it effaces. It is the old story of careful verbal alterations—some are for the better, some are for the worse.

More than one of the graver pastoral poems are missing, naturally enough, to my rare book. I do not find in it that pastoral of "Michael," which of itself is quite enough, it seems to me, to ensure to its writer a fame which shall last as long as any judges of literature remain—any judges who, caring for style itself, care supremely for its fit association with the sentiment it is its business to express. "Michael" is intensely realistic : in the best sense it is more realistic than anything of Crabbe's, and the verse that seems to be halting is but prosaic deliberately. The effect is sought for, and the effect is gained. The pathos is all the greater because the elevation of language is so slight and infrequent. When it occurs, how wonderfully it tells ! That poem belongs to the next series of the poet's works—to the little collection published first, I think, in 1802, and assuming to itself the title of "Lyrical Ballads ; Volume the Second." There had before been no hint of a second, and the first is complete in itself.

I said, just now, in speaking of the "We are Seven," that Mr. James Tobin—"dear brother Jem"—was a bad critic. He showed himself so in this wise. When "Lyrical Ballads" was going through the press, it was Cottle, I suppose, who gave a sight of it to dear brother Jem. He went to Wordsworth upon that, as one charged with a mission, and who would not be denied. There was one poem, brother Jem said, in the volume about to be published, which Wordsworth must cancel. "If published, it will make you everlastingly ridiculous." And Wordsworth begged to know which was the unfortunate piece. He answered, "It is called, 'We are Seven'"—"Nay," said Wordsworth, "that shall take its chance, however." For he knew his strength, and another generation has reversed the judgment which Tobin's approved.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

IN THE KINGDOM OF KERRY.

KILLARNEY is in Kerry, and everyone knows, or is supposed to know, Killarney; yet, despite the tide of sight-seers which thus yearly sets into one of its corners, it cannot be said that Kerry, taking it as a whole, is at all well known to the general tourist—not as well known, certainly, as it ought to be. Nor is the reason very far to seek. For one thing, the distances are little short of appalling. From Killarney to Valentia is nearly forty miles; from Valentia to Kenmare is another forty; from Tralee to the point of Dunmore Head some thirty-four miles, as the crow flies; and throughout all that distance but little and indifferent help is to be had from public conveyances, and none at all from the railways; the traveller having to make up his mind to interminable jolting over the steepest of roads on the roughest of cars, varied by nights spent at inns which (with three or four honourable exceptions) leave not a little, it must candidly be owned, to be desired. To the same remoteness—a remoteness greater relatively now than it was a century ago—may be attributed perhaps the fact that in no other part of Ireland (unless indeed the islands off the coast are to be considered exceptions) do the time-honoured beliefs and superstitions flourish more heartily, or show plainer signs of longevity, than in Kerry. Especially this applies to that long jagged line of southern sea-board, the inhabitant of which sees himself surrounded on every side but one by sea, and very nearly as much cut off from his fellow man as though he were indeed the inhabitant of a separate island. Here in these narrow capes and long out-jutting promontories super-stitions abound, cropping up in many directions,and representing many phases, from the brand-new miracle performed at the last "Pattern" up to the old-world belief whose origin the very believers themselves are far from suspecting, besides whole troops of apparitions and "spurrits"—the most fervently believed in perhaps of all.

The "Worm" or "Sarpent"—a descendant probably of the yet more ancient kraken—is a very important personage for instance in Kerry, and tenants a good many of its lakes. The account given of its appearance differs widely, however, in different places, some

having the head of a horse, and partaking apparently of the nature of the "each-uisge," or water-horse, so often and so respectfully alluded to by early Irish writers; others again are said to resemble pigs; while a third was described to me as "a sort ov a kind ov a serpent with legs"—something apparently of the nature of a crocodile. *À propos* of the latter, an account is given by O'Flaherty of an encounter with a similar monster, which is quite too remarkable to omit, although the lake on which the adventure occurred was not, as it happens, in Kerry, but in Connaught. The writer has been enumerating the number of remarkable animals to be found in the neighbourhood, and goes on to observe:—

"Here is also one rarity more, which we may term the Irish crocodil, whereof one yet living, about ten years ago, had sad experience. The man was passing the shore just by the waterside, and spyed far off the head of a beast swimming, which he tooke to have been an otter, and tooke no more notice of it. But the beast, it seems, there lifted up his head to discern whereabouts the man was; then diving, swam underground till he struck ground; whereupon he runned out of the water suddenly and tooke the man by the elbow, whereby the man stooped down, and the beast fastened his teeth in his pate, and dragged him into the water, where the man, calling to mind that he had a knife in his pocket, tooke it out and gave a thrust of it to the beast, which thereupon got away from him into the lake. The water about was all bloody, whether from the beast's bloud or his own, or from both, he knows not. It was of the pitch of an ordinary greyhound" (this, by the way, after calling it a crocodile!) "of a black shiny skin, without hair, as he imagined. The like, they say, is found in other lakes in Ireland: they call it *Dovarchu*, i.e., a water dog, or *Anchu*, which is the same."

That the belief in this mysterious "dovarchu," or "worm," is no mere passing fancy, but represents a really serious and substantial article of faith, anyone who has talked to the people on the subject will bear witness; only last year, for instance, a fishing friend, on returning to a familiar haunt, and inquiring for the local "worm," was told that it was dead—it had been killed by the frost of the preceding winter. "'Deed, an', yer 'anner, 'twas something tirrible, so 'twas, to hear the screams of that cratur when 'twas cotched in the ice," was the comment, uttered in all seriousness, of his informant.

Like most mountainous regions, Kerry is rich in lakes—ordinary as well as miraculous ones. Many of these lakes occupy the low-lying valleys between the mountains; others, again, are found

high up on the hillsides, sometimes at heights of two to three thousand feet above the sea. Of these the most curious, perhaps, are those occupying what in some parts of Ireland are known as "cooms," and in others as "corries"—bowl-shaped cavities, viz., hewn out of the solid rock, and surrounded, often on all sides, by precipices. Some of the prettiest lakes in Kerry lie in these cooms or corries; their odd, cauldron-like shapes, and their situation high up amongst the beetling crags of these lonely hills, giving them an air of mystery and seclusion which is particularly enticing. In the hills which lie to the north of the village of Sneem a number of such hollows occur—some empty, others containing lakes. Of these the prettiest, perhaps, is the little lake Coomassig, situated some fifteen hundred feet above the sea, and famed amongst geologists for its well-exposed basin, the moraine which once choked it having toppled clean over the cliffs on to the one below. Even those who have no glacialistic problem in particular to solve, and upon whom therefore the well-marked striæ and splendidly exposed rock-groovings are unfortunately lost, would do well to make a pilgrimage thither, as from it, or rather from the ridge above, a truly magnificent view of all the country round is to be obtained—Kenmare bay, or river, as it is generally called, stretching its blue arm some ten or twelve miles away inland, and westward again, until we lose it amongst the crags and islands of the mouth.

No bay in Kerry—none certainly with which the present writer is acquainted—can compare with Kenmare. Others are beautiful, but it combines the beauty and the charm of all. Every tourist who has driven from Glengariff to Valentia knows it in its main outlines—the long sinuous lane of water, narrowed at first to a mere thread, then gradually widening and widening as it opens to receive the inrush of the Atlantic; the mountains, "clothed," says Thackeray, "in purple, like kings in mourning"; the islands, scattered within and without; the rocks, the streams, the fern-fringed waterfalls. To know it, however, as it deserves, requires time; and what tourist in Ireland (of late years especially) ever lingers one moment longer than he can avoid? One defect it has, however, as even its most enthusiastic admirers must admit—one which it shares, alas! with much of the loveliest scenery in the island—and that is its treelessness, more felt perhaps amongst these warm moisture-laden valleys than in the bleaker and chillier region farther north. Even this, however, is a defect of quite recent origin. Less than two centuries ago both shores were shadowy with forest, the trees coming down to the very edge, and filling every dell in the now excruciatingly bleak and bald

hill-sides. What the fate of these has been we know from Macaulay and Froude: how the ore was imported, and how the smelting furnaces were set up, and the fires fed, until the last stick of oak and arbutus was consumed. If other evidence indeed were wanting, the fact might still be gathered merely from a study of the local names, which in many cases are derived wholly or in part from trees. The island of Valentia, for instance, now so treeless, was originally styled Dairery, or Darrery, from *dar*, *doire*, an oak, a name by which it is still known to the people. Here, according to tradition, lived Mogh Ruith, the Druid, in whose day the whole island was covered with forest. From Gerard Boate's "Naturall History of Ireland," written in the seventeenth and published in the early part of last century, we learn that the chief destruction of the woods occurred during the period which immediately followed the putting down of the Tyrone rebellion; "the greatest peace," in his opinion, "which Ireland ever enjoyed both before and since the coming in of the English." During this halcyon period, then, the work was vigorously carried on, and the most effectual amount of clearing accomplished. "And a mighty trade," says Boate, "was driven, and whole ship loads sent into foreign countries yearly; which, as it brought great profit to the proprietors, so the felling of so many thousands of trees every year did make a great destruction of the woods in tract of time. As for the charcoal, it is incredible what quantity thereof is consumed by one iron work in a year." Of Munster he remarks that in spite of the "great havock of the woods during the last peace, there be still sundry great forests remaining, more especially in the counties of Kerry and Tipperary." (The former, by the way, being probably at that very time under sentence of death from the axe of Sir William Petty.)

Even if the ground so ruthlessly cleared had been available for other purposes, it would be difficult to help regretting the trees; but, as a matter of fact, these slopes and highland glens, admirably adapted for forest, are to all intents and purposes useless for anything else. To attempt to grow corn in the thin boggy soil, which often barely covers the rocks, is to attempt an impossibility; even potatoes flourishing as a rule only upon the gravelly ridges or "eskers," which intersect and run for considerable distances across the bogs. Setting aside all such utilitarian considerations, however, there still remains another feature connected with this wholesale clearance, which comes home especially to the naturalist, causing him to regard the "benevolent and enlightened" founder of the Petty family with anything but feelings of affection. The destruction of a forest, it must be remembered, by no

means entails the loss merely of the trees: it also entails the death or dispersal of a whole world of beings, which, having thriven under their shelter, shares their fate. When the whole or by far the greater part of Europe was covered with forest, the number both of wild plants and of animals was, of course, infinitely greater than at present; indeed, "almost exactly in proportion to the amount of woodland still remaining in Europe, do we now find (other things being equal) the abundance and variety of wild animals." Nor need we even go so far afield in order to ascertain that fact. Looking down from our eyrie above Sneem, we may see a small cluster or two of tiny green islands dotting the gray waters of the bay below, their vividness and feathery beauty contrasting with the bleakness and poverty-stricken look of the shores around. Now, many of the islands are divided from the mainland by the merest thread of water, sometimes actually fordable at low tide; yet no one who wanders over them can fail to be struck with the great richness and diversity of their vegetation, as contrasted with the neighbouring shores; more than one species of plant occurring there which seems to have wholly vanished from the neighbourhood, and is not to be seen again until we get amongst the yet more luxuriant woods and thickets of Killarney. The beauty, too, of these little oases—last survivors of a whole vanished woodland—is hardly to be exceeded. On one side, the west, we have a succession of cliffs, not indeed high, but steep and sheer, the Atlantic breaking full against them, and sending showers of spray over the lichens and wind-worn grasses on top. Upon the other—the sheltered side—we get into a wealth and variety of plant life for which we should have to look far to find a parallel; great oak, ash, and sycamore trees overshadowing thickets of fuchsia and arbutus (the former, of course, in the first instance planted), while underneath every square yard is a perfect study, from the variety and multiplicity of ferns and flowering plants crowning every knoll, and crowding every inch of soil down to the limits of the high tide.

Spots like these are certainly exceptional. Nevertheless, in spite of all that has been done to spoil it, Kerry still in many respects presents a more than usually happy hunting-ground to the botanist: its climate, where frost comes seldom, and snow never lies for any length of time; its wonderful diversity of surface; its mountains shutting it off from the biting winds,—all combining to make it, if not the richest, at all events one of the most varied and interesting regions he is likely to find within so easy a reach of home. Thus, out of the small but peculiarly south-European group of plants which we find in Ireland and not elsewhere in these

islands, several are strictly confined to Kerry and a small portion of south Cork. The beautiful large-flowered pinquicula, for instance, is unknown north of a line drawn from about the head of Dingle Bay to the harbour of Cork; the arbutus nowhere grows wild in these islands north of Dingle Bay, or north-east of the Killarney district; the hairy saxifrage and the kidney-leaved saxifrage are both confined to a few hill-sides in Cork and Kerry, the latter also extending to the Blasketts; the variegated simethis (a plant nearly related to the garlics) is found only upon a small sandy island near Derrynane; the pretty little spotted rock-rose being in like manner confined to a single locality near Carberry, in Cork. Most striking of all, perhaps, is the case of a small white orchis, known as the Irish lady's tresses, which abounds in North America, but is utterly unknown upon this side of the Atlantic, except in a single rushy meadow near Castletown, and possibly one or two other spots upon the north-west shores of Bantry Bay.

While, however, on the one hand, Kerry is thus rich, on the other hand another and a practically similar group of south-European plants, which occur along the coasts of Clare, Mayo, and Galway, are not found here. The heathers, for instance, are not nearly so well represented here as farther north; neither the Mediterranean heath, nor the still more beautiful St. Dabeoc's heath, which covers so much of the surface of West Galway, being present anywhere in Kerry or Cork; while Mackay's heath and the ciliated heath are both confined to a single stretch of bare bog some two miles to the north of Roundstone, in Connemara. Into the speculations to which these very striking peculiarities of distribution have given rise, it is needless now to enter. Enough for our present purpose, that there seems conclusive or fairly conclusive evidence that, during the last connection of these islands with the continent, but subsequent to that glacial epoch whose legacies are left scattered over all these hill-sides, a belt of land extended seaward for miles to the west of the present limits, and that along this belt, following the retreating footsteps of the ice, crept certain south-European plants, some of which, favoured by peculiar conditions of climate, especially by the chill dispelling influence of the Gulf Stream, have since retained their hold on Ireland, while lost and swept away from the whole of the intervening region. If this theory fails (as to my humble thinking I own it does) to fit entirely into *all* the facts of the case, it is at all events the best we are likely to lay our hands on for the present.

To this same kindly influence of the Gulf Stream, no doubt, is

owing the fact that Kerry possesses a marine fauna and flora of a very much more southern type than any other part of Ireland, closely approximating in this respect to that of Cornwall and Devonshire. Here too, as there, the shore, especially after the autumnal gales, may be found littered over with contributions from afar. The great Portuguese man-of-war—so familiar to every one who has ever sailed in tropic seas—may be seen, either sailing along with its variegated balloon-like float, high above the surface, or else lying dead upon the shore; all its curious dependent organs (some of which are occasionally yards in length) strewn hither and thither, in unlovely confusion over the strand. With it may sometimes be seen another and a nearly allied, but far smaller jelly-fish, known as Velella. In this instance the floating apparatus takes the form, not of a balloon, but of a so-called "sail;" in reality, a thin cartilaginous plate rising an inch or so above another and a similar but horizontal plate, beneath which again hang the tentacles and other organs. Both these differ widely from the medusæ or umbrella-like jelly-fish, with which every sea-side visitor is acquainted. Instead of the swimming bells, by the alternate contraction and dilatation of which the latter are free to propel themselves at will through the water, these are provided merely with floats, by the expansion of which they are able indeed to raise themselves to the surface, but for all further locomotion they are for the most part at the mercy of the winds and waves. More beautiful than either of these are the oceanic molluscs, whose homes are also upon the surface. Of these, two species, belonging to the genus Ianthina, may not infrequently be found on these shores. In size and shape they are not unlike a common land snail, but in colour and texture widely different, the entire shell being of a delicate opaline blue, a bluish white, and so fragile that it is rare to pick up one that has not suffered more or less damage in its transit.

But over and above such vagrants from afar, these shores are rich in creatures born and bred upon the spot. Conspicuous amongst these are the familiar Actinia, or sea anemones—a large proportion of the British species of which may either be found in the rock pools, or taken up by the dredge. If easy, however, to find, it must be owned that they are by no means equally easy to write about, their scientific names being of the longest; while the so-called English names—such as "muzzlet," "pufflet," "gapelet," "red-speckled pimplet," "marigold martlet," "trumplet," "creeplet," "spranelet," &c.—which in a cruel hour have been inflicted upon them, are alone enough to hinder anyone with the most elemen-

tary regard for his mother tongue from even distantly approaching the subject. The prettiest, to my thinking, of this whole order is also one of the smallest—a mere pigmy, barely half an inch in height. This in English is known by the less uncouth, if scarcely poetical, name of the green globehorn, and in science as Corynactis viridis. Rare on most shores, it abounds in Kerry, whole colonies covering the rocks at spring tides, or coming up on loose stones in a dredge. Its colour is generally a very pale emerald green, but this is merely the *fond*, upon which, as upon a palette, the other tints are laid. Over the base or foot rises a tiny semi-transparent column, supporting the disk, which is flat and surrounded by a dense crowd of tentacles, each ending in a small knob. It is upon this disk, especially at the mouth and along the margin, that the colours are chiefly laid—scarlet, purple, fawn colour, pearly gray shading into white, pale rosy red and dazzling pellucid orange being amongst a few of the tints with which at different times it is decked, each tint having moreover a purity like that of gems or of flower petals. Fortunately the creature is hardy too, and if secured without injury to its base—that sensitive region of all sea anemones—will live and expand its tentacles for years in an aquarium. It is a rather singular fact that the madrepores or cup-corals, two or three species of which occur within tide-marks in Cornwall and Devonshire, have apparently never been met with in the same situation in Kerry, although one at least of the number may be dredged at no great distance from the shore. On the other hand, the Echinodermata (or order to which the sea urchins and star fishes belong) are well represented here. So too are the Crustacea, one genus, the squat lobster (galathea), being, as far at least as my observation goes, decidedly commoner here than elsewhere. With its broad incurved tail and formidable-looking claws, this by many would simply be taken for a small lobster: in reality, however, its relationship is rather with the crabs, and anyone who happens to surprise a "squat" in the middle of a rock pool will do well to note its fashion of beating a retreat; how, without turning or even glancing backwards, with one well-directed effort it thrusts itself tail foremost into a hole, only the extreme tip of the long lobster-like claws being left protruding from the entrance.

Turning to the fish, we here also find several species which in these islands appear to confine themselves chiefly to this southern line of coast, or the corresponding areas in Cornwall and Devonshire. Amongst these may be reckoned the sardine and the anchovy, both more familiar in tins than in the sea, but both of which may, nevertheless, be met with in a few fathoms of water off this shore; the

latter abounding indeed along the whole Atlantic coasts of Spain and France (where it forms, as everyone knows, a staple article of commerce), South Britain, and as far north as the Baltic. Another local fish—in this instance more interesting in a zoological than in a culinary sense—is the lancelet (Amphioxus lanceolatus). Quaintest of beings; last survivor of a whole vanished order of vertebrates, possessing neither skull, nor brain, nor eyes, nor legs, nor any other qualifications to rank as a vertebrate, except the spinal rod and marrow, which, however, is supposed to entitle it to that distinction, and a vertebrate accordingly it is reckoned; but so wide is the gap between it and its nearest of kin, that a special division of the animal world has been created by Professor Hæckel for its reception: the whole vast and important tribe of vertebrates being divided into acrania or skull-less animals, and craniota or animals possessing skulls; the little lancelet reigning alone in the first, all the remainder—fish, batrachians, reptiles, birds, and mammals (including, of course, in the latter category ourselves) being crowded together into the second.

Amongst the land fauna of Kerry it is, if in some respects perhaps more difficult, on the whole easier to lay one's finger upon the more peculiar forms, especially as the destruction of the woods (that fertile grievance!) has had the effect of confining many of the rarer species to the few isolated patches of woodland that remain. Of these Killarney is incomparably the richest, many species, rare or unknown elsewhere, abounding amongst its oak- and arbutus-covered hill-sides. Amongst these must be reckoned a remarkably ugly and destructive little beetle—one Mesites Tardii—as rare happily as it is mischievous, but swarming amongst the trees upon the island of Inisfallen. Another rarity—this time fortunately an innocuous one—is a small caddis, known to naturalists as Setodes Argentipunctata, which is said to be peculiar to these islands, and which has hitherto only been found here and in Lake Windermere in Cumberland. Another and a more attractive "find" is a remarkably pretty moth, whose English name is the white prominent, and the history of whose capture here has been rather a singular one. Many years ago it was taken at Muckross by a Mr. Bouchard, a collector, who, upon his return to London, naturally announced his capture, and exhibited his specimens. Whereupon other entomologists started in pursuit, but without success, no more white prominents being forthcoming. As this happened time after time, and year after year, and no fresh specimens appeared, suspicions began to be aroused, and it was first whispered, then roundly asserted, that Bouchard had procured his specimens from abroad, with no other purpose than that of

palming them off upon the unsuspecting as British. So matters stood; but at last, years afterwards (poor Bouchard himself having in the meantime died), again the white prominent was seen, and again at Muckross, and in the same grove of birch-trees out of which the original specimens were taken. Since then, though still rare, it has been captured from time to time, but always I believe within a few yards of the original spot. Both this and Mesites Tardii are distinctly immigrants from the south, yet the bulk of the species here are northern rather than southern, and it has been remarked by a practical entomologist that "when an insect does occur in all three divisions of the kingdom, and has a northern variety, it is the *Scotch* and not the English form which occurs in the south of Ireland."

No naturalist who finds himself at Killarney should forget to visit Lough Cromaghaun, a desolate-looking little town, high up on the slopes of a mountain rising to the south of the upper lake, but famed amongst conchologists as the only known habitat for a rare little mollusc—one Limnea involuta—by no means an easy thing to find, and distinguished from its nearest of kin chiefly by a peculiar depression of the apex of the shell—a shell so fragile, by the way, that it is only with the utmost care and patience it can be detached from the stones. A great and peculiar interest attaches to this inconspicuous little species, from the fact that it and one other (a small slug discovered by Mr. Andrews, a Dublin naturalist, on the shores of Lough Carogh, south of Castlemain Bay) are the only two molluscs pronounced by conchologists to be undoubtedly peculiar to these islands—to occur, that is, on no other spot upon the whole earth's surface—and both are limited to a single station in this one single county of Kerry.[1] Another mollusc, less rare, but also less well known than its peculiarity deserves, is found in a few places in Kerry, as well as in Cork, Cornwall, Devonshire, along the Atlantic coasts of France and Spain, in Madeira, the Canaries, and at certain spots along the Mediterranean, but apparently never at any great distance from the sea. This, in English, is known as the snail-slug, and is, perhaps, the only land mollusc that can fairly be called a predaceous animal, its game being the common earth-worm, which it pursues from mine to mine, and from gallery to gallery, tracking it as a ferret tracks a rabbit, and when its worm is at last driven literally to earth—to the very last, that is, of all its turnings and doublings—it settles down to gorge itself leisurely upon its

[1] A slug resembling the latter is found in the Asturias, which Mr. Gwyn Jefferies thinks may prove to be identical, but L. involuta he holds to be undoubtedly peculiar.

still living and palpitating victim. Unlike other land molluscs, the snail-slug has the power of considerably elongating its body, without which it would probably be impossible for it to thread its way through the narrow passages underground. The shell too is reduced to a minimum, covering not the whole animal, but only that part of the body within which the more vital organs are contained.

Leaving these stray zoological memoranda, and leaving also Killarney, let us return for a moment to Kenmare Bay, and there place ourselves in imagination, not this time at the sheltered end, but rather at its open mouth, near where the north shore ends abruptly in the fierce and fatal rocks of Lamb Head. Behind us we have a long range of heathery slopes, brown in summer and purple in autumn, rising one behind the other in irregular succession, and before us the open Atlantic, dotted here and there with islands, amongst which the vertical cliffs of Scariff rise conspicuous, with Deenish a little to the left, while far away, beyond all these, and nearly on the verge of the horizon, the tall thin spires of the Skelligs —like some cathedral seen in a dream—rise faint but clear, the still tinier and indeed well-nigh imperceptible speck of the Lemon Rock being just discernible beyond. If, turning our eyes away from all this varied panorama, we fix them upon the rocks at our feet, we find that they consist, not of the ordinary and only too familiar limestones of the central plain of Ireland, but of warmer-tinted yellowish or reddish sandstones. The limestones are not, however, very far away, and if we take boat and cross to the opposite shores of the bay, we shall probably soon come upon them again, running in a narrow belt along the shore, the hard Silurian grits rising in the hills and headland above. To the eye, the latter appear to dip and twist about in every possible direction, and to no apparent purpose; changing when the shape of the valley is the same, and remaining unchanged when the valley alters; but a larger survey of the whole region shows that in reality a great though concealed symmetry underlies this apparent and merely local confusion, the strata being bent upwards from below in the form of vast curves and arches, rising thousands of feet in the air, dipping down again, and then again rising in another giant curve.[1] Contorted and often even vertical as the rocks now are, it is difficult to realise that all must at one time have been horizontal; more than this, that the whole area, sandstones and igneous rocks inclusive, was at one time buried under vast depths of carboniferous strata, including

[1] See explanations to accompany sheet 128 of the "Geological Survey of Ireland." Also Hull's "Physical Geography and Geology of Ireland."

probably wide coal-fields, now lost or represented only by a few scattered and provokingly inadequate fragments. That this result was largely due to the greater destructibility of the upper rocks is plain to see; the waves even now being busily engaged in carrying on the work which the rain and rivers began long ages ago. If, starting from the upper end of Kenmare Bay, we advance along its northern shore, we find that the band of carboniferous rock, always thin, becomes thinner and thinner, until about Sneem it vanishes altogether, nor do we again see any traces of it until we have crossed the whole breadth of the intermediate peninsula, and once more stand upon the sea-shore upon the south-west side of Dingle Bay. Westward between these two points stretches a wild region of cliffs, headlands, islands, jagged promontories, sea-worn buttresses, in fantastic and seemingly interminable variety; the cliffs, high in Kenmare Bay, being higher still in some of the other bays beyond, until they culminate in the magnificent precipices of Port Magee and Valentia, which rise in some instances to over seven hundred feet in height, the spray even there being often in wild weather shot right over the top and away across the country beyond. A coast fuller of variety and vicissitudes it would be difficult to conceive. Headlands beckon you on to further headlands; small bays open alluringly in the hollows left between threatening rocks; tiny islands start up adventurously in the very midst of the rush and roar of the surf. It is a shore rich in surprises, so that you never can tell what may be awaiting you around the next corner. Nor does this interest flag even when you leave this storm-driven region and pass inshore. So far, indeed, does the sea invade the land, that it requires some little ingenuity to escape from it. You drive your fifteen or twenty miles, you cross mountains, you get amongst fields and hedges, and flatter yourself you are well in the heart of the country, and at the last, as you cross a bridge, you find on looking over the parapet that you are still within reach of the tide, while from every bit of rising ground the bright waters of a bay, or perhaps of two, or even three, bays may be seen threading their way amongst the hills, the long heath-covered peninsulas pushing seaward for leagues on either hand; and when these at last come to an end, the struggle is still kept up by the islands, which rise up again and again to westward, fighting a desperate fight for bare life, until at last these too drop away; the struggle is over, and the blue immensity sweeps on without let or hindrance to the very uttermost verge of the horizon.

These remarks appear to have covered a good deal of ground

(and paper), and yet, as a matter of fact, they are the very barest and roughest *indicia* as to the *sort* of direction in which anyone interested in the subjects touched upon will do well to proceed in Kerry. The truth is, that a county (however small it may appear from a geographical point of view) is altogether too large and imposing and wide-reaching to be disposed of within the limits of an article; and even if we confine ourselves to one particular department, such as its geology, or its natural history, the materials at command are still apt to outrun the space at our disposal. As regards the last-named, this certainly is less the case in Ireland than elsewhere, since, as far as the humbler walks of zoology, at all events, are concerned, the materials of such a history are simply at present non-existent; indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that more has been written and investigated about any one single English county than about the whole of Ireland. As to the why and the wherefore of this much to be deplored neglect, opinion may differ; some, like old Molyneux, being inclined to ascribe it to the absence of that "inquisitive genius" so eloquently bemoaned by him nearly two centuries ago; others, perhaps more justly, to the all-pervading and all-invading encroachment of politics. Be this, however, as it may, the fact itself, unfortunately, is only too certain. If, for instance, we take up any of the various magazines devoted to such subjects, we shall probably not travel very far through its pages without lighting upon ample, and more than ample, confirmation of this. "When are we likely to learn more about the Hymenoptera of Ireland?" exclaims one despairing entomologist. "So long as Ireland continues unexplored, no work without a serious misnomer can be entitled 'Spiders of Great Britain and Ireland,'" chimes in a second. "This single peculiar Irish species (a beetle) stands as a monument of our comparative ignorance of the entomology of the sister isle," declares a third. Now, nothing, obviously, is easier than for the profane reader to mock at these wails over the absence of spiders, and complaints at the unsatisfactory state of statistics upon the subject of beetles; but it is not necessary, or ought not surely to be necessary at this hour of the day, to point out that it is by the accumulation, and only by the accumulation, of such small, individually unimportant, or seemingly unimportant facts, that anything like large or accurate generalisations are to be arrived at. Let anyone, at any rate, who feels any doubt on that head, hear what Mr. Wallace has to say on the matter: "If," he says in his "Island Life," "we take the organic productions of a small island, or of any very limited tract of country, such as a moderate-sized country parish, we have by their

relations and their affinities—in the fact that they are *there*, and others are *not* there—a problem which involves all the migrations of these species and of their ancestral forms ; all vicissitudes of climate, and all the changes of sea and land which have affected those migrations ; the whole series of actions and reactions which have determined the preservation of some forms and the extinction of others—in fact, the whole history of the earth, inorganic and organic, throughout a large portion of geological time." Weighty words, not needing or likely to be strengthened by any further additions of mine.

EMILY LAWLESS.

OF FURRED AND FEATHERED FOES IN NEW COUNTRIES.

"Take us the foxes—the little foxes—that spoil the grapes."

I SUPPOSE that no one who has always lived at home can fully realise the strange thrill of delight, born of old association, when suddenly, in some far-distant land, the familiar note of a bird—the scent of a flower—the strain of some old melody—arrests the wanderer, and in a moment carries his thoughts far away across stormy seas, to the beloved home, where perhaps, even then, dear ones are thinking of him, and of the happy day that shall bring him back to them.

Such a flood of old memories came to me when, on landing in New Zealand after a long residence in the tropics, my ear was gladdened by the most musical note in all bird harmonies, the lovely warble of our own common sky-lark. I had been living so long in Fiji,[1] where the word grass generally means tall reeds, meeting far overhead, that the mere fact of walking over short meadow-grass was charming, and it was a real pleasure to stroll to my host's dairy farm, following a path which led over swelling pasture-land, just like Sussex downs, with sheep and cattle feeding peacefully.

We passed through lovely, quiet glades, running through a belt of true old New Zealand bush, most carefully preserved by the owner, Sir George Grey. But in these grassy glades we saw a large number of most interesting creatures, imported by him from other countries, and so perfectly acclimatised to this new home, that they seem to increase and multiply more rapidly than in the lands where they were indigenous.

The most remarkable of these imported creatures are the lovely little tree-kangaroos, which are only found in New Guinea. One pair was brought thence by the captain of a vessel, from whom Sir George purchased them, and turned them loose, as he does every sort of animal, from north, south, east, and west, on his beautiful island home of Kawau. Two or three years elapsed, and he never

[1] *At Home in Fiji*, by C. F. Gordon-Cumming. Blackwood & Sons.

caught a glimpse of these little beauties, and feared they had perished—when, to his delight, first one and then another, and another, appeared, frolicking all about the woods. Now they have multiplied to such an extent, that many have to be killed every year.

They are small animals, as beautiful as they are rare, with the richest brown fur; and, when feeding on the meadow-grass, you would naturally mistake them for hares; but, at the faintest sound, they sit upright, and, standing on their long hind-legs, they bound away with a succession of leaps, and re-appear, springing from bough to bough, and peering cautiously from among the dark foliage or the flaming blossoms of the Pohutakawa—(a Maori name, meaning the brine-sprinkled—because the magnificent tree which bears it loves to out-stretch its wide arms over the salt sea).

The English settlers call it the Christmas tree,[1] because it invariably blossoms at Christmas-tide, and boughs of its scarlet flowers take the place of holly in church decorations. When in its prime, each tree is one sheet of glowing scarlet, and the effect of its flame-coloured branches overhanging the bright blue water, and dripping showers of fiery stamens in the sea, or on the grass, is positively dazzling.

But to return to the living creatures, now so abundant in a land which so recently possessed no four-footed beasts of any sort except a small rat, which was the only quadruped indigenous in New Zealand or Fiji. Some of the other South Sea Isles possessed an ugly little native dog, and a lanky breed of pigs; but New Zealand had only a rat, which, strange to say, has died out before the arrival of the large Norwegian rat, which came uninvited with its numerous relations, taking a free passage by too many of the European ships.

Now, on the island of Kawau (which lies about twenty miles from Auckland, on the North Isle of New Zealand) we saw not only a multitude of common kangaroos, or wallabies, as they are called in Australia—their native land; but also herds of Indian elk, fallow deer, and red deer; wild cattle, and wild pigs, all of which are descended from specimens brought here by Sir George Grey, not very many years ago.

The gentlemen of our party enjoyed some pleasant days of pheasant-shooting, and of stalking larger game; but they agreed that shooting wallabies was beneath the dignity of true sportsmen, for they were so very deliberate in their strange leaping retreat, and habit of frequently pausing to look back wistfully at the cruel biped who came to molest them.

[1] *Metrosideros tomentosa.*

Among the many interesting features of this pleasant island home is the fact that here—as in a haven of refuge—there still exist specimens of the weka, one of the wingless birds peculiar to New Zealand; while among the house treasures there is a skeleton of the great extinct Moa, which is like a gigantic ostrich.

The island is really a paradise of acclimatisation. Every sort of tree and plant has been introduced by Sir George; while all native plants have been carefully preserved, and already it is difficult to guess what is indigenous and what imported. You wander through a belt of dark forest, through thickets of luxuriant tree ferns, some of which have tall straight stems, fully thirty feet high, bearing the crown of beautiful leaves from twelve to fifteen feet in length, while other green gullies are over-shadowed by a canopy of green fronds which, on the under-side, gleam like silver.

Imagine the delight of losing yourself in such a dream of loveliness, and perhaps coming suddenly on a thicket of figs or peaches, loaded with ripe fruit! These are imported, but grow luxuriantly wherever they are planted. So do orange trees and mulberries, apples, pears, and apricots; and the delight of Sir George has been to plant all manner of fruit-bearing trees, in unexpected places, for the benefit of all his people. Happy people they are, and well they may be, with so kind a master.

Amongst the delightful reminders of home, I came on a sparkling brook, where fresh green water-cress looked up invitingly, and when I had feasted on this, I wandered across the meadows, scarcely yet realizing with what infinite toil and care the New Zealand scrub had been eradicated, and that smooth English turf induced to grow.

This obstinate shrub, which the Maoris call *Manakau*, resembles gigantic heather or juniper, in that its foliage consists of tiny needles, though its delicate white blossom rather resembles myrtle. It grows in dense thickets, and spreads so rapidly as to cause endless trouble to the settlers, who endeavour to convert the hillsides into such pleasant slopes of English grass as those which here appeared to me so perfectly natural.

I wandered on till I came to a bank, clothed with large tufts of handsome green flags, with tall spikes of scarlet blossom, fully ten feet in height. This I knew to be the precious New Zealand flax,[1] the long leaves of which are nature's ready-made cords and straps—so strong is the fibre, and so readily do the leaves split into the narrowest strips. Valuable as it is to the inhabitants of its native

[1] *Phormium tenax.*

country, it is not a profitable article of commerce, in consequence of the coating of strong glutinous resin which covers the base of every leaf, and has hitherto, I understand, defied all the ingenuity of those who have endeavoured to apply machinery to its manufacture.

Below this bank of wild flax, the calm blue sea rippled upon the white sands of a little bay, enclosed on either side by low rocks, over-shadowed by the wide-spreading boughs of the beautiful flame-coloured Christmas-tree, which literally dip into the sea. Both the branches and the rocks are coated with delicious little oysters, and I plead guilty to having soon acquired a taste which at first seemed to me nearly as horrible as the South Sea custom of eating small fish alive—namely, knocking off the oysters with a sharp stone, and feasting on them, while we sat among the rock-pools beneath the beautiful trees. They are of excellent flavour, and we constantly indulged in feasts which any epicure might have envied; and certainly there was no need for any one to stint his allowance, as the little isle of which I speak has a coast-line of thirty miles—along which lie a succession of oyster-beds—so the supply always exceeded the demand.

Just above the flax bank, a yellow sandstone cliff rises sheer from the sea. Green grass and scattered pines now crown its summit; but in the old Maori days it was a noted Pah, or place of defence, where tattooed warriors fought to the death. Those on this island were noted pirates, and at last the neighbouring tribes on the mainland united to destroy them. Now all is very peaceful, and only a deep ditch running round the headland on the land side, suggests the stories of olden days, and of the blood here shed.

I have lain for hours on the smooth turf, on the brink of that high cliff, looking down into a sea so clear, that I could watch the white-breasted cormorants (the Kawau, from which the island takes its name) dive for fish, and swim after them under water, for ever so far. And overhead, as if rejoicing in the exquisite purity of the bright, bracing atmosphere, warbled 'a busy crowd of larks'—the joyous singers who gave me such thrilling welcome on the day of my arrival.

No wonder the early settlers longed to hear those sweet voices, when, in the old days of slow travelling, England and home seemed to them, in truth, a land very far off. So the caged larks were imported and set free, and found a new world so congenial, that now the whole air is musical with their lovely rippling warblings.

But these new island worlds have by no means reason to be

equally gratified by the success of all experiments in acclimatisation. In far too many instances, the plants and the creatures so carefully introduced have increased and multiplied at so alarming a rate as already to call forth vigorous, but unavailing, efforts for their repression.

For instance—that water-cress which I gathered with such delight from the sparkling brook at Kawau, has proved anything but a boon to the Southern Provinces, where what was originally so carefully planted in the streams, has spread in such dense masses as literally to obstruct the course of rivers, and choke their mouths. In Otago and Canterbury Provinces, destructive floods, which have resulted in loss of life and property, are attributed solely to the increase of this simple plant; and thousands of pounds are annually expended in the effort to check its too luxuriant growth.

The innocent daisy, round which weary, toil-worn men assembled in almost tearful homage, does not seem to have done any damage; but the tall purple thistle, which was brought to New Zealand by a too zealous Scot, now runs riot over the land. I saw it growing in thickets on the waste lands near Auckland; and though some enthusiasts maintained that it was doing good work in preparing the soil for more remunerative crops, I think the farmers would certainly have preferred its absence.

Certainly those of Australia do not attempt to conceal their dismay at its extraordinary increase. It is barely a quarter of a century since the very first thistle was imported to Australia and landed safely at Port Philip. Every Scotchman in Victoria made pilgrimage to the capital, to have a look at the old familiar emblem and dream of home. A great public dinner was given in its honour, and the precious plant occupied the post of honour on the table. Many were the speeches made and toasts drunk on the occasion, and the enthusiasm knew no bounds. Afterwards this thistle was carefully planted in its new kingdom, and right royal has been its rule. Never was conquered country held with a firmer grip. The stately thistle proved so prolific in the congenial soil and kindly climate that now thousands of acres of the farmer's best land are completely cropped with thistles, and no efforts can by any possibility eradicate this pest. Thousands and tens of thousands of pounds have been expended on carrying out various schemes for its extermination, but the hardy invader laughs at them all, and blooms as fresh and fair as ever it did on its own native soil; indeed, it is a much stronger and handsomer plant than were its Scottish ancestors.

Another plant, which in all these isles has taken a too vigorous

hold of the soil, is the common sweet-briar. Introduced for the sake of its fragrant perfume, it now, especially in Tasmania, has become so strong and so tenacious that it is impossible to keep it within bounds : its thick roots penetrate the soil to a great depth, and it forms a dense scrub, to the total destruction of what were formerly pleasant pasture lands.

Just in the same way, both in Ceylon and Tahiti, I have seen the lantana, introduced a few years ago as an ornamental garden shrub, now overrunning thousands of acres, to the despair of the cultivators ; and in Tahiti and Hawaii I have ridden through miles of guava scrub, all descended from a few guava bushes introduced in fruit gardens.

But this increase of vegetable life is as nothing compared with the appalling fecundity of animal life, too rashly introduced in the first rage for acclimatisation. It was thought sufficient to prove that creatures could live in these countries, which possessed so few types of animal life ; but the possibility of their increasing only too rapidly, and becoming a curse instead of a blessing, never seems to have occurred to the Acclimatisation Societies.

Their triumphs in filling the Tasmanian rivers with salmon, and in covering vast tracts of New Zealand and Australia with countless herds of sheep and oxen, have been true benefits to mankind ; but when it came to introducing sparrows, with a view to the destruction of the grubs and insects which had rapidly increased since European vegetables had been so extensively grown—and, still worse, the introduction of rabbits as a useful addition to the larder—then, indeed, the experiment of acclimatisation was overdone.

About eighteen years ago great excitement prevailed in South Australia when it was announced that about fifty sparrows had been safely landed. It was hoped that the great plague of grubs would rapidly disappear before these ravenous birds, but the result proved very different. The acclimatised sparrow developed totally new habits in a country where there was no struggle for existence, no winged foes to fear, comparatively few men to disturb him, and an unlimited supply of all good things of the earth for his daily food.

Strange to say, he has almost entirely abandoned his carnivorous habits, and is now chiefly frugivorous ! An occasional grub may be picked up by chance ; but gardens abounding in peaches and plums, pears and apples, nectarines, figs, cherries, and grapes, olives and loquats, offer more tempting fare in summer and autumn ; while young peas, cabbages and cauliflowers, wheat and barley, even lucern grass, supply their need in summer and winter. If fruits are

out of season, the accommodating birds content themselves with fruit buds, or even with seed.

The unfortunate cultivator, who had hoped to find them useful auxiliaries, is driven to despair. Every expedient for their destruction is tried by turns, but all alike prove ineffectual. The enlightened birds mock at scarecrows, object to eating poison, and those who do succumb to guns, traps, and nets are but an insignificant minority. Still, these prolific birds increase and multiply. The original fifty have already millions of descendants. Like the Israelites of promise, they are as the stars of heaven for multitude; and now one of the most engrossing questions of the Melbourne Government is how to get rid of the sparrows.

A special commission has been appointed to inquire into the "Sparrow Question," and some of the multitude of sufferers have appeared as witnesses against the depredators. Their evidence is startling. One man tells how he sowed his peas three times, and each time they were eaten by the sparrows. Another had fifteen acres of lucern grass destroyed. A third tells how in ten days they cleared his vineyard of a ton and a half of grapes, and stripped five fig-trees which had been loaded with fruit. A fourth, owning a garden of moderate size, had been robbed of £30 worth of fruit, and so the evidence goes on accumulating, and the sparrow is proved to be a far worse foe than caterpillars or even blight.

So evident is the necessity of strong action in the matter that the South Australian Government has now offered a reward of sixpence per dozen for sparrows' heads, and *2s. 6d.* per hundred for their eggs. This will doubtless afford a useful income to many a lad, but considering how vast is the extent of the land and how few its inhabitants, there is small reason to hope that the enemy will ever be really conquered. The vegetarian sparrow of Australia will probably continue in full possession of the land.

Grievous as the introduction of sparrows has proved to the Australian agriculturist, that of rabbits has proved even more serious to the sheep-farmer. In Victoria the attention of the Legislature is divided between these two pests. The rabbits, introduced twenty-five years ago as table delicacies, have now increased and multiplied so alarmingly as to destroy many of the finest sheep-runs, and ruin the men who held them.

When first an alarm was raised as to the probability of their increase, it was supposed that the native cat, which is a kind of weasel, would effectually check this danger; but, strange to say, these curious creatures soon became sworn allies, and are said to

share the same burrows in the most friendly manner. So effectually do the rabbits destroy the grass, that many great districts have been entirely abandoned, and the few remaining inhabitants have to import their mutton from more favoured runs.

New Zealand has, perhaps, suffered even more grievously from the ravages of these gentlest of furry foes. About twenty years ago a colonist brought seven rabbits from the old country to his new home at Invercargill in the southern isle. It was thought that to turn these adrift on the bleak sand-hills along the coast could not fail to prove a benefit to the colony.

For some years this answered capitally, and the colonists enjoyed excellent shooting on the links (as such a sea-board is called in Scotland). But ere long, the rabbits increased to such an extent that they cropped every blade of grass, and even devoured the roots, which alone bound the light sand-hills, and prevented them from blowing over the better soil inland. Very soon this evil occurred, and the land was greatly injured.

Then the farmers on the sea-coast began shooting and trapping in earnest; but by this time some more rabbits had been imported to Otago, and from these two centres the mischief rapidly spread. Considering that each rabbit breeds eight times a-year, and produces an average of six young at each litter, it is easy to perceive how rapid must be their increase. On the other hand, their human foes are few, the settlers in the interior living eight or ten miles apart—a lonely life, in truth, where, perhaps, half-a-dozen men herd the flocks which range over fifty thousand acres.

It became evident that these shepherds could never check the progress of the evil without assistance, so men were hired to ferret, trap, shoot, or worry the invaders. These men travelled with large packs of dogs, numbering from one to two dozen. They were paid at the rate of twopence a skin. It was, however, soon found that the sale of skins fetched less than they cost, while the presence of strange dogs disturbed the sheep, and often resulted in their being worried.

The sheep-runs being in general tracts of Crown land, merely rented by the farmer for a limited term of years for the purpose of rearing stock, it was found in many cases not to be worth the expense of attempting to cope with the mischief. One cure after another was tried, such as stopping the burrows with cotton-waste saturated in bi-sulphide of carbon, but all were successively given up as useless efforts to meet so wide-spread an evil. In many cases it was found that the land could no longer support one-fourth of its

former number of sheep, so the holders were absolutely compelled to throw up their leases and abandon their runs.

The extent of the ravages could hardly be credited were it not for the cut-and-dry statistics of the Rabbit Nuisance Committee. I may quote a few items from the evidence of many gentlemen owning large sheep-runs in the provinces of Otago and South Canterbury. Many begin by stating how incredulous they were at first that rabbits would even take to the new country sufficiently to afford them sport. All too quickly their eyes were opened.

For instance, in South Canterbury, Messrs. Cargill and Anderson killed five hundred thousand rabbits by poison a year ago, but in the following spring their sheep-run was just as densely peopled by them as though not one had perished. Mr. Kitchen states that he kept nearly a hundred men working as rabbit-killers for four months, and succeeded in clearing his land. Now they are worse than ever. Mr. Rees says that he killed a hundred and eighty thousand last year, and his employer, Mr. R. Campbell, expended £3,000 in one year in attempting to keep down the pest on his runs of 168,000 acres. Still the plague spreads, and the whole land from Waitaki to Foveaux Strait is more or less infested with rabbits. Many districts are just a vast warren, on which it is impossible to keep sheep at all. Mr. R. Campbell alone has been compelled to abandon *two hundred and fifty thousand acres!* Chiefly in Southland and Wallace counties, and on the North Maira Lake and Greenstone Valley several other sheep-farmers have also been forced to abandon runs of from fifteen to sixteen thousand acres.

Many estates, though less seriously injured than these, have still suffered so greatly that their value is immensely deteriorated. Eight runs, which formerly brought in a rental of £1,000 per annum, now let for £170. The Burwood Run is instanced as one which used to carry 80,000 sheep, but now barely provides food for 24,000. In 1878 the total number of sheep in the colony was upwards of thirteen millions; in 1879 it was reduced to about eleven and a half millions; and this decrease, though now considerably checked, has continued. The loss on the exports of wool and tallow is estimated at five hundred thousand pounds per annum.

On the other hand, in 1879, there were exported from New Zealand upwards of five million rabbit-skins—value £46,759—and in the following year upwards of seven million rabbit-skins sold for £66,976.

The rabbit plague had then reached its height, and, as in most cases of extremity, when need is highest, help is nighest. The help

(which the sheep-farmers look upon as an earnest of salvation) was the idea of wholesale poisoning by means of grain saturated with phosphorus, which is now sprinkled broadcast over the rabbit-haunted land. The method of preparing it is simple. Large barrels are made with closely-fitting lids. These are half-filled with oats, on which boiling water is then poured. When the oats are thoroughly soaked and swollen, the phosphorus, which has been prepared separately in a pan of hot water, is poured in and the lid quickly closed, to avoid all risk from the poisonous phosphoric fumes. The barrel is then rolled over and over for some minutes, till the grain has thoroughly absorbed the poison, after which, the feast of death has only to be spread.

How the sheep are prevented from sharing the fatal banquet I cannot imagine—certainly all other graminivorous animals must perish, including the already too rare native birds, which can never be replaced. But as regards other creatures, the settlers say it would be easy to import them all afresh, if only the too prolific bunnies can be exterminated. The present method of destruction is so simple and so cheap that the sale of rabbit-skins more than covers the expense incurred, so the sufferers have gathered heart for a work which offers some hope of success, and they hope that the days of their tribulation may have a speedy end.

Nevertheless, it is evident that sheep-farming in Australia and New Zealand is no longer the sure and certain short cut to wealth which it was accounted some years ago. Indeed, there is evident danger that a new settler may too readily be tempted by low prices to purchase or rent lands which he may too late discover to be mere rabbit-warrens. There are limited land companies which profess to offer most advantageous terms to capitalists and settlers; but as some of the chief promoters of these companies are men holding vast tracts of land which are now entirely abandoned to the rabbits, there is good reason for caution in such investments.

Nor is this the only danger which may beset the unfortunate sheep-farmer in these modern days. The settlers in some of the higher districts of New Zealand are cruelly harassed by flocks of green parrots, which abound on certain of the mountain ranges where sheep-runs have been established. In the deep-wooded glens these beautiful and innocent-looking birds spend their days, but at night they come forth (like owls) seeking what they may devour; and, unfortunately for the sheep-farmers, they have quite recently developed a strong liking for mutton, to which they help themselves in the most thievish and cruel manner.

This is altogether contrary to parrot habits, as these beautiful birds are all by nature vegetarians, and live on fruit, leaves, and all manner of dainty green food, of which they find an abundant supply all the year round in their native forests. Certainly I have seen tame parrots which were by no means averse to eating meat or picking bones; these, however, had acquired gross habits, altogether contrary to nature, while in captivity.

But this very remarkable mountain parrot, or kea, as it is called,[1] has adopted this most obnoxious habit entirely of its own accord. It is positively asserted that, till a very recent period, it was as strict a vegetarian as all its brethren, and that only within the last few years has it acquired a taste for blood. It is not above ten or twelve years since the first sheep are known to have been attacked by this new foe; now it is the scourge of the sheep-runs on many of the high levels, and is a more pitiless foe than the hooded crows and the kites, or even the eagles of our own Scottish Highlands.

It is supposed to have first tasted flesh during some seasons of scarcity or unusually severe winters, when the forests lay deep in snow, and all the feathered tribes shared in the general starvation. Then flocks of these pretty parrots, at all times somewhat bold in their habits, approached human dwellings, and discovered a new feature, which they had never seen in the old days, when the Maoris (the aboriginal New Zealanders) possessed their own land.

Now they found larders in the open air, where whole carcasses of sheep were hanging, ready for the use of the white settlers. They tasted this new food, and liked it so well that they very soon entirely gave up their vegetarianism, and became strictly carnivorous. This certainly is a curious fact in natural history, and one which, I believe, has no parallel in ornithology, though I have seen bears in the Himalayas which had also learnt to prefer sheep to apricots, and the sparrows of Australia have shown us that a carnivorous bird may become frugivorous.

The parrots thenceforth frequented the meat-gallows, tearing off large quantities of fat. They would appear to have studied the carcasses scientifically and anatomically—for they soon discovered that the most delicate fat lies all round the kidneys—and seem to have taken accurate observations of the easiest method of attack, to secure this dainty from the living animal.

By what process of reasoning they came to connect the carcasses on the meat-gallows with the flocks on the mountains, or to learn the exact position of the kidneys in a living sheep, it were hard to

[1] Nestor notabilis.

say; but from the time when parrots first tasted mutton-fat (only about twelve years ago) the shepherds on the higher sheep-runs began to remark that many of their sheep had sores on the saddle, just in front of the hips. In every case the wound was in the same place, directly above the kidneys. Some sheep were slightly wounded and recovered, retaining only a scar or scab, but others were so seriously injured as to be past hope. As wasps invariably attack the ripest fruit, so the sheep thus injured were invariably those in best condition.

For awhile no clue could be discovered to the unknown and mischievous foe, but at length a shepherd from one of the high sheep-runs declared that he was convinced that the murderous robber was none other than the parrot of the high mountain ranges. His suggestion was treated as nonsense, for the nocturnal habits of the bird being then unknown, no one suspected its midnight raids. Ere long, however, the shepherd was able to prove that he had not spoken without good reason, for a parrot, waxing bolder than its fellows, was observed perched on a sheep, on the identical spot where the others had been wounded, busily engaged in tearing apart the wool to get at the flesh.

The taste, thus acquired, spread so rapidly, that the whole tribe of mountain parrots have now abjured fruits, in favour of mutton; and the devastation wrought by them is so terrible that one sheep station reports that within five months two hundred fine young wethers, out of a flock of three hundred, were so cruelly injured that they all died. Just imagine! two-thirds of a healthy flock falling victims to these bloodthirsty parrots!

A still more serious case was that of a sheep-run at Matatapu, where, within one month, nineteen out of a flock of twenty strong Lincoln rams were killed by the pretty emerald-green birds.

But though these are, of course, exceptional cases, there is literally no flock, however watched and tended, which has not to record some deaths from this cause—four per cent. being the general average.

The flocks suffer most during the severe winters, when the poor sheep are exhausted by struggling through deep snow, and often burdened with a double coat of wool, the growth of two years. They toil through the snow-drifts till they are stupefied, and then a flock of keas (ever on the watch for their opportunities) alight near them, hopping about, till at last they perch on the back of a victim—always on the same spot—and, profiting by the firm grip afforded them by the long wool, they fasten their sharp claws in the fleece, the

wretched sheep vainly attempting to shake them off. Then, with their strong cruel beaks (which are about two inches in length, with the upper mandible curved, forming a sharp hook),they proceed to tear open the flesh, but do not care to eat it. These horrible epicures tear their way through the writhing, tortured animal, till they reach the kidneys, whence they remove the coveted fat, and then leave the poor creature to die in lingering agony.

Of course, war to the death is now waged by all shepherds against these malefactors, and a reward of a shilling a head is paid for dead keas; so a new class of mountain rangers has sprung up—men who are professedly parrot-exterminators, and who wander at nights over the bleak mountain sheep-runs, kindling fires to attract these nocturnal birds. Woe be to the unwary parrot who comes within range: his pretty feather coat is doomed to adorn the hat of some lady in a far country. But, strange to say, the kea, formerly so bold, now seems to have acquired a guilty fear of man and a dread of just retribution for his misdeeds, and so shuns the approach of all human beings.

Thus, while the acclimatised sparrow of Australia has learnt to prefer luscious fruits and succulent vegetables to its former diet of insects and worms, the mountain parrot of New Zealand has developed precisely the contrary tastes. But in each case these birds have assumed a totally new character, and the agriculturist and the sheep-farmer have alike cause for bitter enmity against these feathered foes.

C. F. GORDON-CUMMING.

HANS SACHS.

Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters.—*Longfellow.*

GERMAN poetry, from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, considered in reference to the men that represented it, shows a twofold division, to which we may, not inappropriately, give the respective names of Poetry of the Court and Poetry of the Work-shop. To the old German epics, to the heroic cycle which depicted the struggles of Christianity with Paganism, the rude society of the feudal ages in its general features, to the Nibelungen Lied and to Gudrun, there had succeeded the more personal poetry of the minnesingers or bards of love. The minnesingers of Germany were a copy, modified by circumstances of language and country, of the troubadours and trouvères of France. In France, lyrical poetry had sprung up and blossomed in the midst of court life, and at the very foot of the throne. The proudest lords of Provence and of Languedoc, the Counts of Toulouse, the Dukes of Aquitaine, the Dauphins of Vienne and of Auvergne, the Princes of Orange, the Counts of Foix, all these appear on the noble roll of the troubadours.

In Germany, likewise, the ranks of the minnesingers were recruited from the noblest and highest in the land. Emperors and Kings, Dukes and Princes, Counts and Knights, echoed, in harsher tones, the polished strains of the provençal bards. We may still read the verses of two members of the house of Hohenstaufen, those of Henry VI., son of the celebrated Barbarossa, and of Konrad the Younger, who perished at Naples by the hands of the executioner. We still possess the songs of Wenceslaus, King of Bohemia, whose flowing verse would have deserved notice and praise even if he had been of less exalted rank; of Duke Henry of Breslau, of the Margrave Otto of Brandenburg. Hartman von der Aue, the learned Wolfram von Eschenbach and Pleinfeld, Walther von der Vogelweide, Ulrich von Liechtenstein, were all of noble blood and knightly rank.

The sojourn of Poesy at the court of princes, amongst brave knights and fair women, was but of short duration. From the grey battlements and lofty towers of the mountain fortress it winged its

flight to the many-steepled, industrious city. The contest of song was transferred from the noble castle of the Wartburg to the town-hall of Mainz. The minnesinger was succeeded by the master-singer.

It is impossible to determine with any degree of certainty the transition of German poetry from minnesong to mastersong, or indeed to fix the date at which the Guilds of Mastersingers were established in the German towns. Henry of Meissen is mentioned as the founder of the oldest, that which existed in Mainz. He is better known under the surname of Frauenlob, or "Praise-the-Ladies." Legend represents him as having acquired so much popularity amongst the fair sex by his praises of them that, at his death, he was borne to the grave by women. It is probable, however, that the school of song founded by Frauenlob was not a lay institution, but one of a purely clerical character. Nevertheless, this at least is certain, that as early as the middle of the fifteenth century, schools of song existed, and that, towards the end of the same century, they were looked upon as an old institution, of which the origin was lost in the obscurity of legend. They flourished more especially in the towns of South Germany, in Mainz, Augsburg, Nürnberg, Memmingen, Colmar, Ulm, and other places of less note. In some of these towns, the guilds of song consisted exclusively of the masters of one craft, of master shoemakers in Colmar, of master weavers in Ulm. In others, however, they were recruited indiscriminately from all trades. The masters exercised their art gravely and honestly as they worked at their craft. If we cannot look upon their verse with admiration, we cannot but respect them as the representatives of all that was best and worthiest in the social condition of the time, of the severe morality, the contented domesticity, the unity of the burgher class. When the artizan had left the loom, laid aside awl and last, put out the smithy fire or hung up his shears, he retired to the solitary stillness of his room, and devoted his well-earned leisure to the imitation or invention of artificial verses. And when the Sunday came round, illuminated placards announced that, in the afternoon, the masters of the guild would hold a school of song at the Rathhaus or in the Parish Church. When masters, and pupils, and candidates for the honour of mastership, as well as a numerous assembly of burghers, with their wives and families, had come together, the public recitation began. A poetical tribunal, composed of the most distinguished of the masters, sat in judgment over the productions of the candidates. It was separated from the body of the assembly by a silken curtain, which was drawn

aside as the proceedings commenced. The Gemerk, as this examining or rather criticising body was called, consisted of the Merkmeister with the assistant Merker, of the Büchsenmeister or treasurer, of the Schlüsselmeister or secretary, and of the Kronmeister. After the time of Luther, the Merkmeister, whose duty it was to determine whether the poet's style was pure and correct, had the translation of the Bible open before him as the recognised standard of language. It was the province of the assistants to criticise respectively the prosody, the rhymes, and the melody of the poem. On presenting himself before the tribunal of song, the candidate, after having respectfully complimented the masters and the audience, set forth the subject and the form of his poem, the arrangement of the rhymes and the melody. If, according to the judgment of the Merker, the candidate had complied with the thirty-two regulations of the "Tabulatur," he received from the Kronmeister a silver chain, whence hung a badge representing King David playing upon the harp, and his poem was handed to the Schlüsselmeister to be copied into the archives of the guild. But, if he failed, if provincialisms were detected in his poem, if, in contravention of the fourth and fifth articles of the "Tabulatur," "it contained sentences which nobody could understand," or "words wherein no meaning could be discovered," or if he transgressed by "false meanings," that is to say, by lewd words or allusions, he was relentlessly sent back to study the received standards.

The poems of the mastersingers, which were always lyrical, were not merely recited, but chanted or sung. Each poem or "bar" usually consisted of three stanzas or gesätze, though this number might at times be increased to five or even seven. A bar with three gesätze was a gedrittes lied, one with five a gefünftes, and one with seven a gesiebtes lied. These stanzas were further sub-divided into two stollen or strophes, and an abgesang or antistrophe. The stollen were respectively at the commencement and end of the stanza, and were set to the same melody; whilst the abgesang, which separated them, was sung to a different air. There seem to have been seven different kinds of rhyme, the dumb or mute rhymes (stumpfe reime), the sounding rhyme (klingende reime): denominations which are not more obscure, and perhaps less absurd, than the masculine and feminine rhymes of the French. When the rhymes fell together in couplets, they were called schlag-reime, and might naturally be either sounding schlag-reime (klingende schlag-reime), or mute schlag-reime (stumpfe schlag-reime). The introduction of an unrhymed verse between sets of schlag-reime

was occasionally sanctioned, and such verses were called modes or simple verses (weisen or einfache verse). Besides these, there were the pauses (pausen) and the coronets (krönlein), of which, however, we are not able to give any further explanation than is contained in the names. The number of lines to a stanza was variable, and sometimes ran to a hundred. The position of the rhymes and the length of the lines also seem to have been arbitrary. The bar was, consequently, susceptible of innumerable transmutations and permutations; and to discover new combinations (weisen) was the test of a meistersinger's skill and the height of his poetical ambition. The weisen, of which there were several hundreds, bore the name of the inventor linked to the most ludicrous appellations. The illustrious Frauenlob, for example, contributed the "yellow weise," the "blue weise," the "frog weise," and the "looking-glass weise." Hans Tindeisen has come down to us through a "rosemary weise"; and Joseph Schmierer's name is immortalised in a "flowery-paradise weise." We may add such wonderful specimens as the "tender melody of letters," the "quick melody of the plough," the "long double harmony of the dove," the "long tail of the swallow," the "short melody of the monkey," and the "melody of the fat badger."

According to the masters, the institution of the school of magistral song was of the remotest antiquity. An elaborate disquisition by Master Cyril Spangenburg traced it back to the "Celtic bards of the time of Abraham"; and the fable was gravely ordered to be transcribed on vellum, "bound with gold bosses, clasps, and corners, and preserved in the archives of the guild." A less pretentious and more circumstantial legend attributed the charter of incorporation to Otto I. In 962, it affirmed, the Twelve Wise Masters were cited by the Emperor to appear before the University of Pavia, "where," in the words of Adam Puschman, "they sang before the professors, and were declared to be the masters and founders of the art." Their names are duly recorded, but, unfortunately for the authenticity of the story, they are those of poets neither contemporary with each other nor with the Emperor Otto I. Chief amongst them is the well-known Walther von der Vogelweide, the hero of the poetical contest at the Wartburg. The other worthies associated with him were Frauenlob, of whom we have already had occasion to speak, Wolfram von Eschenbach, Conrad Marner, Mügeling, Klingsohr, Sarke Papp, and the five honourable burghers, Regenbogen, the Roman of Zwickau, the Chancellor, Conrad of Würtzburg, and Stoll enior.

From Mainz, if we accept it as the birthplace of mastersong, the

gay science quickly spread to the other German towns. Foremost among them Nürnberg soon became famous for its school of song, which at one time consisted of no fewer than 250 members, under the presidency of Hans Sachs, the typical Meistersänger from whose life we shall endeavour to draw a picture of that strange product, the artizan-poet of the middle ages.

Hans Sachs was born in Nürnberg, on the fifth of November, 1494. His career was not an eventful one, assiduous shoemaking and assiduous verse-making being its chief characteristics. Such as it was, we have every facility for tracing it literally from the cradle to the grave. He has left us an autobiographical poem which accounts for some seventy years of his life; and Adam Puschman, his apprentice in verse-making, has made the master's life and death the subject of a rhymed panegyric which the curious in such matters may still read. At the time of Hans Sachs's birth there raged a plague in Nürnberg, and lest the infant should die unbaptised, it was christened immediately after birth. But, though both the father—Jörg Sachs, a tailor by trade—and the mother were seized, not fatally, it is true, by the epidemic, their child passed through it unhurt. The master tailor and his good wife were simple but apparently well-to-do burghers, for they gave their son an education which would have been above the means of poor artizans, and brought him up, as he says of them, "zu Zucht und Ehre"—respectably and honourably. In 1501, Hans Sachs was sent to one of the four "Latin schools," or, as we should call them, grammar schools, of which the prosperous imperial town at that time boasted, and which, it appears, stood high amongst institutions of the kind. It is not without interest to gather from such authentic details as those contained in Hans Sachs's poem, the subjects which composed the scholastic curriculum in those days. Besides the quadrivium, as it was called, which included grammar, rhetoric, dialectics, and music, the tailor's son was taught arithmetic, astronomy, poetry, and philosophy. He further learnt Latin and Greek, geography, natural history, and even astrology. For the authenticity of this long list we have, as has been said, the poet's own words. In spite of this amazing list, Hans Sachs styles himself an "unlearned man." Possibly, his sound common sense and his experience had taught him how much of this farrago was useless, and he spoke not of the quantity but of the quality of his knowledge. Nevertheless, in spite of his assertion that he soon forgot what he learnt, and that—as was later said of one who was just three years old when Hans Sachs wrote it of himself—"he knew little Latin and less Greek," there

is ample proof that the master-singer never entirely forgot the classical learning which he had acquired at the "Latin school." Besides several translations of the old Latin hymns, the German versions of the Henno of Reuchlin and of the Hekastus of Macropedius show a knowledge of Latin such as few master shoemakers of the present day could be found to possess. His own modest denial notwithstanding, Hans Sachs has every claim to be considered, for his position and his time, a learned and widely-read man. Hans Sachs's schooling lasted eight years. In 1509, being then fifteen, he was apprenticed to a Nürnberg shoemaker. He had early shown a taste for music and poetry, and whilst learning to make shoes with one master, he learnt to make rhymes with another, with Leonard Nunnenbeck, weaver and poet. After two years hammering out leather and verses, he was considered sufficiently skilled in the former branch to begin his *Wanderschaft*. According to ancient usage, young artizans completed their apprenticeship by travelling through the country for several years, in order to perfect themselves under the most approved masters of the craft, before attempting the *Meisterstück* which every guild required of the skilled workman before he was allowed to settle in his trade. Hans Sachs began this tour in 1511. It led him through many towns of which he enumerates the chief: Regensburg, Passau, Salzburg, Halle, Braunau, Wels, München, Landshut, Oettingen, Burghausen, Würzburg, Frankfurt, Koblentz, and even as far as Cologne and Aachen. His five years' pilgrimage thus made him acquainted with most of the principal towns of the German land. It is said, though we have seen no mention of it in his works, nor in Puschman's biographical poem, that, whilst at Wels, Hans Sachs forsook his calling for a while, and obtained an appointment as huntsman or gamekeeper in the service of the Emperor Maximilian. If such was the case, it was probably neither the charms of the greenwood nor the attractions of the court that led to this step on the part of the "cobbler-poet." It may be more naturally attributed to the literary and poetic celebrity of the knightly Emperor. He had done for the old German epics what Pisistratus did for the Homeric cycle. He had caused the Nibelungen, the poems of Gudrun, of Iwein, and of Erec to be transcribed into a parchment folio, and to be carefully preserved in the imperial library of Ambras in Tyrol. But more than this, it was he who was the hero, who had inspired and directed the composition of the famous "Teuerdank," written by his chaplain Melchior Pfinzing. The "Teuerdank," a wearisome allegory, setting forth in clumsy and laboured rhyme the Emperor's journey to the court of

Charles the Bold, whose daughter, Mary of Burgundy, he sought and obtained in marriage, "was to the Germans of that day what Orlando Furioso was to the Italians." We can well imagine that such poetic fame should have fired the imagination of Hans Sachs, and induced him to connect himself, however remotely and humbly, with the literary Emperor. Of the influence of his stay at Wels—in whatever capacity he may have been there, whether as shoemaker or as forester—there can be no doubt. It was there, he tells us, that he determined to devote himself to poetry. His earliest known production—a poem bearing the date of September 1, 1513—was probably the first fruit of his resolve. It is a lover's farewell to his mistress, and is composed in a metre which, according to the strange nomenclature of the age, was styled "Brennberger's court metre"—this name being, perhaps, an indirect proof of the young poet's connection with the imperial household. Whether the fair cause of his poetic grief was a reality or a myth we cannot determine; but it is singular that the special points of beauty which excite his youthful admiration—the rosy lips, the golden hair, the full figure, the delicate hands—are the same that he enumerates in the glowing description which, half a century later, he wrote of his second wife.

From Wels Hans Sachs passed on to München, where, in 1514, he produced his first "master-song." He is careful to tell us that it was written in "Marner's long metre," and that it began with the words, "Gloria Patri, Lob und Ehr." He appears to have at once risen to a position of some importance in the poetical guild of the Bavarian capital; for whilst there he was entrusted with a share in the direction of the school of song. Before his return to his native town he had the honour of forming a school of his own at Frankfurt-am-Mein.

The free and somewhat Bohemian mode of life of the young travelling craftsman was not without its dangers. But Hans Sachs tells us that, in his love of poetry, he was proof against the allurements of "gambling, drunkenness and women, and other such follies," to which too many of his fellow-workers gave way.

Hans Sachs's *Wanderschaft* lasted five years, which were devoted at least as much to poetry as to his trade, for both he and Puschman lay stress on the fact that he lost no opportunity of frequenting the schools of song whenever his wanderings led him to a town that possessed such an institution. That his tour was so arranged as to include the most important of these towns, a glance at those which he enumerates will suffice to show. In 1516 Hans turned his footsteps homewards, with a fund of worldly wisdom and a knowledge

of men and manners of which he was soon to make good use. On his return to Nürnberg, in his twentieth year, he made his masterpiece. We must not be led to imagine, from the modern acceptation of the term, that he produced some great work. A sound, strong pair of boots, made by his own hands, and submitted to the honourable Guild of Cordwainers as proof that he could use last and awl with sufficient skill to be no disgrace to the craft,—this was, in middle-age parlance, Hans Sachs's masterpiece. Three years after his establishment as master shoemaker in his native city, Hans Sachs, having presumably prospered by energetic and conscientious hammering of leather, turned his thoughts to matrimony. In September 1519, he married Kunigunde Kreuzer—or Kreuzerin, according to the custom of the time, which added the feminine suffix to proper names. Seven children were born of this union, all of whom, however, died young.

The cares of the household probably engrossed most of Hans Sachs's time during the first years of his married life, and left him but little leisure to devote to his favourite recreation of verse-making. The productions bearing this date are few as compared with the astonishing multitude which flowed from his facile pen in later years. There may have been another cause for the poet's silence. A subject more important than the rhyming of master-songs or Shrove-tide farces engaged his attention at this time. The teaching of Luther was beginning to spread, and the cry for reform, which had been raised in Wittenberg, had found echoes in many German towns and in the heart of many a German burgher. Hans Sachs was thoroughly earnest and sincere. It is impossible to read his works without being struck by this, and without feeling that the "morals" so carefully tacked on to his fables were the expression of genuine sentiments. His mind was not of a stamp to be swayed by every breath of doctrine. He was as little disposed to embrace tenets which had nothing to recommend them beyond their novelty as he was to retain the old from blind respect for the sanction of centuries. The teaching of Luther directed his attention to theology, and especially to the question of church reform. Luther's writings, and those of his followers—there were some forty at the time—he studied eagerly and searchingly, trying them carefully by the test which the reformer had himself set up and given to the world in his masterly translation—the Bible. The conclusion to which the Nürnberg burgher came was that to which not only Luther in Germany, but also Savonarola in Italy, and Wycliffe in England, had come before him—the utter corruption of the Church, and the absolute necessity

of a thorough reform. The result of Hans Sachs's theological studies appeared in 1523, in a poem with the title, "The Wittenberg Nightingale, which is now heard everywhere," a long allegory of some 700 lines, setting forth Luther's career, his controversies and his teaching, and inveighing, in unmeasured terms, against clerical greed and clerical abuses. It is a strange, wearisome production; and reading it in our day, we wonder how it could have exercised any influence on men's minds. Yet we know, on the authority of Luther himself, that Hans Sachs's rude verse materially assisted the spread of the new doctrines.

The allegory of the "Wittenberg Nightingale" was followed by seven controversial dialogues, which embodied Luther's teaching and presented it in a popular form, and, at intervals, by miscellaneous poems bearing more or less directly on the burning question.

Hans Sachs had already acquired a certain importance in his native town, and his attacks on the old faith at first caused considerable excitement amongst his fellow-citizens. When this had given place to a cooler and more serious consideration of the new doctrine, at the foundation of which lay much-needed reform of Church discipline, the Nürnbergers began gradually to swell the ranks of the Reformer's followers. Many years before the death of Hans Sachs, Nürnberg had become one of the strongholds of Protestantism. Throughout his long life he worked assiduously and consistently to popularise the reformed faith, but he never allowed his enthusiasm to degenerate into bigotry, or to drag him into any of the unseemly controversies which embittered men's minds without promoting the interests of either party. His paraphrases of the psalms, his church hymns, and his poetical adaptations of the stories of the Old and of the parables of the New Testament, undoubtedly exercised a greater and more salutary influence amongst his townsmen, and indeed in wider circles, than if he had devoted himself to mere theological controversy and invective.

Hans Sachs's irreproachable life, his earnestness in the cause of religion, his talents and his acquirements,—which, whatever opinion we may form of them now, were assuredly great for an artizan in those days,—won for him the respect and consideration of all classes. Blessed with a good wife and dutiful children, prosperous in his business, his life appears to have been one of unalloyed happiness. Indeed, his only cause for grief was the very greatness of his happiness. In one of his poems he records a mental conflict with pride and vain-glory, which forcibly reminds us of John Bunyan's spiritual tribulations.

It does not seem probable that, after his return from his *Wanderschaft*, Hans Sachs ever travelled far from his native town, where he lived at the sign of the "Golden Bear," in the Mehlgäslein, and where the tourist may still see the cobbler-poet's house.

On March 25, 1560, Kunigunde Sächsin, the master's faithful companion through forty-one years of married life, died after a three days' illness. Eighteen months later, on the 2nd of September 1561, he led to the altar his second wife, Barbara Harscherin, a young, fair-haired, dimpled girl of seventeen. This unequal union of May and December does not, however, seem to have been followed by any of the consequences which the poet himself describes in many a humorous skit on such marriages. A poem bearing date the 4th of September celebrates in not inelegant verse the charms of the old man's youthful bride.

If we may judge from the tenor of the poems which Hans Sachs composed about this time, his second marriage was as free from trouble and care as the first had been. They are written in a mad, merry mood, which gives evident proof of a happy, contented old age. Now and again a more solemn strain is uttered, not called forth by domestic infelicity, but by public calamity. The few serious productions written shortly after the poet's marriage bear special reference to a pestilence which visited Nürnberg in 1562, and which, in a short time, carried off 9,256 victims. His last poem—we state this on the authority of Adam Puschman—was composed on December 8, 1567. It was a paraphrase and explanation of the thirty-seventh verse of the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew: "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." The poetical biographer quotes the opening lines, and is careful to inform us that it is written in the "short black-bird metre of the industrious Adam Puschman of Görlitz."

The strong faculties of Hans Sachs seem to have deserted him towards the close of his long life. Such, at least, is the account given of him by the same biographer. He represents him as deaf and childish, silently gazing upon his gold-clasped folios, or moodily turning over the leaves of the Bible. He died on January 19, 1576, at the ripe age of eighty-one, in the midst of a fearful thunder-storm, which, according to Puschman, accelerated the old man's death.

On January 1, 1567, Hans Sachs made an inventory of his poetical stock. The result, duly recorded in rhyme, is truly amazing. Half-a-century's uninterrupted verse-making had filled thirty-four

folio volumes. Sixteen of these consisted of "master-songs," to the number of 4,275, written in 275 different metres, of which thirteen were original. The remaining seventeen folios, and part of an eighteenth, were devoted to "Spruchgedichte," that is to say, poems that were not to be sung, but merely spoken or recited. Under this title all the dramatic productions are included. The several items are as follows: 208 comedies and tragedies, and 1,700 allegories, fables, and miscellaneous poems of every kind. To these must be further added seventy-three songs, in various metres, of which the poet himself had invented sixteen. He gives the grand total as 6,048. But if we allow that, as was doubtless the case, he did not abandon verse-making at once, nor immediately after having taken this inventory, and that the last nine years of his life produced a few occasional poems, the number given by Adam Puschman, namely, 6,636, is probably not exaggerated.

In the selection from his works which Hans Sachs prepared for the press, and which was published in three volumes by Georg Willer of Nürnberg in 1561, the poet has carefully excluded all "master-songs." This forbearance on his part is a striking proof of his common sense and sound judgment, and of the correct estimate which he had formed of the respective value of his productions. Fettered by the thirty-two stringent regulations of the "Tabulatur," hemmed in by the restrictions imposed on subject, rhyme, and melody, it was impossible for him to make any deviation from the beaten track. Indeed, such a licence, whatever its intrinsic worth, whatever beauty it might have added to the poem, would have been relentlessly condemned by the Merker, who knew of no criterion beyond the "Tabulatur" and their ten fingers, and would have entailed on the daring innovator not only loss of reputation, but also the more tangible loss of hard kreutzers. A verse too long or too short received its punishment, syllable by syllable, no matter how original or how striking the idea which it conveyed. Onomatopœia —even had the judges understood the hard word—would not have saved the rash poet who ventured to introduce a word harder or softer, a note higher or lower, than the regulation required. Before yielding to the temptation of making the sound an echo to the sense, if such temptation ever occurred to him, the verse-maker had, perhaps, to compare the amount of loose coin which he could spare for such a rhetorical luxury, with the fines which the fixed tariff imposed for a change of measure or of melody, for the omission of a regulation pause, or the introduction of one which the immutable code did not warrant. It can readily be understood

that, under such adverse circumstances, Hans Sachs's master-songs should possess but little that can distinguish them from the productions of masters undoubtedly his inferiors in talent. Indeed, in so far as we are concerned, we would hesitate to give any one characteristic as being peculiar to Hans Sachs, or as being sufficiently marked to distinguish him from contemporary "lovers of German song," as the masters of the guilds modestly styled themselves. We question whether any test, except that of pure philology, could enable us to decide the authorship of any ot the master-songs of the sixteenth century.

Although the rule which restricted the master-singers to biblical subjects did not come into force until a time posterior to Hans Sachs, there nevertheless seems to have been a tacit understanding, even then, that these should be selected in preference to more worldly themes. The 4,275 Meistergesänge composed by Hans Sachs might almost serve as a rhymed paraphrase of the whole scripture. They are taken, he says, from the books of Moses, of the Law, and of the Prophets, from those of the Judges and of the Kings, from the Psalms and the Proverbs of Solomon, from the book of Jesus Sirach and that of Maccabees, which was still included in the canon, from the Gospels, the Epistles, and the Book of Revelation.

Under the name of "Spruchgedichte" the poet includes all those poems which, unlike the master-songs, were not set to music, but only spoken or recited. They consist of a miscellaneous collection of allegories, fables, and Schwänke. Freed from the trammels of the "Tabulatur," the poet here asserts a certain originality, less of conception than of treatment, which is in very marked contrast with the master-songs. We have mentioned the allegory of the Wittenberg Nightingale. It may serve to illustrate the one great characteristic of this "genre," as treated by Hans Sachs. Nothing is left to the reader's judgment or imagination. Every figure of the allegory is duly explained in all its details. It is not taken for granted that, if the nightingale represents Luther, the nightingale's song may be understood to mean his teaching. A precise statement of the similitude is deemed necessary. Lest Leo X. should not be recognised under the figure of the nightingale's enemy—the lion—the interpretation is added: "der Löwe wird der Papst genennt." Sometimes, it is true, the poet's explanation is not unnecessary; and when we are told that "the wilderness" typifies "priestdom," we cannot but feel thankful, and allow that the resemblance might not have struck us. As regards the disposition of the allegory, we must not look for per-

fection in Hans Sachs. Strictly speaking, it may be doubted whether a perfect allegory ever has been or ever could be written. We cannot recall one, at least of any length, in which the figure is wholly distinct from the reality, and in which the reality does not encroach on the figure. Hans Sachs probably did not attempt to overcome the difficulty. But, for all these defects, which may be looked upon as technical inaccuracies, owing chiefly to the absolute want of good models, it would be unjust to deny them poetical merit of no common order. They are lively, fresh, and brilliant; they are rich in expression, and, as far as we can judge by comparison with the contemporary productions, their language is choice, and teeming with new phraseologies; and they possess a certain rude harmony which we feel, in spite of the archaism of language and diction. In another characteristic particular, Hans Sachs's allegories remind us forcibly of similar, though perhaps more finished, productions, in the literature of other countries. The Italian writers had introduced what may be called the dream phase of poetry. Dante had visited the realms of spirits in a dream. From that time a dream mania set in, and spread through France and England. In France it produced, amongst many poems that have long sunk into oblivion, one that still retains some portion of the fame which it won at its first appearance—the "Roman de la Rose," the joint production of Guillaume de Lorris and Jehan de Meung. A translation of this poem was probably one of Chaucer's first attempts in verse, and many of his secondary pieces are palpable imitations of it, at least as regards their construction and the introduction of the inevitable dream. Hans Sachs, too, has dreamed his dreams after the approved fashion. One of the most important of his poems, his descriptive eulogy of the town of Nürnberg, commences with lines that might almost pass for a translation from Chaucer. Did we wish to establish a parallel between Chaucer and Hans Sachs, another point of resemblance might be found in the narrative poems to which the German poet gives the name of Histories, and which, in their general outline, may be likened to the "Canterbury Tales." The result of Hans Sachs's assiduous and multifarious reading, rather than of his experience, they have less local colouring and are less faithful pictures of his time than, perhaps, any of his other productions. The writers of Greece and Rome, the early poets of the German heroic cycle, Petrarch and Boccaccio, all re-appear in the short, lively couplets of the cobbler-bard. The interest of these stories often lies in the pleasurable surprise which we feel at meeting

with such old friends as Pliny or Valerius Maximus in familiar converse with Hans Sachs. The sacred writings, too, are a fruitful source of these compositions, as, indeed, of every style the poet attempted; and the ancient Nordic legends, as well as those of the Round Table, are also laid under contribution. The fables, numerically no inconsiderable part of Hans Sachs's "Spruch-gedichte," are, like the histories, rather a proof of his varied reading than of his originality of conception. Amongst them we meet with such old acquaintances as the Ant and the Grasshopper, the Old Man and his Ass, the Dying Man and his Sons. But that which makes the chief charm of this species of composition, that which we admire in the ancient fabulists, as well as in some of the moderns, in Gay, or, above all, in La Fontaine,—the natural simplicity, the naïveté, the appositeness, the terseness,—all these suffer greatly in Hans Sachs's adaptations of the old subjects. Indeed, at times it almost appears as though he considered the fable less as the embodiment of a plain, forcible moral, than as the text on which to tack a long dissertation or a tedious diatribe. The fable of the Ant and the Grasshopper may serve as an example. It consists of forty-two lines, but of these eighteen only are devoted to the fable, and the remainder to the moral. Even the ant's snappish answer, "Vous chantiez! j'en suis fort aise; eh bien! dansez maintenant," was too laconic for Hans Sachs. The ant's selfishness—which, by the way, has always struck us as being quite as suited to point a moral as the grasshopper's improvidence—must be made clearer and more tangible: "It is for myself," she adds, "that I have gathered food, and for my own use I mean to keep it."

It is in the Schwänke that Hans Sachs appears at his best. The Schwank is the German imitation of the French fabliau. An anecdote, a practical joke, a ludicrous misunderstanding, such is the simple point of the fabliau. Matrimonial bickerings, the jealousy of husbands, and the infidelity of wives, are amongst its favourite themes. Priests and monks are not unfrequently its heroes. It is not always unexceptionably proper, but it is never tedious. It skips along merrily, and sometimes pertly, in short eight-syllable verses, striking at hazard without much respect for persons or things. It is on familiar terms with Saint Peter, and perfectly intimate with the devil; but wherever it may be, at the court or in the cloister, in the city or the homestead, in heaven or the infernal regions, it never fails to call forth a hearty laugh.

The French fabliaux supplied Hans Sachs with the matter as well as the manner of some of his Schwänke. His humorous description

of the Scharaffenland—the wonderful region which lies three miles beyond Christmas—is a palpable imitation of the French, where, however—

> Li païs a à nom coquaigne,
> Qui plus i dort, plus i gaaigne.

A careful comparison of Hans Sachs's Schwänke with the French fabliaux would doubtless bring to light many parallel passages and imitations, but the labour would scarcely be repaid by the result, for it would only prove that he took his subject wherever he found it; and this he nowhere attempts to deny or conceal.

Another source from which Hans Sachs derived his Schwänke was the well-known history of "Till Eulenspiegel." Till Eulenspiegel is the personification of impudence and effrontery, seasoned with wit and humour. He is closely connected with the lying and rascally servants of Terence, and with Scapin and Mascarille. He is not absolutely bad, but he is thoroughly unscrupulous. He is not unacquainted with the stocks and the pillory, and when all his tricks fail him, he may not impossibly fall in with the hangman. This character is familiar enough in most literatures. In that of Germany he is a very Proteus. He appears as the Friar Ameis and as the Parson of Kalenberg, as Peter Leu and as Bochart, and under many another alias. Towards the end of the fifteenth century, however, he assumes the name of Till Eulenspiegel, and becomes so celebrated that he supplies the French language with a new word, "espiègle." It is possible—indeed, some have so asserted—that Till Eulenspiegel was not wholly a myth. Ménage gives him a local habitation, to wit, Saxony. "Un Allemand du pays de Saxe, nommé Till Ulespiegle, qui vivait vers 1480, était un homme célèbre en petites fourberies ingénieuses. Sa vie ayant été composée en allemand, on a appelé de son nom un fourbe ingénieux. Ce mot a passé ensuite en France, dans la même signification, cette vie ayant été traduite et imprimée avec ce titre: histoire joyeuse et récréative de Till Ulespiegle, lequel par aucunes fallaces ne se laissa surprendre ni tromper."

But it is neither in his imitations from the French fabliaux, nor in his adaptations from the rogueries of Till Eulenspiegel, that Hans Sachs appears to greatest advantage. His best Schwänke are undoubtedly those which he has founded on the occurrences of simple burgher life, on events which had fallen under his own observation, of which his keen sense of humour had shown him the ludicrous side, and to which his caustic wit and his experience of men added the satirical point which is as the seasoning of the Schwänke.

Although, as we have seen, Hans Sachs's home life was of the happiest, and although he repeatedly praises the fidelity, the kindly disposition, and the many virtues of his wife, he is never more natural than when describing scenes of household dissension and when holding up to ridicule the vices or the foibles of women. His satire is especially keen, and his laughter more than usually sardonic, when the scolding, vixenish, sour-tempered termagant is his theme. One day, he tells us in one of these merry tales, the devil came on earth, having resolved to take unto himself a wife and to enjoy for a while the comforts of married life. But, alas! his illusion was short-lived and roughly dispelled. Scarcely had he forsaken his bachelor's freedom when his misery began. Scolding and screaming by day and night soon made his home unbearable to him, accustomed as he was to hard usage in another place. In despair he rushed wildly away to live anywhere, in the wilderness or in the woods, rather than under the same roof with his tormentor. And as he fled, he thought and felt what a later devil has tersely expressed:—

> I've been a deil the feck o' my life,
> But I ne'er was in hell till I met wi' a wife.

Contrary to the adage, this particular devil was not a gentleman, at least in so far as living in idleness is a qualification for that dignity. So, for an easy, remunerative profession, he associated himself to a doctor, the condition being that he should supply patients, by the simple process of entering into their bodies and tormenting them so horribly that they should at once send for the doctor to free them from their pain. On his arrival the devil was of course to disappear, and the easily earned fee was to be divided equally between the two rogues. For their first victim they chose an old usurer, and their début was a complete success. The doctor demanded and received thirty thalers for the wonderful cure. But having been capable of one knavish trick, he did not stick at a second, and kept back ten of the thalers for himself, declaring that he had been paid only twenty. Of course the devil knew better; but possibly dreading lest the doctor should prove too much for him, as his own wife had done, he prudently held his tongue, contented to wait for his revenge. It was not long delayed. A portly canon was the next victim on which the doctor and his infernal accomplice fastened. But now matters took a very different turn. The devil, instead of departing quietly, according to agreement, turned round on his thieving partner, refusing to do the bidding of one who had cheated him of five thalers. This was an unpleasant predicament for the doctor, and,

at first, his despair was great. Soon, however, a plan occurred to him, and going out of the room for a while, he returned hastily, calling out to his partner that his wife had come with a decree which she had obtained against him from the tribunal, and was on the look-out for him in the yard below. "What!" cried the devil in his terror, "my wife come for me? I'd rather go back to hell than live with her; it is quieter there than in her house." With this the hen-pecked demon rushed through the window, leaving a strong smell behind him.

Hans Sachs has been called the father and founder of the German drama. In this, though there is some truth, there is also much exaggeration. He can but lay slight claim, we think, to any influence on the higher branch of the dramatic art, on tragedy. Indeed, the characteristic difference between tragedy and comedy was unknown to him. He divides his dramatic productions into tragedies, comedies, and Shrove-tide plays. The title tragedy is given to all those pieces which culminate in the death of one or more of the characters. When the *dénoûment* is less sensational the piece is called a comedy, while the Shrove-tide plays represent exclusively the low comic or broadly farcical element. The poet totally ignores the unities both of time and place, and does not bind himself to either, even for the space of one act. Of the very technicalities of the art he has but primitive notions. He retains the division into acts, with which the classical drama had made him acquainted, but with him it is perfectly arbitrary, and in no way connected with the progress of the action. In the tragedies, and in those of the comedies that introduce characters above the simple burgher class, there is a total want of dramatic spirit. Kings, princes, men and women, angels and virtues, God and the devil, all speak the language and express the sentiments of the Nürnberg shoemaker. Nor is there much, if any, appreciation of tragic sublimity. The most dramatic scenes are rendered in the same strain as the trivial details of ordinary life, and show no more feeling in the characters themselves than though they were mere puppets.

Perhaps no better proof can be given of the utter want of that dramatic spirit which makes the author forget his own personality, which fills him for the time with the thoughts and sentiments of his characters, which inspires him with language suited to their condition and to the circumstances under which they appear, than Hans Sachs's invariable habit of ending all his plays, serious and humorous alike, as he does his other poems, by a rhyme on his own name, such, for example, as the following :—

That good to all from this may wax
With fair good-night doth wish Hans Sachs.

It is on the Shrove-tide plays that Hans Sachs's fame as a dramatic poet must chiefly rest. Here, as in his Schwänke, his rollicking gaiety and his lively satire captivate the reader's interest, and oblige him to join in Sachs's sometimes rather boisterous mirth. As regards the subject-matter of the farces, it is the broad joke of the Schwänke. Indeed, in many instances, the same subject is presented under both forms. The Narrenschneiden, "where the doctor cures a bloated and lethargic patient by cutting out half-a-dozen fools from his interior," is known through Carlyle's cursory notice of it. It is also that which is most accessible to English readers, being included in Wackernagel's Specimens of the German Writers. It can scarcely be taken, however, as typical of the Fastnachtspiel. Scenes of domestic life, conjugal squabbles, and, as in the Schwänke, the shrewish disposition of the sex,—which he, at least, does not represent as the softer one,—these are the materials from which Hans Sachs constructs his simple plots. Here his characters are as true as they are unnatural in the more pretentious tragedies, for here he describes the men and women amongst whom he moved and lived, whose language he spoke, and whose sentiments he thoroughly understood and often shared. "Der böse Rauch," to take an example of the conjugal farce, is nothing but the exaggeration of a scene which doubtless many a Nürnberg household may have witnessed, and which, deprived of its coarser features, we can almost imagine in one which the master shoemaker doubtless knew well, that of poor, long-suffering Albrecht Dürer and his shrewish wife. It is literally a struggle for the "breeches," which are hung up on the stage to encourage the combatants to mighty deeds. But, alas! the poor henpecked husband is ignominiously defeated, and his last state is much worse than the first.

The Fastnachtspiel existed long before Hans Sachs. Even in Nürnberg itself he had had predecessors in Hans Folz, the barber, and Hans Rosenblüt, the illuminator. But he may be considered as the first who introduced into it situations of real comic interest, who preserved a certain truth and reality in the characters, and who attempted, not without success, to hold the mirror up to nature.

Before we take our leave of Hans Sachs we would call attention to the spirit which breathes in his works; a spirit which, though it may not be discernible in each separate production, cannot but impress us when we come to consider them as a whole, and which, even more than his unparalleled fertility, or any other characteristic

that could be pointed out in his poems, sets him far above his contemporaries. One outcome of it is his ardent enthusiasm in the cause of reform. He abhorred insincerity and shams in every shape. Wherever he found them, whether in the family circle or in the wider sphere of society, he attacked them boldly and relentlessly. The greatest and most crying insincerity of his time was that which called forth Protestantism. Protestantism, therefore, is the predominant and absorbing idea of Hans Sachs's poetry. But Protestantism is not with him a mere formalism, no vain hair-splitting about abstruse dogmas. It is the spirit of the dignity of man's nature warring against the abuses and the corruption of the clergy; it is the conviction of the freedom of man's will spurning the fetters imposed upon the human intellect. In this sense Hans Sachs is indeed, as he has been styled, the poet of the Reformation. For the rest, however, as regards his actual doctrinal belief, poems on the Virgin and on the Eucharist prove that, whilst protesting against the laxity and corruption of the Catholic Church, he still retained some of its essential dogmas.

Another notable trait in Hans Sachs is his patriotism—a rare virtue in the middle ages. There was no common country in a land where party was so often armed against party, and town against town, where the powerful nobles were at continual war with each other, and where opposition to the Crown was not unfrequently the only motive powerful enough to hold them together. But Hans Sachs was amongst the first to feel that there were stronger ties than those which bound the burgher to his town, or the vassal to his lord —those which bound each individual to his country.

These sentiments are embodied in many an eloquent appeal to all conditions—to princes and nobles, to the clergy and to the guilds, to artizans and peasants—to unite for the common weal,—for the Respublica, not for the common weal of the democrat,—for Hans Sachs believes in a society such as, according to him, God has made it: a society of various grades and orders, under the wise rule of a monarch. For him the Divine right of kings is a reality, but not a greater reality than the Divine right of the artizan, than his own Divine right and mission to work and to sing.

LOUIS BARBÉ.

THE FRENCH PEASANT UNDER THE ANCIEN RÉGIME.

Sur vous tomberont vos maisons,
Vos chasteaux et vos tènements,
Car nous sommes vos fondements.—*Alain Chartier.*

"CERTAIN wild animals, male and female, are to be seen scattered about the country, black, livid, and burnt up by the sun, attached to the soil which, with invincible obstinacy, they dig and delve. They have, nevertheless, an articulate voice, and when they stand up we perceive that they have a human face, and in fact are human beings. At night they withdraw into dens, in which they subsist on black bread, water, and roots." Such is the picture drawn by La Bruyère of the French peasant of the Louis Quatorze period. It bears a certain resemblance to the Connaught tenant of our own day; in both cases the wild animal has shown that he possesses, and can on occasion use, the sharp teeth peculiar to the savage state. Later on, Diderot describes a similar condition; the labourers toiling from daybreak till even with black bread and water from the stream for all nourishment, "but they are gay, they sing, they make their coarse jests, they laugh. At night they return to find the naked children collected round a reeky hearth, a woman hideous and filthy, and a bed of dry leaves—and their lot is neither better nor worse than my own."

A work lately published by M. Babeau, "Le Village sous l'Ancien Régime," having for its special subject the organization of the old village communes, throws much valuable incidental light on the provincial life and condition of high and low, noble and peasant, under that feudal system recently described by Mr. Froude as "a discipline of obedience in all classes of society,"[1] but which may also be explained as

That good old rule, the simple plan,
That he should keep who has the power,
And he should take who can.

[1] *Nineteenth Century*, Sept. 1880.

The book is the product of much patient research in old charters, provincial archives, parish accounts, and the like—records which revolutionary destructiveness has rendered far more scarce in France than in this country. However, when comparing the opinions he deduces from his collection of facts with those maintained by De Tocqueville, D'Esterno, Du Cellier, &c., I think it must be admitted that M. Babeau is too thorough an antiquary not to take a somewhat over-favourable view of the good old times. Consequently, in his hands, La Bruyère's wild animal is transformed into a dignified patriarch, fulfilling his duties as a Christian, exercising his rights as a citizen, and taking his share in the government of his little world, the commune, with equal zeal and intelligence. In attempting to give a summary of M. Babeau's interesting pages, I shall, whilst citing the opposing judgments of well-known authorities, refrain as much as possible from adding criticisms of my own.

To begin at the beginning. In the time of St. Louis, lay society was divided into nobles, freedmen, and serfs. Of this lowest class M. Babeau says so little that a few details taken from Philippe de Beaumanoir, the great French jurisconsult of the thirteenth century, may not be amiss, though it must be remembered that customs varied greatly in different provinces. The serf was attached to the soil, was a slave in every respect, his person, and in some districts even his daily earnings, being the property of his master,[1] who, moreover, under the law of mortmain, was the inheritor of whatever goods or lands his serf might die possessed of over and above the sum of five sous. "Li sers ne pot lessier en son testament, plus grant somme que cinq sous."[2] Whilst asserting that, "according to natural law, everyone is free,"[3] Beaumanoir endeavours to explain the origin of this unnatural servitude. Vassals, for ignoring the call of their chief to arms, were sometimes condemned to bondage, "they and their heirs for ever;" others, out of poverty, sold themselves; others, for the sake of protection, gave themselves to some noble; others, again, out of extreme devotion, offered themselves and their children to some saint, and became serfs to the Church (these were known as "Sainteurs.")[4] Serfs were forbidden to put either their sons into holy orders, or their daughters into a convent, not because their lowly state unfitted them to serve before the altar, but because by entering religion these persons would become enfranchised, and their

[1] *Les Coutumes du Beauvoisis*, par Philippe de Beaumanoir. Edition Beugnot, chap. xlv., "Des Desaveus et des Servitudes."

[2] Ibid., chap. xii.

[3] Ibid., chap. xlv.

[4] Ibid.

seignior be defrauded of his property. Freedom could also be claimed by him who could prove himself to be a bastard, for "servitude is by inheritance, and an illegitimate child is incapable of inheriting anything from his parents whether for good or evil."[1] On the same argument the admission of the disease-stricken bastard to the local lazaretto was contested, for these charitable institutions were intended only for natives, and though the suffering wretch might have been born and bred in their midst, yet, having by birth "no lineage, he could inherit no right, therefore he could no more claim the succour of the hospital than could a foreigner from out of Spain."[2] The evidence of serfs and bastards was only available against their fellows in social misfortune.[3] Serfs were incapable of rendering military service, and knights would certainly have objected to such companions-in-arms; yet that serfs as well as villeins had bought lands and military fiefs (probably from nobles in want of money to follow the Crusades) is evident from a decree promulgated by St. Louis, intended to arrest an anomaly so antagonistic to the spirit of feudal tenure.[4] In Beauvoisis the serf was treated with unusual consideration, and was allowed to seek a livelihood outside his seignior's jurisdiction, residence being of course prohibited in such towns as through privilege or custom could confer liberty on their inhabitants. The law in the case of mixed marriages appears curious, the children inheriting social position from the mother.[5] If a knight married a serf,[6] though she became thereby enfranchised, yet all the offspring of that marriage were serfs, and could never attain to knighthood. Whilst, if a serf married a freedwoman,[7] he could hold her fief on her behalf, and their children were free.

[1] *Les Coutumes du Beauvoisis*, par Philippe de Beaumanoir. Édition Beugnot, chap. xlv.

[2] Ibid., chap. lvi.

[3] Ibid., chap. xxxix.

[4] Ibid., chap. xlviii. "Cum datum fuisset nobis intelligi quod, licet Guillelmus de Mastacio esset innobilis, attamen ipse milicie cingulum, sine licencia nostra, assumpserat, mandavimus inquiri super hoc veritatem," &c.—*Les Olim.*, Phil. 4, 1312.

[5] "Ne porquant se le mere estoit serve, et li peres fust gentix hons et chevaliers, ne noz accordons noz pas qu'il puissent estre chevalier, porce qu'il sunt serf, par le reson de le mere." "Et se li hons qui est francis, a esposée une serve, ou il l'espose après ce que francise li fu donnée, le francise ne vaut riens, fors que à se personne, car tuit li enfant qui naissent de le serve, de quelque persone qu'il soient engenré, sunt serf, exepté les enfans qui sunt engenré en elles hors de mariage, car bastars ne pot estre tenus pour sers, porce qu'il est hors de lignage."

[6] "Ce n'est pas doute que s'aucuns prent par mariage cele qui estoit se serve . . . . il li donne franquise."—Chap. xlv.

[7] "Quant il avient que hons est sers et il prent une feme franque, tuit li enfans sunt franc." "Li hons de poeste pot tenir fief. . . Quant il a gentil feme

In the next century, king and nobles being alike impoverished by war, Louis Hutin (1315) called upon the serfs to come forward and buy their freedom, so that "dans le royaume de France la chose en vérité fut accordante au nom;" liberty being, as Veuillot remarks, more usually obtained in that country by purchase than by force. That the bait was not sufficiently alluring is evident from the royal complaint that some "par mauvez conseil, et deffaute de bons avis, préfèrent de rester dans la chetivité de servitude que venir à l'estat de franchise." However, the practical enfranchisement of the people may be considered to date from this period, and even the very term of serf was forbidden by Charles VI. as opprobrious. Far different was it in other and neighbouring countries; in Germany especially, feudal slavery in all its rigour was maintained till the close of the eighteenth century;[1] the armies of Frederick II. and of Maria Theresa were composed almost exclusively of serfs. Yet one relic, peculiarly distinctive of the old bondage, appears to have lingered on in some of the French provinces, notably in that of Lorraine, only to be finally abolished by the Revolution, *i.e.*, the law of mortmain. Nevertheless, it may be remarked, that by this custom the dead peasant was not more unjustly yet legally robbed by his seignior than was the deceased foreigner by the sovereign, for by the "droit d'aubaine," the goods of any stranger dying in France became confiscated to the Crown—an inhospitable rule, alluded to by many travellers from Marino Cavalli[2] to Horace Walpole. Smollett,[3] however, states that by old convention the natives of Switzerland and Scotland were specially exempt from this post-mortem tax. In fact, as the French kings were greatly dependent on levies of mercenaries from those nations, it was, we may suppose, found necessary to treat them at least with comparative honesty.

But, returning to M. Babeau, we find ourselves chiefly interested in the class of freedmen or villeins, a class which, having neither privilege nor protector, was early driven by oppression and tyranny to devise associations as a means of self-defence. No exact date can be assigned for the first formation of these unions, but, at all events, as early as the eleventh century, the peasants are found, under the leadership of their priests, taking their recognised share in enforcing the Truce of God. In the thirteenth century[4] Beau-

espousée. . . . et en tel cas li hons de poeste ne tient pas le fief comme sien, mais comme de se feme."—*Coutumes du Beauvoisis*, Beaumanoir, chap. xlviii.

[1] *L'Ancien Régime*, par De Tocqueville, livre ii., chap. i.

[2] 1546, *Relations des Ambassadeurs Vénitiens.*

[3] *Travels through France and Italy*, by Dr. Smollett, 1763.

[4] Beaumanoir, *Les Coutumes du Beauvoisis*, chap. xxi., "De Compaignie."

manoir distinguishes two kinds of companies founded on community, "the one of the commune granted by the seignior and by charter," the other "of the people and villages where there is no commune, which they call 'villes bateices.'" The first, the "communes jurées," had established and recognised rights, chief amongst which was the position held by their mayor as magistrate; nevertheless, these fell into decay, disappearing altogether with that feudal organisation which had invented them; whilst the last, the "communeautés," weak and unpretending in their origin, and with no rights save such as were the product of "natural evolution," throve for centuries.

The primary duty of these associations was the protection of those lands the tenure of which by the peasant dated from the early days when great part of the country consisted of forests and wastes, when the serfs were insufficient in number for the work required, and the seignior was glad to obtain the labour of the freedman by grants of what was then comparatively worthless. But as the land gained in value by cultivation the peasant had constantly to contend for old rights of possession and custom; and then, true to "the art[1] which the majority of French kings have exercised, that of dividing men in order to govern them the more absolutely," the Crown would often aid the law in upholding the vassal against the encroachments of the seignior, even to the extent of reinstating the villagers in the ownership of communal land, which, bankrupt perhaps by heavy war taxation, they had been forced to sell to the nobles for a mere trifle.

Besides the defence of its own interests, there gradually devolved on the community the maintenance of the Church and the collection of both the seigniorial and royal taxes—so that the three powers, seignior, priest, and king, whilst making use of the self-formed and democratic institution for its own ends, were by that very deed compelled to recognise its legal existence, and grant it certain liberties. When the community provided money for the repair of roads, fords, wells, &c., the seignior conceded it a certain control over the expenditure of those funds. The law-suits in support of its various rights grew numerous and expensive, often incredibly trivial and vexatious, but the recognition of its representative (establis) in the courts of justice followed as a necessary sequence. The clergy threw upon it the maintenance of portions of the church, especially the nave and the belfry; these therefore became communal property, and available for various civil purposes, whilst to the people was invariably accorded the right of electing the churchwardens. The

[1] De Tocqueville, *L'Ancien Régime*, chap. xviii.

monarch was obliged to apply direct to the community for those levies which the seignior would have regarded as likely to diminish his own dues, and of which consequently he would not have aided the collection; in return, these peasant unions were accorded the liberty of assembling for the assessment of the taxes, and even the right of collectively resisting oppression. At last, in the sixteenth century, they are found choosing delegates to elect deputies to the States-General. The next century brought the great fundamental change in provincial government—the establishment by Louis XIV. of the system of intendants. "As the kings of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, especially Philip the Fair, made use of law as a weapon with which to fight against the privileges of the landed proprietor, and in the fifteenth, of gunpowder to batter down their castle walls; so, later, Louis XIV. invented intendants and absenteeism, drawing the great proprietors from their provinces to bask in the sunshine of Court life, and to be denuded of whatever remained of their influence."[1] From this era the unfortunate peasant had two masters to obey, and double demands to satisfy both in money and personal service. The seignior had indeed chastised them with whips, the king would besides chastise them with scorpions. Still, their mode of self-government remained intact, despite the efforts of the Crown to capitalise even the poor little parish appointments. "Whenever your Majesty creates an office," said a courtier to Louis XIV., "God creates a fool to buy it." However, his attempt to make the village syndicate vendible proved an exception to the rule; no purchaser could be found, and the rural community was left in possession of its chief prerogatives, the right of assembly and the election of its officers, till the eve of the Revolution, when on the ruins of the communal system were at last firmly established the foundations of the existing municipal rule—a reform by which the general administration of the country was centralised and consolidated at the expense of the individual liberties of the villages.

Less fortunate than their country neighbours, the towns[2] had long before found their privileges made articles of traffic. A royal edict of 1722 naïvely explains that "the necessities of our finances oblige us to seek the safest means of relief;" and, in fact, from 1692 the town magistrates, no longer elected by the citizens, bought their nominations from the Crown, whilst municipal charters were revoked and re-granted for money whenever the measure could be prudently attempted. Seven times in eighty years was this farce enacted.

[1] D'Esterno (M.), *Des Privilégiés de l'Ancien Régime*, &c., 1867.

[2] De Tocqueville, book ii., chap. iii.

Again, the same idea of political economy is recognisable in Colbert's edict[1] (1673) touching the "communeautés industrielles" (or trade guilds); though these were doubtless in some respects benefited, yet the primary object of the specious reform was attained when 300,000 francs were netted at a single haul by compelling these corporations to take out letters of confirmation. Not content to tamper solely with the privileges of the lower orders, Louis XIV.[2] annulled all titles of nobility acquired and purchased during the preceding eighty-two years, the greater number having been granted by himself, and then the rapacious monarch issued, in consideration of further payments, fresh patents for what he chose to term "titres obtenus par surprise." The credit of the invention, however, must not be altogether ascribed to Louis XIV.; he had only improved upon his predecessors' practice. Some families, in the interval between 1598 and 1771, paid three or four several times for their titles,[3] and even the peculiar position of bastards had been taken into account and utilised for financial purposes as early as 1600, when they were made to take out letters of nobility. Of a communal assembly in mediæval times M. Babeau gives a very picturesque sketch. On the order of the seignior the official messenger would make the round of the village, "d'huis en huis," or, to use the older phrase,[4] "de pot en pot," giving notice of the intended meeting. The following Sunday, after service, the bell would summon all the parish worthies to gather in front of the church, where, beneath the shade of the old traditional elm, they would deliberate, under guidance of their syndic, on the business in question, such as the sale or purchase of communal property, the repair of the church, the felling of the timber, or the election of a new syndic, schoolmaster, herdsman, or other parish officer, settling the matter by vote, their decisions being afterwards put into legal form by their notary. Sometimes they would be called upon to consider the justice of their seignior's demands, and to determine whether or not his exactions should be resisted by law.

In some cases all the inhabitants, "voisins et voisines," Audrey as well as Touchstone, took part in the transactions. Indeed, though Beaumanoir[5] puts various ungallant restrictions on the

[1] De Tocqueville, book ii. chap. 10; also *Histoire des Classes Laborieuses*, par Du Cellier, chap. x.

[2] Ibid., book ii. chap. x.

[3] Ch. Lonandre, *La Noblesse Française sous l'Ancienne Monarchie.*

[4] Latin "postis."

[5] Beaumanoir, *Coutumes du Beauvoisis*, chap. "Des Preuves."

admission and value of female evidence in courts of law, the political rights of women seem, in some instances, to have been freely allowed. In Auvergne they appear to have held office as church-wardens, whilst the town council of La Cadière honoured the Virgin Mary in 1536 by admitting her into their municipal body. On the other hand, the expediency of allowing unmarried men to vote was occasionally challenged on the ground that they were not fit judges of the common weal.

Unlike the mayors of the chartered communes, the syndic, the elective head of the rural community, had no magisterial power. His duties were arduous, and his position was so far from enviable that, according to the complaint of one who had held the office, "to be a syndic was to be, in fact, the valet of the parish." Under the old seigniorial rule he was president of the parish assembly, guardian of its archives, receiver of its contributions, and its representative in all law-suits; subsequently, he was called upon by the Government to organise the arrangements for the militia and for the royal corvée, besides aiding the levy of taxes; he was expected also to furnish the intendant with reports on the general state of affairs. As, even in the eighteenth century, the syndic was often unable to read or write, these communications must have been peculiar. Elected perhaps against his inclinations, and only forced by dread of various penalties to take office, he was bound to protect the interests of his troublesome clients against the exactions of the seignior, who would possibly meet his remonstrances with blows. If intimidated by such treatment into undue subserviency, the intendant would, by fine and imprisonment, arouse his drooping courage and spur him on in the people's cause. Small and restricted political rights are often rather a curse than a blessing to their possessors, and equally irksome to both electors and elected was the privilege of appointing the tax-collector. The community was compelled to nominate, the nominee was compelled to accept an ill-paid office, which, while making him a natural object of dislike and hatred in his district, rendered him liable to incarceration if the parishioners failed to pay their allotted contributions.

From the middle of the fourteenth century the tithe-holders made the community share with them the cost of church repairs, an arrangement which tended to blend lay and clerical interests in a manner now obsolete. Besides, the sacred edifice in olden time was not merely a house of worship, but a rock of defence as well—a stronghold to the shelter of which, in seasons of danger, the peasant could withdraw his family, goods, furniture, and cattle. An edict of

1395 relating to fortresses expressly includes in the list fortified churches, and a few such are still to be found in different parts of the country. The nave was maintained by the villagers, and answered all the purposes of a town hall, being used for the communal assembly, for the school, for the storage of wood and corn, and even, in the demoralisation of the sixteenth century, for markets, dances, and plays. The belfry was an object of peculiar regard and affection —a valuable sentiment,[1] which, when taxed at the rate of 25 livres for each bell, brought to the royal treasury in 1554 no less a sum than 13,000 écus. The love of home is still called "l'esprit du clocher." Solemnly baptized, inscribed with the name of some saint, and confided to the care of the schoolmaster, the village bell pealed to charm away the threatening thunderstorm, sounded the curfew and the Angelus, announced births and deaths, rang the tocsin for fire or as a warning of the approach of marauders; whilst occasionally it would summon the villagers to defy the law, and protect some popular band of smugglers against the king's guards—a treasonable crime, for which, in 1717, the bells were, by order of the intendant, taken down and whipped by the executioner.

A salary, called "portion congrue," which, from 120 francs in the reign of Charles IX., had by 1786 gradually increased to 700 francs, was paid by the tithe-holders to the village priest. This inadequate stipend the community was constantly called on to supplement, after having contributed the ordinary tithes, which, if applied to their natural uses, would have amply sufficed for such purposes; in addition, the parishioners paid various illegal fees ("le casuel") to the priest, for baptisms, marriages, burials, and even for admission to the holy table, and lastly, they were bound to provide him with a suitable house or lodging. The right of the priest to receive the testamentary wishes of the dying was, it is needless to remark, exercised to the utmost for the good of the Church, burial being sometimes denied those who had neglected to bequeath funds for the celebration of masses. The priest was also the parish registrar, but his records were most imperfectly kept, and religion forbad that they should be tarnished by the insertion of the names of those who had died under her ban.

The various privileges claimed by the seignior from the servants of the Church, in return for the compliment he paid his Creator by the public performance of his devotions, provided many a subject for bickering.[2] One noble enjoyed the right of attending divine

[1] *Relations des Ambassadeurs Venitiens*, Giovanni Capello.

[2] *Histoire de la Vie privée des François*, par Le Grand d'Aussy (pub. 1782).

service carrying his falcon on his wrist; whilst another had the rarer privilege of placing that bird of prey on the altar itself. Their seat in the chancel, the due presentation to them, their family and servants, of holy water, wafer, and incense, were deemed matters of the greatest importance. The seignior claimed that holy water should be offered to him with an aspergillus; the priest, obeying against his will, used so large a one as to spoil the great man's new wig. On another occasion a lady was thoroughly drenched by the same malicious means, whilst a law-suit of twenty-six years' duration was required before another obstinate priest would agree to cense the seignior in the particular mode desired. Yet, though a great lady[1] of sporting tastes might fire two or three balls through the hat of an honest priest who had displeased her, or irate curés threaten that the recalcitrant of their flock should be metamorphosed into were-wolves, the village priest in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, himself of bourgeois if not of actual peasant origin, usually gained the respect and confidence of his simple-minded parishioners, the more readily, too, as he was often the only man of education who mixed with them. "In the eighteenth century,[2] a village is a community of which all the members are poor, ignorant and coarse—its magistrates as uncultured and despised as the rest; its syndic unable to read; its collector incapable of making up the accounts on which his own and his neighbours' welfare depends. Not only has its former seignior no longer the right of governing it, but he would even consider it a degradation to trouble himself about its government." Nevertheless, the noble continued, to the fall of the Monarchy, rigorously to exact from the peasant all those dues which had originally been rendered as an equivalent for that care and protection which the feudal chief owed his vassals, but which, since the dismantling of the châteaux after the religious wars, he had become unable and unwilling to give them. Of these numerous seigniorial rights I will name but a few :—

The "cens,"[3] a yearly payment in money or kind, often not exceeding a few farthings per acre, the rate having been immutably fixed in the early days of feudal land distribution; to this the seignior could always add the "surcens." "Terrage" was paid in kind, and apportioned to the produce of the crops. "Lods et ventes" may be best described as a fine due to the seignior when-

[1] The Marquise de St. Micaud, a relation of the Mirabeau family. See *Les Mirabeau*, par L. Loménie, 1879.

[2] De Tocqueville, *L'Ancien Régime*, chap. xii.

[3] De Tocqueville and others.

ever the sale took place of any land chargeable with "cens;" the rate varied from one-half to one-sixth of the purchase money. Their land-tenure dues, burdensome enough to the vassal, were also full of perplexities for the noble. M. Loménie instances two seigniors spending enormous sums in litigation to decide to which of the two belonged a yearly censuel rent of two sous, six deniers, and two fowls; whilst others went to law for similar subdivided dues amounting to a fowl and a half, and even, on one occasion, to the sixteenth of a fowl.[1] The renewal, or rather the re-editing, of the rent-roll (terrier) of one property alone involved Madame la Marquise de Mirabeau in sixty different law-suits.

Although, according to the old and significant phrase, the villein was "taillable et corvéable à merci," yet from the sixteenth century the seigniorial corvée was limited to twelve days in the year, during which time the peasant gave his own labour, that of his draught beasts, the use of his carts, &c., for whatever work might be required. As to the seigniorial taille, nominally for the maintenance of roads, bridges, &c., it was often merely an addition to the seignior's purse, and was levied as often as he thought proper, by force of arms if necessary—"La propriété c'est le vol."

Of the working of the various banalités (or prohibitions to grind corn, bake bread, press grapes, &c., elsewhere than at the seigniorial establishments), a large percentage of the raw material being retained as payment, I will give but one example. The "ban de vendange"[2] arbitrarily proclaimed the day for the vintage, irrespective of the state of the different vineyards; whilst in Champagne,[3] the grapes which, if pressed immediately, would make white wine, became, through the delay in waiting their turn at the seigniorial press, fit only for making red wine. Dues were levied at various stages of the process, from the vat to the bottling, and often amounted to an eighth of the value of the fruit: the peasant was meanwhile corvéable for the gathering of his seignior's vintage and the manufacture of his wine; whilst lastly,[4] by "Banvin," the seignior, turning publican, claimed the sole right during thirty or forty days of selling wine within the jurisdiction of his fief. The wine-growing districts were the poorest, and the inhabitants were more wretched than in any of the other provinces.

The "droit de péage,"[5] which gave the seignior tolls on all

[1] *Les Mirabeau*, par M. Loménie, vol. ii. chap. "Un grand Nid à Procès."
[2] Charles Louandre, *La Noblesse Française sous l'Ancienne Monarchie*.
[3] Arthur Young, *Travels in France*, 1787–89.
[4] Louandre and de Tocqueville.
[5] Idem.

provisions and merchandise traversing his roads, was often as extortionately levied as black-mail. The "droit de gîte" entitled him and his suite when travelling to free board and lodging for a day and a night. His rights to the fish and game, his privilege of maintaining extensive rabbit warrens and large flocks of pigeons at the expense, and often ruin, of the peasant's crops, were probably not more iniquitous than our own old game-laws. "Qu'était ce que les garennes, les colombiers, et les capitaineries? c'était le droit de chasser sur les terres d'autrui."[1]

These exactions, as well as a multitude of others, had each their pecuniary value, but there was besides a long list of useless rights, some utterly odious, some only absurd and puerile. Thus, "the silence of the frogs"[2] was a custom in full force in Lower Brittany till 1789—the villeins beating the ponds and marshes all night to hinder the croak of the reptiles from breaking the slumbers of the luxurious noble.

"Pâ, Pâ, renotte pâ	(Paix, paix, grenouille, paix ;
Veci M. l'Abbé que Dieu gâ"	Voici M. l'Abbé que Dieu garde)[3]

was the doggerel sung during their vigils by the peasants when the Abbé de Luxeuil stayed at his seigniory.

On the people, besides this multitude of seigniorial dues, fell the whole weight of the royal imposts, from which were exempt every pretender to nobility and every petty place-holder. Louis XIV.[4] is said to have created 40,000 offices, whilst in 1785 Necker[5] declared that more than 4,000 places were being bought and sold, producing constantly new nobles, each fresh creation increasing the burden of the reduced numbers left in the tax-paying ranks. The royal taille, a property tax, was made unnecessarily severe by the frauds and rapacity of the aggressors and collectors. The royal dîme, intended by Vauban as a substitute for the taille, became merely an addition to it; whilst, more obnoxious still was the old-established "gabelle," or salt-tax, a tribute constantly evaded by means of an extensive contraband system, for taking part in which, men, women, and children were seized; Comte Mollien[6] asserting (1783) that out of 6,000 convicts then in the galleys, one-third were smugglers. Under the royal corvée, not only was the labour of men and women

[1] D'Esterno.
[2] C. Louandre.
[3] Michelet, *Origines du Droit Français.*
[4] D' Esterno.
[5] De Tocqueville, "*Qui vend Office, vend Justice.*"
[6] Loménie, *Les Mirabeau.*

arbitrarily obtained for making those high roads whose magnificent scale and excellence, from the days of the Grand Monarque, have always attracted the comment of travellers, but the peasants with their carts and cattle were also requisitioned for building[1] barracks, for the transport of army-baggage, for the conveyance of criminals to gaol, &c.

Last in point of origin, but by no means least hated and feared, came the enforced service in the militia established by Louvois in 1680. Till then, the demands on the peasant for military service had been, since the end of the Hundred Years' War, far from onerous and never obligatory—an indulgence due to the unwarlike disposition of these children of the soil.[2] At Poictiers the peasant rabble representing the French infantry had proved worse than useless, and had been ridden down and trampled under foot without compunction by their own nobles. The rancour thus caused was increased by mutual recriminations and by illegal demands that the villeins should pay the enormous ransoms asked by the English for the seigniors captured in that disastrous defeat. The feelings of class bitterness and distrust thus engendered long continued, and led to the employment of foreign mercenaries to supplement the small number of natives obtained by voluntary enlistment, and the undisciplined levies of the ban and arrière-ban, composed solely of fief-holders.

Under Louis XIV.[3] the new force, except in years of extraordinary pressure, did not muster more than 60,000 enrolled for six years, necessitating, therefore, a yearly contingent of 10,000 men, or less than one soldier from each commune. In time of war the village scapegoat was generally assigned to garrison duty or, perhaps, was chosen to serve in the royal guards; but during peace he remained in his own district, probably engaged in agricultural labour, and only called out periodically for military exercise. His maintenance during winter, his equipment and his pay, devolved on his community, and to these heavy pecuniary expenses is, no doubt, attributable much of that passionate anger against the "personal servitude" of the system which is so frequently expressed in the provincial cahiers of '89, for the levies were numerically very insignificant to those which the people have been compelled to furnish ever since the Marseillaise called on them to fight for freedom "till victory or death."

[1] De Tocqueville, chap. xii.

[2] Du Cellier, *Histoire des Classes Laborieuses.*

[3] Did Louis XIV. introduce rifles? Else, what means Voltaire by a note to the *Poëme de Fontenoy*: "Carabiniers, corps institué par Louis XIV. Ils tirent avec des carabines rayées." 1745.

By right of tenure, every fief-holder, whether layman or ecclesiastic, was a magistrate, dispensing, according to the importance of his fief, haute, moyenne, or basse justice. The first took cognizance of all such graver crimes as were punishable with death, viz., murder, arson, rape, coining; the two others, with limits less defined and varying in different provinces, dealt with minor crimes and misdemeanours. These powers, which the seignior in former days had personally administered, were gradually transferred, by sale or otherwise, to his agent, who was possibly an illiterate servant or peasant; even later, when the abuse caused the Crown to demand some sort of qualification from the seigniorial nominee, these village judges "seemed to think they were only established to serve their masters." They tried to eke out their earnings by trade, some even turning publican, but[1] "the majority lived on the profits of their justice." "Compare, prix pour prix, les étrennes d'un juge à celles d'un marquis," says Dandin[2] in that comedy which Racine assures us he has but adapted from the "Wasps" of Aristophanes; though even the very episode of the condemnation of the dog to the galleys finds its counterpart in the judicial annals of the seventeenth century, for it is recorded that a sow was actually sentenced by a village judge to be hanged for having devoured a child, and harvest mice were criminally prosecuted for their depredations in the corn.

However, those who strain at a gnat, proverbially swallow a camel; thus actual criminals were often allowed to escape because the expense of their prison maintenance would, in the first instance, fall on the "seigneur haut-justicier." The cost, delay, and general failure in the administration of justice may be imagined from the fact that at the eve of the Revolution there were no fewer than 60,000[3] moyennes and basses justices in working, the jurisdiction of some not extending beyond the limits of a hamlet or perhaps of a single habitation. The constant appeals from these to the higher courts, to the royal judges, and to the parliaments, added to the Frenchman's innate love of litigation, fostered a voracious multitude of lawyers of every grade, who, all of bourgeois origin, formed of themselves a kind of middle-class between the peasants and gentry. Meanwhile, the troops of the maréchaussée (road police), acting under direct royal authority, maintained order, enforced law, pursued criminals, suppressed mendicity, and drove the reluctant peasant to work either in corvée or militia. Under their rule and summary measures,

[1] Pansey.
[2] *Les Plaideurs*, Act i., Scene 4.
[3] C. Louandre, *La Noblesse Française.*

the security of the highways was so complete as to excite the surprise of both Smollett[1] and Young—the latter travelling through France to the Dordogne before meeting with a single beggar. Despotic treatment could alone obtain this result. Consequently, we find that the Duc de Choiseul in 1767, thinking to abolish mendicity at a blow, had all the beggars throughout the kingdom seized, 50,000 in number, and despatched to the galleys or workhouses.

The increase of English pauperism in the sixteenth century is, perhaps, too commonly ascribed to the abolition of the monastic orders; at all events, the same difficulty arose in France at the same period, and has ever since continued, as in this country, to present a problem which neither politicians, economists, nor philanthropists have hitherto succeeded in solving. When the peasant was more or less an article of property, his maintenance in sickness naturally fell on his proprietor; asylums and infirmaries, though of the simplest description, were very numerous, and their support was regarded as a duty by both nobles and clergy. As liberty gained ground, and religious faith lost vigour, the Church misappropriated the revenues of the charitable institutions, and the seignior!—what claim to his care could be urged by the now emancipated peasant? In his necessities, he must henceforth look chiefly to his community for aid.

The frequent ravages of armies, whether of friend or foe,[2] sending thousands of homeless and often pestilence-stricken villagers to wander vainly in search of refuge from town to town, only to find the gates closed against them, overwhelmed the country with beggars, regardless of the severest penalties. At last, under pressure of frequently recurring famines, those of 1694 and 1708 being perhaps the worst, pauperism became an incurable evil, ineffectually relieved at times by State assistance. In 1707 Vauban declared a tenth of the population to be mendicants. In 1725[3] the Normans were eating grass for food, and in 1751 twelve thousand workmen were begging in the streets of Rouen. Meanwhile, the great ecclesiastics lived and spent their tithes at Court; the parish priests, with their meagre "portion congrue," were as poor as the labourers; whilst private charity, save for the institutions founded by St. Vincent de Paul, may almost be said to have been non-existent. In consequence

[1] *Travels through France and Italy*, by Dr. Smollett, 1763; and A. Young's *Travels*, 1787–89.

[2] See *Mémoires de Claude Huton*, and also *Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris sous le Règne de François I*, 1515–36.

[3] Baudrillart, *La Normandie Passé et Présent.*

rather of the absenteeism encouraged by Colbert than of actual neglect in his provincial administration, agriculture fell into a deplorable condition, whilst the remedies adopted by the State were far from judicious, and merely demonstrated the ignorance of those who advised them. The climax was attained when Louis XIV., disregarding the rights of property, offered to whoever would cultivate them such lands as remained unsown or abandoned by their penniless owners.

Suddenly one of Fashion's freaks brought about a change, and the courtier who had never given a thought to the improvement of his estates, except as a pastime, if perchance he was exiled to them in disgrace,[1] threw aside the wooden dolls which just before had fully occupied the Parisian intellect, made a new toy out of agriculture, and straightway styled himself a Physiocrat—"that fanciful sect . . . . who, from their chambers at Paris and Versailles, offered opinions on every part of the farmer's business."[2] One of the founders, Dr. Quesnay,[3] private physician to Madame de Pompadour, presents the new gospel, "L'Ami des Hommes," to the royal concubine. "She has it on her table, but it is rather deep reading for ladies," is his guarded report to the Mirabeaus. Yet so infectious is plausible folly that Turgot himself is seized with the novel doctrine, and, acting on the idea that national wealth consists solely in the fruits of the earth, thinks to cover his budget by a taxation levied entirely on the land produce—strange theory for one who was so well acquainted with the circumstances of rural distress as the former able intendant of Limousin. Meanwhile, the Marquis de Mirabeau boldly propounds the axiom that "the agricultural interest is the true basis of morality." Alas! for his creed and his faith in "le produit net." A few years elapse, and in 1791 his peasants not only refuse to pay anything to his bailiff, but demand from him receipts for the very rents which they withhold. Then probably would "L'Ami des Hommes" have been ready in the bitterness of his heart to assent to the verdict given in a later generation by the French Minister, M. Dumont, "L'agriculture, c'est la manière la plus sotte de se ruiner."

[1] The Bailli de Mirabeau writes: "Lorsqu'en 1747 je revins d'Angleterre, où j'avais passé mon temps à ratiociner, je trouvai tout Paris occupé des Pantins." These dolls, however, soon after became the rage among logical Englishmen. *See* caricatures in Wright's *History of England and House of Hanover*, Walpole's *Memoirs*, &c.

[2] Arthur Young, *Travels in France*, 1787–89.

[3] *Les Mirabeau*, par M. Loménie.

It is perhaps too often forgotten that it was not the Revolution that first gave land to the people, for there is abundant proof that the number of peasant proprietors in France in the eighteenth century far exceeded that in any other European country; the consequent subdivision of the land, to an extent ruinous alike to the occupier and to the interests of agriculture, was deplored by Turgot and Necker, whilst presenting a subject of wonderment to Young. To purchase a morsel of ground the French peasant would then, as now, practise for years the severest thrift, and live in squalid indigence; whilst, as a consequence of the keen competition for it, land was sold much above its value. It would appear from Young that £50 an acre was a common price, whilst he often names higher sums.[1] Not reckoning either wastes or vines or soils of extraordinary fertility, he computes the average rent at 15*s.* 7*d.* per acre; whilst rich pasture would let for as much as £6 2*s.* 6*d.* per acre. Provisions he found as dear in France as in England, labour, however, being seventy-six per cent. lower than in this country. Again, the actual production of the soil was less than with us, notwithstanding the superior fertility of the land; however, if it paid three and a quarter per cent., as he reckons, the farmers had scarcely reason to complain, especially as it would seem from his own account that the English landowners did not get more than two and three-quarters per cent. However, I have found it impossible to reconcile his various estimates, and can only quote the figures as he gives them. It is curious to perceive that the use of salt as a condiment to food for cattle was quite unknown to Young till he met with the custom in France. Of the taxation in those days some idea may be formed from the fact that in Normandy the charges on a rent of 100 francs would amount to 67 francs, including taille, accessoires, capitation, and vingtièmes.[2]

Except that in France the existence and maintenance of the village schools in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were due to the efforts of the peasant, and not, as in England, to the patronising care of the squire or parson's family, the education of the people in both countries was probably much on a level—little or no progress having been made since the sixteenth century. In 1698, on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, to ensure that all children of Protestants should be educated in the Catholic faith, Louis XIV. made primary religious instruction compulsory on everyone. Forthwith a certain amount of clerical supervision ensued, but, as usual, the community had to defray all the expenses connected with the school

[1] Young's *Travels in France and Italy*, 1787-89.

[2] *La Normandie*, par Baudrillart.

and the master. The latter was almost always a layman, and, besides his tutorial duties, assisted in the church services, led the choir, and acted generally as parish clerk; to be perfect in his calling it was desirable that he should be able to decipher for the information of the peasants the old manuscripts containing the ancient charters of the community. Statistics in 1789 for the district now forming the Department of Aube give the number of men able to read as seventy-two per cent., and of women as twenty-two per cent. Even under these circumstances the seigniors, strengthened in their selfish opinions by Voltaire, complained that the lower orders were over-educated, and in consequence litigious.

I have now outlined the chief features of what M. Babeau calls "a communal liberty existing under a despotic supreme government." The "liberty" appears to have consisted in the fact that, so long as the community supplied from off its own body the various pounds of flesh demanded by the royal, seignioral, and clerical Shylocks, it was permitted the privilege of buying and sharpening the knife, of choosing and paying the executioner, and of directing all the details for its own mutilation.

E. BLANCHE HAMILTON.

THE CAT AND ITS FOLK-LORE.

NO animal enters more largely into the mythology and folk-lore of all the Indo-European nations than the Cat. In order, therefore, to ascertain the origin and growth of the extensive legends and superstitions which have, in the course of centuries, clustered round this favourite and domestic animal of man's fireside, we must go back to the primitive past. Indeed, it is only by this means that many a curious item of traditional lore and maxim of modern belief can be explained on any satisfactory basis. Thus, for instance, in accordance with a popular fallacy, the cat is supposed to have a peculiar predilection for sucking the breath of young children; but the majority of persons are probably unaware that this fanciful notion is only a survival of the old belief which credited the cat with a demoniac character. For this reason, in Germany, black cats are carefully kept away from the cradles of children. It is curious, however, to find modern folk-lore assigning a reason of its own for this prejudice to the cat, the myth which gave rise to it having long ago become forgotten. In the *Annual Register* (January 25, 1791) occurs the following paragraph: "A child of eighteen months old was found dead near Plymouth, and it appeared on the coroner's inquest that the child died in consequence of a cat sucking its breath, thereby occasioning a strangulation." As it has been often pointed out, this extremely unphilosophical notion of cats preferring exhausted to pure air is devoid of all truth, but was invented to explain the superstitious dread which the cat's presence, grounded on its traditionary association with the devil, occasions by the bedside.

Referring then, in the first place, to the demoniac characteristics of the cat, it may be noted that the conception which gave rise to this mythical idea may be chiefly attributed, amongst other causes, to the supernatural powers which in early times it was said to possess. Thus, like the lynx, and the owl of Pallas Athene, it owes much of the honour originally conferred upon it to its eyes, that gleam in the midnight darkness like fire, and are in this way permitted to see the mysterious workings of nature which are hidden to mortal gaze, besides being favoured with an insight into the actions

of men. Under the cover of darkness, too, it was but natural that demons when bent on any evil enterprise should take the form of a cat: its keen far-seeing eyesight being of incalculable advantage to them when desirous of undertaking some midnight errand. It was probably, also, on account of this animal's power of seeing in the night that the Egyptians represented the moon under the symbol of a cat. In the same way we can understand why the chariot of the goddess Freyja, the Teutonic Venus, was drawn by cats, and why Holda was accompanied by maidens riding on cats, or themselves distinguished in feline form.[1] It was only natural, too, as soon as celestial honours had once been conferred on the cat, that an extensive mythological career should gradually be assigned to it. By degrees its supernatural qualities would be embodied in the folk-tales of various countries, and a prominence given to it in the superstitions of everyday life.[2] By this means may be traced the development up to the present century of that wide-spread and deep-rooted superstition by which the cat has been invested with demoniac characteristics, and generally represented in this and other countries as the "familiar" of witches.

Without, however, entering very fully into the importance with which the cat was invested in olden times, by reason of the supernatural element supposed to reside in it, we may briefly note that by the Egyptians it was so highly honoured as "to receive sacrifice and devotions, and to have stately temples erected to its honour"; we may further allude to what Herodotus says of the sudden impulse which seized the Egyptian cats to leap into the fire, and the attempts of the Egyptians to prevent it. It is related, too, that in whatever house a cat died, all the family shaved their eyebrows. Diodorus Siculus, moreover, records how a Roman one day happening accidentally to kill a cat, the mob immediately assembled round the house where he was; neither the entreaties of some of the principal men, sent by the king, nor the fear of the Romans, with whom the Egyptians were then negotiating a peace, being able to save the man's life. In the Middle Ages the cat was a very important personage in religious festivals. At Aix, in Provence, for instance, on the festival of Corpus Christi, the finest tom-cat of the country, wrapped like a child in swaddling-clothes, was publicly exhibited in a magnificent shrine. Every knee was bent, every hand either strewed flowers or poured incense; and, in short, the cat on this

[1] Kelly's *Indo-European Folk-lore*, 1863, 236.

[2] See Conway's *Demonology and Devil-lore*, 1880, ii. 301.

occasion was treated in all respects as the God of the Day.[1] In Sicily the cat is still held sacred to St. Martha ; and it is said that any one who kills this animal will thereby bring upon himself unhappiness for seven years. In Germany the cat and the mouse are sacred to the funereal St. Gertrude.[2] These examples, therefore, suffice to show how universal has been the homage which man in all times and countries has paid to the cat : an interesting illustration of the survival of primitive culture, when our simple ancestors, not having risen to a clear conception of their own pre-eminence in the scale of created life, were only too prone to deify and worship brutes.

In referring to the demoniac character attributed to the cat, it may be noted that this superstition, which was once so universally accepted, has not even yet died out. Thus, it is believed in Tuscany that when a man desires death, the devil passes before his bed in the form of any animal except the lamb, but especially in that of a he-goat, a cock, a hen, or a cat.[3] In Germany, we are told that the black cat which places itself upon the bed of a sick man announces his approaching death; whereas, if it be seen upon a grave, it signifies that the departed is in the devil's power. It is curious to find the evil omen attaching to a cat passing over a corpse, prevalent in China,[4] having prevailed also in our own country; and Gough, in his "Sepulchral Monuments," says that in Orkney, during the time the corpse remained in the house, all the cats were locked up. Pennant[5] further adds, that should a cat pass over a corpse, it was killed without mercy. Mr. Conway[6] appears to have rightly interpreted the true meaning of this superstitious ceremony ; he says : "This fact would seem to show that the fear is for the living, lest the soul of the deceased should enter the animal and become one of the innumerable werewolf or vampire class of demons." But the origin of the superstition is no doubt told in the Slavonic belief that "if a cat leap over a corpse the deceased person will become a vampire." The reason assigned by Brand[7] for locking up the cat in the case of death—"to prevent their making any depredations upon the corpse, which it is known they would attempt to do, if not prevented"—altogether loses sight of the popular idea of the cat's demoniac character ; and equally untenable, too, is the following explanation, which occurs in the "Statistical Account of

[1] Mills' *History of the Crusades.*
[2] Gubernatis' *Zoological Mythology*, 1872, ii. 58, 59.
[3] *Ibid.*, ii. 63.
[4] Denny's *Folk-lore of China.*
[5] Pennant, *Tour in Scotland.*
[6] *Demonology and Devil-lore*, i. 131.
[7] *Pop. Antiq.*, 1849, ii. 232.

Scotland" (xxi. 147): "If a cat was permitted to leap over a corpse, it portended misfortune. The meaning of this was to prevent that carnivorous animal from coming near the body of the deceased, lest, when the watchers were asleep, it should endeavour to prey upon it." Again, it was also formerly believed that evil spirits in the form of cats hovered about the fireside, and numerous stories are on record of their supposed appearance under this form. In France, on the festival of St. John, it was in days gone by the custom to throw twenty-four cats into the midst of a large fire kindled in the public square by the bishop and his clergy; hymns and anthems were sung, and processions were made in honour of the occasion by the priests and people: the cat being regarded as an emblem of the devil. It was no doubt, too, its demoniac character that gave rise to the superstitious idea of its being unlucky to meet a black cat at any time. Thus, we are told [1] how, in years gone by, some of the Scotch folk were in the habit of carrying an old iron nail to throw at a black cat which might cross their path, as by this act all evil was supposed to be warded off. To the same reason, perhaps, may be attributed the notion that it is ominous for a bride, on setting out to be married, to meet a cat.

Again, the demoniac character of the cat enters largely into the legends and traditions associated with it. Thus, by way of illustration, we may quote a tale, known as "The Devil's Cat," current in North Germany.[2] A peasant had three beautiful large cats. A neighbour begged to have one of them, and obtained it. To accustom it to the place, he shut it up in the loft. At night the cat, popping its head through the window, said, "What shall I bring to-night?" "Thou shalt bring mice," answered the man. The cat then set to work, and cast all it caught on the floor. The next morning the place was so full of dead mice that it was hardly possible to open the door, and the man was employed the whole day in throwing them away by bushels. At night the cat again put its head through the aperture, and asked, "What shall I bring to-night?" "Thou shalt bring rye," answered the peasant. The cat was now busily employed in shooting down rye, so that in the morning the door could not be opened. The man then saw the true nature of the cat, and carried it back to his neighbour, in which he acted prudently, for had he given it work a third time, he could never have got rid of it. In one respect, however, he did not act prudently, in not saying the second time, "Thou shalt bring gold";

[1] Gregor's *Folk-lore of North-east of Scotland*, 1881, 124.

[2] Thorpe's *Northern Mythology*, 1852, iii. 18, 19.

for then he would have got as much gold as he did rye. To give one further example: Miss Farington, in her paper on Leland Church, read before the Lancashire and Cheshire Historic Society, a few years ago, referred to several carved stones which decorated the ancient structure, and amongst these to the "cat-stone." She says, "To this stone appends the usual story of the stones being removed by night (in this case, from Whittle to Leyland), and the devil, in the form of a cat, throttling a person who was bold enough to watch."

In Russia, however, the cat enjoys a somewhat better reputation than it does in most other countries. Mr. Conway [1] informs us that in the neighbourhood of Moscow several peasants assured him that, while they never would be willing to remain in a church where a dog had entered, they would esteem it a good sign if a cat came to church. He also relates a curious legend, current in the neighbourhood of Moscow, that "when the devil once tried to creep into Paradise, he took the form of a mouse; the dog and cat were on guard at the gates, and the dog allowed the evil one to pass, but the cat pounced on him, and so defeated another treacherous attempt against human felicity."

Referring in the next place to the connection between cats and witches, it is evident that this source of superstition is the outcome of that which we have already described; and so universal is it, that the picture of a witch would be incomplete without her cat, by rights a black one. Shakespeare has immortalised the belief in the cat being the familiar of witches by his frequent reference to it in "Macbeth." Thus, on that momentous occasion when the witches prepare their evil enchantments against the king, the first witch commences with the ominous words—

> Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

It was also on this account, as I pointed out in a previous paper,[2] that in former years the cat was subjected to much ill-treatment; the notion of its being the familiar of witches involving it in no small disrepute. Many scattered allusions to this species of superstition are to be met with in literature of bygone days: it having given rise to a variety of amusing stories, and afforded our authors of olden times ample opportunity for the display of their wits. Thus, in Gay's fable of "The Old Woman and her Cats," one of these

[1] *Demonology and Devil-lore*, i. 131.

[2] 'Nightmare,' *Gentleman's Magazine*, Jan. 1882, pp. 81, 82

animals is introduced as upbraiding the witch in the following terms—

> 'Tis infamy to serve a hag,
> Cats are thought imps, her broom a nag;
> And boys against our lives combine,
> Because, 'tis said, your cats have nine.

Amongst, too, the instances of this supposed kind of witchcraft may be mentioned one which occurred as recently as the year 1718, when a judicial inquiry was held at Caithness respecting the sufferings of one William Montgomery, who was reduced to a most miserable condition owing to the "gambols of a legion of cats." It was averred that the said Montgomery's man-servant affirmed that the feline disturbers of his master's peace "spoke among themselves." Driven at last to desperation, we read that Montgomery attacked with "broadsword and axe" his assailants, killing some and wounding others. The proof, it is added, that the said cats were veritable witches, was clearly shown by the fact that two neighbouring "old women died immediately, and a third lost a leg, which, having been broken by a stroke of the hatchet, withered, and dropped off." To quote a further well-known case of the use to which the cat was occasionally devoted by witches, we may refer to the remarkable confession of Agnes Sampson,[1] a reputed witch, about the year 1591, who vowed that at the time James VI. was in Denmark, "she took a cat, and christened it, and afterwards bound to each part of that cat the chiefest parts of a dead man, and several joints of his body; and that in the night following, the said cat was conveyed into the midst of the sea, by herself and other witches, sailing in their riddles or crieves, and so left the said cat right before the town of Leith, in Scotland. This done, there arose such a tempest in the sea, as a greater hath not been seen, which tempest was the cause of the perishing of a boat or vessel coming over from the town of Brunt Island to the town of Leith, wherein were sundry jewels and rich gifts, which should have been presented to the new Queen of Scotland, at her Majesty's coming to Leith. Again, it is confessed that the said christened cat was the cause of the King's Majesty's ship, at his coming forth of Denmark, having a contrary wind to the rest of the ships then being in his company, which thing was most strange and true, as the King's Majesty acknowledged." Again, it appears that witches were not only believed to have the power of transforming themselves into animal shapes, but to be capable of practising metamorphoses on their victims. Thus, for instance, when travelling

[1] See *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1779, xlix. 499.

in the shape of cats, if they met with any of their neighbours, they addressed to them the following charm—

Devil speed thee ;
Go thou with me—

when they were immediately transformed into the feline shape, and accompanied them.[1] It must not be supposed, too, that these curious notions have been confined to our own country, being extensively, even at the present day, credited in different parts of the Continent. In Hungary,[2] for example, it is said that the cat generally becomes a witch from the age of seven years to that of twelve, and that witches ride upon tom-cats, especially black ones. In order also to deliver the cat from the influence of the witch, it is considered necessary to make upon its skin an incision in the form of a cross. It is commonly believed, too, in Germany, that witches take the form of cats ; and, indeed, in most of the northern countries of Europe this superstitious fancy occupies, as we shall show, an important place in the traditions and folk-tales that have been handed down in the course of past centuries. De Gubernatis further tells us that in the Monferrato it is believed that all the cats which wander about the roofs in the month of February are not really cats, but witches, which one must shoot—on this account, they are held in particular dread. Of the many folk-tales current in Germany, in which the cat figures as the familiar of witches, we may quote one prevalent in the neighbourhood of Eiderstedt.[3] There was a miller who was so unfortunate as to have his mill burned down every Christmas Eve. At last, however, a courageous servant determined to keep watch at the mill on the mysterious night. He therefore kindled a blazing fire, and made himself a good kettleful of porridge, taking care to place an old sabre beside him. Ere long there entered a long troop of cats into the mill, and he heard one say in a low tone to another, "Mousekin ! go and sit by Hanskin !" Whereupon a beautiful milk-white cat crept softly to him and placed herself by his side. Seizing the opportunity, he took a ladleful of the scalding porridge, and dashing it in her face, took the sabre and cut off one of her paws. On this the cats instantly disappeared, when, much to his astonishment, instead of the cat's paw there suddenly appeared a delicate woman's hand, with a gold ring on one of the fingers bearing

[1] Gunyon's *Scottish History, Life, and Superstition, from Song and Ballad*, 1879, 323.

[2] *Zoological Mythology*, ii. 62, 63.

[3] Thorpe's *Northern Mythology*, iii. 26.

his master's cypher. On the following morning the miller's wife lay in bed and would not rise. "Give me thy hand, wife," said the miller, but after refusing to do so, she at last held out her mutilated limb. As soon as the authorities gained intelligence of this event, the woman was burnt for a witch. This story, it may be noted, occurs under various forms. Thus, for instance, according to the versions prevalent in the Netherlands, the castle of Erendegen was so terribly haunted that no one could be found to pass even a single night within its walls. At last, however, a man of the name of Jan promised to stay any length of time, provided only he was supplied with every requisite for frying pancakes. The desire was granted, and in the evening Jan proceeded to the castle. Having made a fire in one of the best rooms, he had no sooner commenced frying pancakes than the door opened, and in walked a black cat, and having sat down before the fire, asked Jan what he was doing. "I am frying pancakes, my little friend," he replied; which words he had scarcely spoken when seven more cats entered, and having in turn put the same question, met with a similar answer. The cats then taking each other's paw began to dance round and round, on which Jan throws over them the scalding batter from his frying-pan, and instantly they all vanish. On the following day it was reported in the village that the shoemaker's wife was severely burnt over her whole body, at which Jan showed no surprise, only remarking that the castle would no longer be haunted. And so it proved, for the cats never ventured to return. In most of these stories the sequel is generally the same; the witch in her transformed state not escaping the punishment so well deserved through her mischievous conduct.

Again, cats have the reputation of being weather-wise, an old notion which has given rise to a most extensive folk-lore. It is almost universally believed that good weather may be expected when the cat washes herself, but bad when she licks her coat against the grain, or washes her face over her ear, or sits with her tail to the fire. As, too, the cat is supposed not only to have a good knowledge of the state of the weather, but a certain share in the arrangement of it, it is considered by sailors to be most unwise to provoke it. Hence they do not much like to see a cat on board at all, and when one happens to be more frisky than usual, they have a popular saying that "the cat has got a gale of wind in her tail." A charm often resorted to for raising a storm is to throw a cat overboard; but, according to an Hungarian proverb, as a cat does not die in water, its paws disturb the surface; hence the flaws on the

surface of the water are nicknamed by sailors "cats'-paws." In the same way also, a larger flurry on the water is a "cat's skin"; and in some parts of England a popular name for the stormy north-west wind is the "cat's nose." Amongst other items of weather-lore associated with the cat, there is a superstition in Germany that if it rains when women have a large washing on hand, it is an infallible sign that they have a spite against them, owing to their not having treated these animals well. We may also compare the Dutch idea that a rainy wedding-day results from the bride's neglecting to feed her cat; whereas in the valleys of the Tirol, girls who are fond of cats are said always to marry early, perhaps, as Mrs. Busk remarks,[1] "an evidence that household virtues are appreciated in them by the men." Once more, there is a German belief that any one who during his lifetime may have made cats his enemies, is certain to be accompanied to the grave amidst a storm of wind and rain.

Apart, however, from the weather-lore superstitions associated with the cat, there is an extensive class of other beliefs, as, for instance, those relating to folk-medicine. Thus, in Cornwall,[2] the little gatherings which come on children's eyelids, locally termed "whilks," are cured by passing the tail of a black cat nine times over the part affected. As recently as the year 1867,[3] in Pennsylvania, a woman was publicly accused of witchcraft for administering three drops of a black cat's blood to a child as a remedy for croup. She admitted the fact, but denied that witchcraft had anything to do with it, and twenty witnesses were called to prove its success. Again, "in many regions," we are told by Mr. Conway, "a three-coloured cat protects against fire, and a black cat cures epilepsy and protects gardens." We may also quote a popular rhyme much used in years past:—

> Kiss the black cat,
> An' 'twill make ye fat;
> Kiss the white ane,
> 'Twill make ye lean.

Formerly in Scotland,[5] when a family removed from one house to another, the cat was always taken; one reason being, that it served as a protection against disease. Indeed, before a member of the family entered the new abode, the cat was thrown into it. There

[1] *The Valleys of the Tirol*, 1874, 110.
[2] Hunt's *Popular Romances of the West of England.*
[3] Henderson's *Folk-lore of the Northern Counties*, 1879, 207.
[4] *Demonology and Devil-lore*, ii. 312.
[5] Gregor's *Folk-lore of North-east of Scotland*, 124.

was a superstitious notion that, if a curse or disease had been left on the house, the cat became the victim and died, to the saving of the family's lives. It is curious, however, to find the opposite practice kept up in Ireland,[1] where it is considered highly unlucky for a family to take with them a cat when they are moving, more especially, too, when they have to cross a river. Mr. Gregor also tells us that, in the north-east of Scotland, if a cow or other domestic animal was seized with disease, one mode of cure was to twist a rope of straw the contrary way, join the two ends, and put the diseased animal through the loop along with a cat. By this means the disease was supposed to be transferred to the cat, and the animal's life was so saved by the cat dying. This, of course, was only one of the extensive charms of which the leading idea was that of substitution. A remedy for erysipelas, lately practised in the parish of Locharron, in the North-West Highlands, consisted in cutting off one-half of the ear of a cat, and letting the blood drop on the part affected. Alluding, moreover, to the numerous other items of folk-lore in connection with the cat, there is a popular notion that a May cat—a cat born in the month of May—is of no use for catching rats and mice, but exerts an injurious influence on the house through bringing into it disagreeable reptiles of various kinds. Mrs. Latham, in her "West Sussex Superstitions,"[2] says that a May cat is supposed "to be inclined to melancholy, and to be much addicted to catching snakes and bringing them into the house. I had heard that this West-country belief existed in our village; and, very lately, observing a most dejected-looking cat by the fire in a cottage, said, in jest, "I should think that cat was born in May." "Oh, yes," said the owner of it, "that she was, and so was her mother; and she was just as sad-looking, and was always bringing snakes and vipers within doors." In Huntingdonshire there is a common saying that "a May kitten makes a dirty cat." This supposed ill-luck attaching to a cat born in the month of May is no doubt founded on the old notion that May was an unfortunate season for births of any kind, in allusion to which there is an old proverb, which says—

May chets
Bad luck begets.

According to a curious notion, still extensively credited by out north-country peasantry, black cats are supposed to bring not only

[1] Croker's *Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland*, 1862, 31.
[2] *Folk-lore Record*, 1878, i. 17.

good luck, but also lovers—in illustration of which we may quote a well-known rhyme on the subject—

> Whenever the cat o' the house is black,
> The lasses o' lovers will have no lack.

Mr. Henderson,[1] speaking of this superstition, tells us that an old north-country woman on one occasion said to a lady, "It's na wonder Jock ——'s lasses marry off so fast, ye ken what a braw black cat they've got." It is considered unlucky to dream of a cat, a piece of folk-lore prevalent in Germany, where if one dreams of a black cat at Christmas, it is an omen of some alarming illness during the following year. Equally unfortunate, too, is it for a cat to sneeze, this act being supposed to indicate that the family will have colds. Thus, we are informed by Mrs. Latham[2] that in Sussex, "even the most favoured cat, if heard to sneeze, is instantly shut out of doors; for should she stay to repeat the sneeze three times indoors, the whole family will have colds and coughs."

Lastly, there are many quaint traditions in which the cat holds a prominent place; and an amusing one, current in the north of England, we may quote in conclusion: A gentleman was one evening sitting cosily in his parlour, reading or meditating, when he was interrupted by the appearance of a cat, which came down the chimney and cried out, "Tell Dildrum Doldrum's dead!" He was not unnaturally startled by this strange occurrence; and when shortly after his wife entered, and he related to her what had happened, her own cat, which accompanied her, exclaimed, "Is Doldrum dead?" and immediately rushed up the chimney, and was heard of no more. Of the numberless conjectures stated to account for this extraordinary event, the most reasonable one appears to be that Doldrum had been king of Catland, and that Dildrum was the next heir.

T. F. THISELTON DYER.

[1] *Folk-lore of the Northern Counties*, 207.
[2] *Folk-lore Record*, 10.

WARFARE IN CHIVALROUS TIMES.

THE fourteenth century, the century of Edward the Black Prince of England, and of Bertrand du Guesclin, constable of France, may be fairly taken as the period in which chivalry reached its highest perfection, and in which the military type of life and character attained its noblest development. Froissart, whose picture of that period reflects its manners and thoughts with a vividness that has never been surpassed, has scarcely aught else to tell of than wars and battles and noble feats of arms; thinking that, as they alone were of interest to himself or his contemporaries, they alone would be of interest to posterity. It is to that century we naturally turn our thoughts when we would fain imagine a time when the rivalry of brave deeds gave birth to heroism of character, and the rivalry of military generosity invested even the cruelties of the battle-field with the halo of romance. Yet it is needless to go beyond Froissart himself to see how little foundation such imaginings have in fact, and how, before the calm tribunal of history, there never was a period like that handed down to us as the period of chivalry, when the motives for wars as well as the incentives of personal courage were more mercenary; when war itself was more brutally conducted; when the laws in restraint of it imposed by the voice of morality or religion were less felt; or when the consequent demoralisation was more widely spread.

Such a conclusion, inasmuch as it runs counter to so much that we have been wont to receive on trust and tradition, may fairly be put upon its trial and challenged for facts for its defence. But for such defence there is no need to travel further than Froissart himself, a witness whose evidence is beyond impeachment, and alone suffices for an estimate of warfare in days when chivalry prevailed in Europe. The following details are from that source alone.

When the Black Prince, whom afterwards Germans, Flemish, and English agreed in denominating "the mirror of knighthood," reconquered Limoges from France and sacked it, he spared neither

rank nor age nor sex, though his victims, to the number of 3,000, sought mercy from him on their knees, "veritable martyrs," as Froissart calls them, of the Prince's passion and revenge. But this cruelty was not so exceptional after all. When the English sacked Niort in Poitou, they promiscuously massacred both men and women, and so they did when, under the Earl of Derby, they sacked Poitiers; nor were the French one whit more gallant or merciful when they came with their fleet in 1377 and burned the good town of Rye. When the flower of Christian chivalry, under the king of Hungary, took the Turkish city Comecte by storm, one might have expected that the women and children should have been spared from the general massacre which ensued.

One instance of promiscuous slaughter is remarkable for the high esteem to which it sometimes raised its chief perpetrator. In the famous war between the citizens of Ghent and the Earl of Flanders there was no worse episode than when the Lord D'Anghien took the town of Grammont by storm one fine Sunday in June, and showed no mercy to man, woman, or child. Numbers of old people and women were burnt in their beds, and the town, being set on fire in more than 200 places, was reduced to ashes, even the churches included. "Fair son," said the Earl of Flanders, greeting his returning relative, "you are a valiant warrior, and, if it please God, will be a gallant one; for you have made a handsome beginning." History cannot but rejoice that the young duke's first feat of arms was also his last, and that, not many days later, he lost his life in a skirmish.

Of course, all persons found within a town taken by assault were by the rule of war liable, and all the male adults likely, to be killed. Only by a timely surrender could the besieged cherish any hope for their lives or fortunes; and even the offer of a surrender might be refused, and an unconditional submission be insisted on instead. There is no darker blot on the character of Edward III. than the savage disposition he displayed when, with respect to the brave defenders of Calais, he was only restrained from exercising his strict war-right of putting them to death by the representations made to him of the danger he might incur of an equally sanguinary retaliation in the future.

There was in general a strong feeling against making ladies prisoners of war; nor could the French ever forgive our countrymen for allowing the soldiers of the Black Prince to take prisoner the Duchess of Bourbon, mother to their king, and to obtain a ransom for her release. To the French appears to have been due whatever

advance was made in the more humane treatment of prisoners. Both the Spaniards and Germans were wont to fasten their prisoners with iron chains; but of the French Froissart says expressly: "They neither imprison their captives, nor put on them shackles and fetters, as the Germans do, in order to obtain a better ransom—curses on them for it! They are without pity or honour, and ought never to receive any quarter. The French entertained their prisoners well, and ransomed them courteously, without being too hard with them." In this spirit Bertrand du Guesclin let his English prisoners go at large on their parole for their ransom, a generosity towards their foes which the English on occasion knew how to requite.

Froissart gives one striking illustration of the greater barbarity of the Spaniards towards their prisoners, which should not be forgotten in endeavouring to form a general estimate of the character of the military type of life in the palmiest days of chivalry. In a war between Castile and Portugal, whenever the Castilians took any prisoners, they tore out their eyes, tore off their arms and legs, and in such a plight sent them back to Lisbon. It speaks highly for the conduct of the Lisboners that they did not retaliate such treatment, but allowed their prisoners every comfort they could expect in their circumstances.

It might perhaps have been expected that, little as was the respect sometimes evoked from mediæval warriors on behalf of defenceless women and children, or of the crops and houses that were their food and shelter, superstition at least would have rescued churches and sacred buildings from their ruthless destruction. Even in pre-Christian warfare, temples as a rule were spared; and if the Romans under Germanicus destroyed the sacred edifices of the Marsi, it was contrary to the better traditions of Roman military precedent. Permissible as it was by the laws of war, says Polybius, to destroy an enemy's garrisons, cities, crops, or anything else by which their power might be weakened, it was the part of mere rage and madness to destroy such things as their statues or temples, by which no benefit or hurt accrued to one side or the other. But in the Middle Ages the most that can be said is that slightly stronger scruples protected churches than protected the lives of women and children. We are not told, for instance, that the Earl of Derby at Poitiers took the smallest steps to check the massacre of the latter, though, after a certain time, he forbade, under pain of death, any further destruction of houses and churches. When Louis of Spain took Guerrande by storm, it was less the slaughter of women and children than the burning of the churches which he so resented as to have twenty-four

of the principal perpetrators hung upon the spot. Even Froissart himself, when recounting the slaughter at Durham by the Scotch king David of women, children, monks, and priests, and the demolition of every house and church in the city, only expresses pity for the churches, none for those who were wont to worship in them.[1]

The slightest embitterment of feeling in a war removed all scruples in favour of sacred buildings. The English, for instance, at one time were so exasperated with the Scots on account of their recent offensive alliance with France, that the beautiful Melrose Abbey, spared in all previous wars between the two countries, was burnt and destroyed by the king of England and the lords of his army. So was the Abbey of Dunfermline, where the Scotch kings used to be buried; and so it fared with the rest of Scotland that the English over-ran: they "spared neither monasteries nor churches, but put all to fire and flame."

Although reason can urge no valid objection against the means of destruction employed in warfare, whether poisoned arrows or explosive bullets, there have generally been certain things excluded from the category of fair military practices, as, for example, the poisoning of an enemy's water. It is therefore curious that the gallant warriors of Froissart's day, though they refrained from poisoning water, should have had no scruples whatever about poisoning the air. Their great engines, called Sows or Muttons, could inject into a besieged town more fatal weapons than huge stones or beams of wood. When the Duke of Normandy was besieging the castle of Thun l'Évêque, he had dead horses and carrion flung into the castle to poison the air; and as it was then the middle of summer, it was not long before the garrison came to reason. The chivalry of Brabant, besieging the town of Grave, threw over the walls all the dead carrion of their army, to empoison the inhabitants by the stench. Another effective weapon was Greek fire, which, consisting of sulphur and pitch, was only extinguishable by vinegar mixed with sand, or by raw hides. The Black Prince made use of it to take the castle of Romorantin.

There is no single character of the Middle Ages round whom more memories and fancies of a noble chivalry still linger than the Black Prince. Some generous traits certainly adorned his career; but the white spots of his character, that stand out in relief of the fundamental black, are really very few and far between. The extreme terms of eulogy

[1] The doubt of the historical fact does not affect the character of Froissart's judgment.

applied to him in history are a proof how little there really was to praise in the military ideal of his age. When two messengers brought him a summons from the French king to answer the appeal of the Gascons of Aquitaine, not only did his nobles and barons advise him to kill them as a salary for their pains, but the Prince actually went so far as to imprison them. Nor is it possible for the modern spirit to admire in the least his conduct in Spain. For if ever one king was substituted for another with the consent and good-will of a people, it was Henry the Bastard for Pedro the Cruel ; but the fact of the latter being as much hated as the former was beloved by the Castilians did not for a moment deter the Black Prince from helping Pedro to recover a throne from which he had been deservedly dethroned. Any thought for the wishes of the people concerned, or of sympathy for their liberation, as little entered into his mind as if the question had concerned toads or rabbits. And the only pretext he could give for the war, namely, that the substitution of a bastard for Pedro was prejudicial to royalty, entirely overlooked the fact that the Pope had expressly legitimised Henry's birth, in order to render such scruples of no avail. Before the battle of Navarette (1367), in which Henry the Bastard was completely defeated, the Prince did not hesitate in his prayers for victory to assert that he had undertaken the war solely in the interests of justice and reason ; and it was on account of his success in this exploit (a success which only awaited his departure from the country to be followed by a rising in favour of the monarch he had deposed) that the Prince earned his chief title to fame, that Germans, English, and Flemish dubbed him the mirror of knighthood, and that London exhausted itself in shows, triumphs, and feasts in his honour.

Having seen, as far as the faint line of historical record will enable us to see, what war really was, and in what manner and spirit it was conducted in days when men are supposed to have been more noble and chivalrous than those of after times, let us examine briefly into the causes, the moral causes of the human mind in those days, which made wars break out so frequently and last so long. That war was then the chief thought in men's minds as well as the chief occupation of their lives may well be shown by the way in which it coloured their religion. For at Christmas and at Easter, the two great religious festivals of a religion supposed especially to inculcate peace, the psalm that was deemed most appropriate to be sung in the chapels of the Pope and of the king of France was the psalm beginning : "*Benedictus Dominus, Deus meus, qui docet manus meas ad bellum et digitos meos ad prælium.*"

The fundamental and most general motive for war, even in the fourteenth century, was the desire which nowadays finds vent in the more peaceful channels of commerce—the desire of gain. The desire for glory had far less to do with it than we are commonly taught. From the beginning to the end of Froissart, nothing is more conspicuously displayed than the merely mercenary motive for war. The ransom of prisoners or of towns afforded a royal road to wealth, and was the chief reward and motive of bravery. Men fought, not so much as honour or chivalry impelled them for the weak or the oppressed, but simply as gain tempted them, and in preference against the weak than against the strong. The profit of war was the great thing, and counted for more than the cause at stake. The loot and rapine, the attractions of the brigand, were the main temptations of the soldier; and the distinction between the latter and the robber was then far less than it had been in the pre-Christian era, or than it has been in more modern times. The noble, who was a soldier in war, was not above fighting as a robber after peace was made, nor above making humble villagers compound for their lives; and, in spite of truces and treaties, pillage and ransom afforded his chief, and often his only, source of livelihood.

For instance, after the treaty of Bretigny had put a stop to hostilities between England and France, we read that 12,000 soldiers, or free companies as they were called, under leaders of every nationality, and including valiant knights like Sir John Hawkwood, resolved, rather than lay down their arms, to march into Burgundy, there to relieve, by the ransoms they could levy, the poverty they could not otherwise support. Whoever made use of these noble warriors found them difficult to shake off in peace. Henry the Bastard, who by such help had won the kingdom of Castile from his brother Pedro, designed an invasion of Granada simply to give employment to his dangerous friends. The main cause of the unpopularity of Richard II. was his marriage with the daughter of the king of France, and his desire for peace between the two kingdoms. The poorer knights and squires wished, we are told, for war, because it was their sole means of livelihood. They had learnt idleness, says Froissart, and looked to war as a means of support. He asserts what he expects few people to believe, that England was fonder of war than of peace, because in the conquests made in France in the reign of Edward III. the poorest knights had become rich by the ransoms obtained for so many towns, castles, and men. When the English returned from a war in Castile, they declared that it was a mistake to make war with Castile or Portugal, because in those countries there was nothing but

poverty and loss to be suffered; it was only in war with France, which was so very profitable, that they ought boldly to hazard their lives.

There was not, therefore, very much difference between the free companies and the regular soldiery, since not only the latter merged into the former, but both were actuated by the sole pursuit of gain, and uninfluenced by any ideas of common honour or patriotism. The creed of both was summed up in the following regretful speech, attributed to Aymerigot Marcel, a great captain of the pillaging bands: "There is no pleasure in the world like that which men of arms like ourselves enjoyed. How happy were we when, riding out in search of adventures, we met a rich abbot, a merchant, or a string of mules well laden with draperies, furs, or spices from Montpellier, Begiers, and other places! All was our own, or ransomed according to our own will. Every day we gained money. . . . We lived like kings, and when we went abroad the country trembled."

Nor was it only the common soldiery or needy adventurers who were thus ruled by the desire of gain. The principle pervaded and vitiated all classes of men from the lowest to the highest. What, for instance, can be thought of Charles IV. of France, who, when his sister Isabella, queen of England, fled to him, promised to help her with money; and then, when messengers came to him from England with presents of gold and silver and jewels for himself and his ministers, forbade any of his subjects, under pain of death, from helping his sister to return to England! When Edward III. was about to make war with France, was he not told that his allies were men who loved to gain wealth, and whom it was necessary to pay beforehand? and was it not the judicious distribution of florins which brought to his interest a duke, a marquis, and an archbishop of Cologne, and proved equally efficient with the lords of Germany as with the citizens of the towns of Flanders?

Next to the desire of gain as a general motive for war was the love of adventure and the hope of fame. The desire for personal distinction amounted sometimes almost to mania, as in the case of the young English knights who went about with one of their eyes veiled in a cloth, and made a vow to some ladies that they would neither use both their eyes nor reply to any questions asked of them till they had done some great deed in France. We have to remember that not only did war promise large profits to the successful, but that to persons of rank it was less a risk of life than of property. The personal danger decreased in exact ratio with the rank of the combatant; and it was in the main only the humbler orders of the social hierarchy who unreservedly risked their lives. Even at the

battle of Nicopoli against the Turks, when the flower of the French nobility met with so disastrous a defeat, only four great nobles are mentioned as having been killed. The rest were saved for the sake of their ransoms; and it is probable that the same reason accounted for the magnificence of their dress on that occasion as accounted for the elaborate gold necklaces which were worn by officers of distinction in the time of Gustavus Adolphus, more, it is thought, as symbols of the ransom their wearers could pay than merely from motives of vanity or show. Froissart explains how it was more dangerous to flee from a battle-field than to remain on it, because, whilst fugitives who were overtaken were slain, the man who found the chances against him on the battle-field could always surrender and look to being well cared for as a captive: that is, of course, if he were a man who could pay a ransom. War, therefore, chiefly affected the lives of the great by pleasantly relieving the monotony of peaceful days. Even the usual amusements of peace were not wanting; and field-sports, sometimes spoken of as the image of war, were not absent during its reality. Edward III., when on a campaign, hunted and fished daily; and many of his nobles followed his example, and took their hawks and hounds across the Channel. The King had thirty falconers on horseback, and was followed by sixty couples of staghounds, and as many greyhounds. Yet these warriors were so pious that they actually took with them also boiled leather boats, that they might be able to catch fish in Lent, and so not neglect the rules of fasting.

It is curious that the Christian religion, which could command so strict an observance of its ordinances as is implied in the last statement, should have been powerless to place any check whatever on the atrocities connected with the gratification of the war spirit. There is nothing in the annals of warfare of the Greek or Roman people that surpasses in savagery the conduct of war in the best days of chivalry. The fact is an eternal reflection on the conversion of the Western nations. Nevertheless, the Church, or rather the Papacy, used its influence on the side of peace. Clement VI. succeeded in making peace between France and England. Innocent VI. tried to do the same. Urban V. returned from Rome to Avignon in the hopes of effecting the same good object; and in the same spirit tried in every possible way to put a stop to the evil of the free companies. He excommunicated all who belonged to them. He was thrown into a great rage by the news of the battle of Montauban, in which they had defeated some French knights. He forbade the French prisoners to pay the ransoms they had agreed to

pay for their liberty, and sent them dispensations freeing them from their contract (1366).

Gregory XI. made similar efforts to his predecessors in the cause of peace; and Froissart dwells on the disappointment he felt at the failure of his efforts. Archbishops and cardinals were frequently engaged in pacific, though futile, embassies. The prelates in vain preached to either side arguments of peace—a fact that deserves to be remembered when we consider the almost universal silence and impotence of the pulpit in modern times, either to prevent a war or to mitigate its barbarities. But the mediæval prelates could play on the martial as well as on the pacific chord of their audience. History gives credit to the eloquent sermons of an archbishop of Toulouse for turning sixty towns and castles in Languedoc to the interests and rights of the French king in his quarrel with England; and to the preaching of prelates as well as lawyers in Picardy for a similar effect on the populations of several large towns. Nor were the English clergy inferior to the French in asserting the rights of their king and country, for Simon Tibald, Bishop of London, made several long and fine sermons, demonstrating (as people so readily demonstrate in such cases) that the king of France had acted most unjustly in renewing the war, and that his conduct was contrary both to right and reason. These appeals to the judgment of their congregations are a proof that in the fourteenth century the opinion of the people did not count for so little as is often saidin the making of peace or war.

We have, then, in conclusion, in thinking of the general character of the warfare of 500 years ago, to lay aside as pure hallucination all ideas of any essential moral difference between it and its more modern manifestations. That brave deeds were often done, and noble characters formed in it, must not blind us to its other and darker features. It was a warfare in which women and children were not exempted from the brutal fury of its soldiers, nor sacred buildings safe from their rage. It was a warfare in which men fought more from a sordid greed of gain, the most universal motive of the age, than from any attachment to their king or country, as we see in the marvellous evaporation of loyalty when an English king like Richard II. chanced to wish to live peaceably with his neighbours. It was a warfare of which the character may be most fitly remembered by three facts: that the bluest blood of Castile was not above tearing out prisoners' eyes; that the bluest blood of Brabant was not superior to storming towns by the aid of carrion; and that the flower of Christian chivalry made a massacre of Turkish women and children.

J. A. FARRER.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Animal and Vegetable Co-partnership.

THE difficulty of distinguishing between animals and vegetables does not appear very great when we compare a cow with a cabbage, or a pig with a rose-bush. Nevertheless, this difficulty is really considerable. The old and still the popular distinction that defines vegetables as fixed to the ground, while animals have the power of locomotion, has been quite given up by naturalists, since they have discovered a multitude of microscopic plants that swim in the most fish-like fashion through the waters, and seeds that walk the earth, and even bury themselves in suitable places by their own vital efforts.

A much later distinctive definition of an animal is that it is a creature having a stomach and able to digest solid food; but this has been disturbed by further investigation of the proceedings of carnivorous plants, which not only catch flies, &c., but actually eat and digest them, by secreting a gastric juice similar to our own.

The general tendency of the modern progress of biological classification has been towards throwing into the vegetable kingdom a number of creatures formerly described as animals. The changes that have been made within the limits of my own recollection—*i.e.*, since I attended the Edinburgh lectures on natural history by Professor Jamieson—are very remarkable. The great text-book for the microscope in those days was Pritchard's "Infusoria.' Turning to that, I find therein engravings of hundreds of species of "animalculæ," or "infusorial animals," that are now classified as vegetables. Even the *monad* of Buffon, which I was taught to venerate as the fundamental primary of all animals, and his more complex and agile cousin, the beautiful *volvox globator*, are now regarded as vegetable cells. All the *navicula* or ship-shaped "animalculæ" of the period have become vegetables, bearing the general names of *diatomaceæ* and *desmidieæ*.

There are many reasons for this, the chief being that they contain starch and that they breathe as plants do—*i.e.*, they dissociate the

elements of carbonic acid gas, taking the solid carbon to form their own bodies, and giving off the oxygen to the air—while animals do just the opposite; they oxidise the carbon supplied to them by vegetables, thereby reconverting it to the carbonic acid from which the vegetables obtained it. Thus the animal and vegetable functions are complementary to each other.

It is a curious fact that the fluids which perform these complementary operations have complementary colours—the red blood of the animal and the green *chlorophyll* of the vegetable. There are, however, some pale pink-blooded animals and pale yellowish-juiced plants. The respiratory functions of both appear to be proportionally weakened.

Besides these, there are certain animals that have green flesh containing a liquid corresponding to blood, but green instead of red. Our sea anemones afford a familiar example of these. The most abundant on our coasts is the smooth anemone (*actinia mesembryanthemum*). I have gathered these of all colours, from chestnut to bright crimson and scarlet, through dirty reds, due to green admixture, on to bright green and thence to pale sea-green. The strawberry anemone is bright red with bright green or yellow spots; but the most brilliantly green of all is a somewhat different animal in structure, though shaped like the actinia. It is the *anthea*, also rather abundant on our coasts, especially at Jersey. One variety spreads out tentacles of the richest emerald green, with tips of bright rose pink.

Recent experiments have shown that these creatures expire oxygen after the manner of vegetables; and further investigation has led to the conclusion that this is done by vegetable cells contained within the animal, which cells have a life independent of the animal, as proved by their separability from the animal, and their survival for some days after its death. The green cells have even been transplanted from one animal into the body of another, where they have survived and multiplied.

They thus appear to be parasitic, but quite unlike those destructive vegetable parasites with which other animals are infested. The internal vegetable cells above described (*endodermal unicellular algæ*, to which Mr. Geddes proposes to apply the generic name *Philozoon*) seem to assist the animal by supplying it with oxygen for respiration, while the animal in turn supplies its partner with the carbonic acid it requires: a curious instance of biological co-operation or "*symbiosis*" (living together).

I have named the above well-known animals as illustrations, but

similar observations have been made on many others standing on a similar level in the scale of life.

Granny.

THE curious partnership between animal and vegetable life described in my last Note may help to account for the remarkable tenacity of life and the prolific powers of the animals which thus give and take their respiratory food independently of outside supplies.

Fifty-three years ago, Sir John Dalzell gathered a well-grown matronly specimen of the common smooth sea anemone from the rocks of North Berwick, and transplanted her to a suitable aquarium. There she outlived her patron, and at his death was bequeathed to the care of Professor John Fleming; afterwards to Dr. James McBain, who, when he found his end approaching, sought another guardian, and after the trust had been declined by some to whom he offered it, found at last a willing and worthy successor in Mr. Sadler, the curator of the Royal Botanic Gardens at Edinburgh. Last year the venerable *actinia mesembryanthemum*, whose personal name, "Granny," is more distinctive and pronounceable, was alive and "as well as might be expected," seeing that she had brought forth twenty-seven baby actiniæ, all alive and well, during the previous summer. In 1857, when Sir John Dalzell was still her nurse, she gave birth to 240 in one night.

Not having heard any bad news, I suppose that she is still alive, and having survived unchanged for so many years, there is fair prospect of her outliving many more generations of human curators.

In the course of a very large number of experiments in compounding an artificial imitation of sea-water, I have used these animals as my tests, and have discovered that the first symptom of serious illness has been the ejection of a multitude of little actiniæ, with a single ring of tentacles. If this continue, the parent shrivels and then *gradually* dies—so gradually that one portion may be quite putrid while the other still lingers on alive.

The young are ejected from the mouth of the parent, and soon fix themselves to any convenient rock, but I have never been able to rear them in an aquarium. They somehow disappear. They vary from about $\frac{1}{8}$th to $\frac{1}{4}$th of an inch in diameter across the circle of the tentacles. They may be seen living and growing inside the parent of the greenish and more transparent varieties.

I have never seen an anthea thus produce young, but have had

cases of increase by subdivision; a single animal splitting into as many as six in less than a week.

This splitting is a curious process, the complete animal being a stomach surrounded by tentacles which proceed from a circular wall and base of flesh divided into compartments corresponding to the tentacles. Each half has, therefore, to complete itself by uniting its severed walls and forming a complete stomach of its own.

In the case above mentioned, five of the six fragments did this, but the sixth failed, the tentacles rotting one by one, the last retaining its vital movements until decomposed.

This remarkable vitality of detached tentacles of the anthea has often surprised me. I have watched them for days, wondering how they could survive without the central stomach which forms so important an element of the anatomy of the normal animal.

The investigations described in the preceding note suggest a clue to this mystery; especially as the most remarkable fragmentary vitality was observed in the *anthea viridis*, or bright green variety.

The Victoria Regia Outdone.

As the season for visiting Kew Gardens is now approaching, I venture to direct the attention of my readers to some life-sized drawings of a gigantic Aroid, discovered by Beccari in West Sumatra. It is the largest known herbaceous plant of single year's growth. The underground tuber is five feet in circumference. A single leaf from this has a stem ten feet high, dividing into three branches, each as thick as a man's leg, and the segments of the much divided leaf cover an area of forty-five feet in circumference. The flower is of corresponding magnitude. If a living specimen of this could be obtained and grown at Kew or Regent's Park, the departure of Jumbo would be avenged.

The Beginnings of Life on the Earth.

A MATHEMATICIAN with a "handle" to his name may venture with impunity to promulgate hypotheses which would at once consign minor mortals to the limbo of "paradoxers." This was glaringly shown when Sir William Thomson, in his inaugural address to the British Association in 1871, enunciated his famous hypothesis, "that life originated on this earth through moss-grown fragments from the ruins of another world." To have stated, as he did, that "we must regard it as probable in the highest degree that there are countless seed-bearing meteoric stones moving through

space" as fragments of a shattered world, was a most heroic speculative venture, seeing that we have no evidence whatever of any world of any sort ever having been shattered *at all*, still less of its having been shattered so gently as to permit its fragments to travel about bearing uninjured seeds.

The old theory which ascribed the asteroids to the fracture of a large planet has been long since disproved by the distribution of their orbits.

We marvel at the mummy wheat so long preserved amid careful enfoldings in the pyramid; but what is a few thousand years to cosmic periods? and what must be the hardihood of seeds that could exist all this time in vacuous space and still retain the aqueous constituents essential to their vitality?

Besides possessing this vitality, they must have been absolutely fireproof to have endured the heat which we now know, and also knew in 1871, is developed by the collision of meteoric bodies with our atmosphere.

Sir William Thomson has now a rival in Professor Hahn, of Berlin, who has written a book, illustrated with many plates, to prove that certain meteors contain the skeletons of sponges, corals, encrinites, &c., &c. The maintenance of such calcareous and siliceous skeletons, if formed, *is* conceivable, the conditions under which their existence as mere fossils may be maintained being so different from those demanded by a living germ.

But even these are evidently illusions, as Carl Vogt, Professor Lawrence Smith, and others have shown. They are well-known crystalline structures that have been observed and described again and again by mineralogists, many having specific names that I need not here repeat.

Even when dealing with the minerals of our own globe, we come to structures that are very equivocal. The *Eozoon Canadense*, the "creature of the dawn," which is commonly described as a sort of geological Adam, the beginner of life on our globe, has been ascribed by able observers to siliceous minerals, "simply affected by partial erosion and replacement, having become shaped into a variety of residual conformations that have been mistaken for organic structures."

The Eozoon controversy has been maintained in a very lively fashion since 1865, when W. King, Professor of Mineralogy and Geology, and Dr. Rowney, Professor of Chemistry in Queen's College, Galway, proclaimed the above-stated heresy. Dr. Carpenter has warmed the discussion by his characteristic description of the

"audacity" of the "two Galway professors" and their "shocking state of ignorance of foraminiferal structure," &c. These two professors have lately published a book on the subject ("An Old Chapter of the Geological Record"), in which they stoutly reiterate and further illustrate their reasons for denying the existence of this interesting "creature of the dawn." I am not competent to take up either side of the controversy, but can see plainly enough that the professors have fairly justified their audacity in raising the very interesting question. I have known Dr. Rowney since his youthful days, and worked in the Edinburgh laboratory, where he was then an assistant. His reputation for conscientious accuracy was so well established, even then, that we used to say that "anybody may swear to any of Tom's analyses." Whether the Eozoon is the "creature of the dawn," or only a result of the methylosis of metamorphic rocks, Dr. Carpenter's high-handed assumptions are unjustifiable, and the researches of the "two Galway professors" demand respectful consideration. They describe mineralogical and chemical structures which they have studied with scrupulous care and thoroughness, and in reference to which they are high authorities.

Professor Barff's Antiseptic.

THE subject of one of my Notes in March 1881, page 377, was "Disinfection and Boric Acid," to which I now refer my readers, as the subject has lately been brought forward by Professor Barff, who has obtained a very interesting true chemical compound of this acid with glycerine, or, more strictly speaking, glyceril, which is glycerine minus water. The compound in question is formed by simply boiling together equivalent proportions of boracic acid (or boric acid, the same thing with another name) with glycerine, till all the water is driven off, and there remains a crystalline compound curiously resembling ice, to which the name of "boroglyceride" is applied.

He read a paper at the Society of Arts on March 29, and showed specimens of meat, &c., which had been preserved in a fresh untainted condition by using a solution of this compound. The subject has been taken up by the newspapers, and many people are much astonished at Professor Barff's results. None of these samples, however, were nearly so remarkable as that which I described in the above-named Note. The carcase of the horse, which my friend Robottom used as a sofa, had been preserved perfectly fresh during seven months, although exposed to the full glare of the sun in a

climate where the thermometer reaches 119° in the shade, and where beef and mutton become offensive in a few hours after slaughtering.

This really was a discovery, and for some two or three years past both boric acid and its soda compound have been advertised and sold for the purpose of meat-preserving, and as general antiseptics. It is also well known that glycerine has similar properties, which also have been practically applied.

There is, however, an element of novelty in Professor Barff's proposal to combine these and use them as the boroglyceride compound above described. *Nature*, April 6, describes this as "an ether of boric acid and glycerine," first obtained by Schiff and Becchi; states that Barff's chemical description is inaccurate; and further, that there can scarcely be any advantage in forming the ethereal compound, as it is decomposed into boric hydrate and glycerine on contact with water.

Whether the compound in question is "an ether of boric acid and glycerine," as the writer in *Nature* asserts, or whether it is "a body analogous in its composition to fats," and "consists of glyceril united with boracic acid instead of with a fatty acid," as Professor Barff asserts; whether its composition be $BO^3\ C_3\ H_5$ or $C_3\ H_5\ BO_3$, is one of those solemn struggles of Tweedledum *v.* Tweedledee that may be advantageously left to the championship of the molecular change-ringers, described in one of my "Science Notes" of October 1880.

The really important question is whether this antiseptic may be habitually used in admixture with our food without producing any derangement of health. This is not to be answered simply by ascertaining the action of uncombined boric acid, which may possibly be mischievous, while the boroglyceride is perfectly harmless, as in the case of chloride of sodium or common salt. Chlorine and hydrochloric acid are both acrid poisons, but their compound is harmless and even necessary.

Then there is the question of practical quantity. In ordinary spring water we drink a greatly diluted solution of several salts, that in a larger quantity and more concentrated solution would be very mischievous. This may be—very probably is—the case with the boroglyceride. We therefore require to know how much will be contained in the quantity of meat we take at a meal. If the dilution is so great that it is held freely in solution in the fluids of the body, and is chemically inert, it may pass from the body as freely as the salts which our ordinary drinking water dissolves from the rocks and soil through which it passes.

The paper read at the Society of Arts does not make this clear,

nor whether this antiseptic is effective when acting only superficially; or whether it is necessary that it should penetrate throughout the meat in order to preserve it. This is an important question, as, in the first case, simple washing would remove it, or greatly reduce its quantity.

Then there is roasting *v.* boiling, just as in ordinary salted meat. If the reader desires to understand this difference practically, let him order from his butcher a piece of salt beef for boiling, and have it roasted. When roasted, all the salt remains; when boiled, a large proportion is dissolved out. It would be an interesting experiment to prepare—say, a round of beef—by Barff's method with a pickle containing a weighed quantity of the antiseptic, then to ascertain how much of this is taken up by the meat, and after this boil the meat, determine the quantity of boroglyceride in the water in which it was boiled, subtract this quantity from that originally in the meat, and then divide this by the fraction of the joint consumed by one person at one meal.

The object is so important that its thorough investigation is worth any amount of labour. If the primæval savage was able to discover in chloride of sodium a harmless antiseptic salt, capable of preserving "mess pork" and "salt junk" in an eatable condition, the modern chemist ought to be able to discover some improved pickle that shall carry us the very small step further which alone is required to render the beef and mutton of the prairies and antipodes quite unobjectionable, and importable as cheaply as pickled pork.

The preservation of anatomical specimens in which flavour is no object will probably be adopted at once. For these a concentrated solution is freely available.

The Fate of a Sun-colliding Comet.

LAST month, on page 503, I postponed the discussion of a question which then arose, viz., the probable effect of direct cometary collision with the sun, on the comet itself.

Assuming, for the reasons stated in the Note on the constitution of comets, that they are mainly composed of a hydrocarbon, similar to paraffin, the first effect of approach to the sun would be a vaporisation and expansion of the substance, with the consequent outspreading already described. On nearer approach to the sun it would be heated to what is now technically termed in the petroleum market "the flashing point," *i.e.*, the temperature at which it bursts into flame when exposed to a supply of oxygen. This tem-

perature varies directly with the amount of this supply, and inversely with the density or specific gravity of the paraffin. If the sun is surrounded by an atmosphere containing oxygen, as we have good reason to believe that he is, combustion would occur at some considerable distance from the visible solar surface.

I will not venture upon any definite estimate of that distance, beyond stating that many of the best known comets must have come within it when at perihelion, and expressing the probability that the mysterious and very flame-like appearances and movements presented by the heads of comets when at their nearest to the sun may really be ordinary vulgar flames, limited in outburst by scant supply of oxygen, and deficient in brilliancy on account of the rarity of both the hydrocarbon vapour and of its surrounding atmospheric matter.

Supposing the combustion of our directly colliding comet to be completed on reaching the solar photosphere, what would then happen?

The bombarding material would be a great gas bubble, a swiftly rushing blast of carbonic oxide, carbonic acid and aqueous vapour. On plunging into the photosphere it would dash its flames aside, producing a huge and ragged sunspot bordered by billows of outdriven flaming matter, i.e. "*faculæ*" and outflashing prominences. Then the comet-gases would plunge into the regions of dissociation, and there be dissociated accordingly; the aqueous vapour absorbing or rendering "latent" 8,000 degrees of the heat simultaneously generated by its arrested motion. The carbon and oxygen compounds would be similarly dissociated with a similar, but smaller, loss of temperature, the total amount of this loss corresponding to the heat evolved by the previous combustion of the hydrogen and carbon.

Another comet is making its way towards the sun and the earth. It appears to be a new one, and will probably be visible without telescopic aid at about the time of the publication of this Note.

Two comets visible at the same time by the naked eye in one year, and another early on the year following, is a rare exuberance of astronomical luxury. We have three or four telescopic comets during ordinary years; last year there were six altogether. Is our solar system, in the course of its flight through space at the rate of nearly half a million of miles per day, plunging into a region unusually rich in comets? If so, we may have some interesting opportunities of practically studying some of the questions I have hypothetically discussed in this and previous Notes.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

"Dust."

I REGRET that the miscarriage of a parcel of MS. prevents the appearance this month of the usual instalment of Mr. Hawthorne's story. I hope, however, to be able next month to resume its publication.

Bonghi on the "Village Commune."

THERE was manifested in English journalism, when the "Village Commune" of Ouida was published last year, a general disposition to regard the state of things described therein as greatly exaggerated. In some instances, notably in the *Contemporary* and the *Spectator*, persons who do not reside in Italy were permitted to declare, with ignorance (equalled only by their impertinence), that the facts of the book were all false, and therefore of course the political conclusions to be drawn from them all false likewise. It is interesting, therefore, to read the review of the work by Bonghi, in the literary and scientific periodical conducted by himself, and published at Rome. It is probably needless to remind the reader that Rughero Bonghi is one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest philosophical writer in Italy, and filled, himself, the place of Minister of Public Instruction. He must, therefore, be looked upon by all the world as a man capable of judging the political aspect of the work, and not likely to be carried away by mere momentary enthusiasm. The following extracts will suffice; they are taken from his article on the "Village Commune," published in Italian, by Barbera, of Florence —an article to be seen by anyone who chooses in his review "La Cultura" for March:—"Those deputies who are occupied in the reformation of the communal and provincial law will do well to read it. A more vivid picture of how the municipal law actually works in a little rural commune of Italy cannot be desired . . . . The work, written with the hand of a master, is not published in Italian without being also published in English and German, and in foreign countries must produce he impression that the Italian of our rural communities is,

under the new order of things, supremely wretched, vexed from morning to night without any good result, robbed, despoiled by strange employés, who lie on his back like lead; this description, moreover, acquires the greater faith, because the writer loves our country, has lived in it some time, and has no desire to *denigrare* its people, for whom, on the contrary, she has and expresses the highest opinion. The book is not only delightful to read, but is also highly useful. With the intention in which it has been written the portrait of these facts described in it ought to serve to ameliorate the conditions of which such facts are the fruits. If the work could be sent amongst the people whose sorrows it narrates, it would (or ought to) move them to rise for themselves against the administrative and political systems which torment them. It ought to awaken in the soul of the nation a strong desire to change a state of things in which it remains the victim of a wretched and corrupt bureaucracy. . . . . The author, in love with Italy, natural and historical, as everyone ought to be, calls barbarians all those who think they are doing a civilised and useful work, for example, a steam-tramway in the country, or the engineering upon the Tiber, which she denounces if they injure the beauties of nature or historical associations. But here even, if she be not always right, it is most certain that she is not always wrong; because we cannot deny that in many of these so-called public works, a private interest presides, and the use of them to those who are made to pay for them is much less than the profit that accrues to those who vote them or set them on foot.

"The communal secretary is the *oppressor rusticorum*, according to the author of this work; and she paints him with admirable exactitude. The bureaucratic temper, cut and dried by rules, boastful, false, without any feeling either for truth or beauty, always eager to undo, to disturb, and to make its own profits out of these changes, hypocritical, servile with the strong, insolent with the weak, revengeful, incapable of love or of enthusiasm, vilely and basely ambitious, is portrayed in a manner not to be surpassed. So, on the other hand, is the indolent and vain character of the imbecile syndic; and the rogue of a rural guard who is allowed to govern and assess at pleasure the populace who have cause only to hate and despise him; and all the evils which ensue when everyone feels that the power to which he is subject is not just or justified, neither in the ends which it proposes nor the means which it uses, and whose only result is the increase of that rebellion and ill-will whose seeds it scatters broad-cast. The author thoroughly understands and depicts the effects of a corrupt electoral system which becomes the mere instru-

ment of a tyranny even harsher and more severe than that which an opposite (*i.e.*, a despotic) system could produce; the whole description in the work of the return to the chambers of the Deputy who crowns with the supreme lie of his oath the innumerable lies which have served as his stepping-stones to power is characterised by masterly vigour."

These extracts are translated almost *verbatim*.

The Heat of the Sun.

DE MORGAN says in his "Budget of Paradoxes" (a book as interesting as Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy") that the orthodox sometimes "fall into mistake, and rise into absurdity." Only he notes of them that they do not err so often.

"'A soldier,' cried my uncle Toby, interrupting the corporal, 'is no more exempt from saying a foolish thing, Trim, than a man of letters.' 'But not so often, an' please your honour,' replied the corporal. My uncle Toby gave a nod."

For thorough paradox, but paradox of the highest order, commend us to the new theory of the sun's energy, advanced by Dr. Siemens. The sun's heat, according to this theory, is not wasted when it does not fall on planets, but does work in interplanetary space, turning the aqueous vapour and the carbonic acid (carbonic dioxide they call it now) there, into oxygen and hydrogen and carbon. Then these are drawn sunwards, and after reaching the sun's polar regions are drawn towards the equator, and there expelled by centrifugal force, when the process is repeated, *ad infinitum*. The author of the theory does not seem to notice that you cannot eat your cake (scientific or otherwise) and at the same time have it. If the solar rays did this work in interplanetary space, and if, as Dr. Siemens believes, their whole energy were utilised in doing such work, they could not do the work they actually do upon the earth and planets. Even if we suppose that all this work of decomposing the atmosphere of space were so much saved, because eventually expended in warming our earth and the other planets, there would still be the difficulty of understanding how the sun's rays could pass beyond the solar system so that our sun could be visible from the worlds of other systems. Now, though no astronomer of our earth has ever seen the sun from other systems, yet no astronomer doubts that the sun can be so seen. For we can see other suns—the stars, and there is no reason for supposing that our own differs from the

rest. And even if he did, the fact that the other suns which people space send their rays to us (that is, far beyond the domain throughout which, according to Siemens' theory, they must do their work if none of it is to be lost) suffices to take away from the theory the greater part of its interest and value. For what interest has a theory which could explain how our sun's energy is completely utilised, not only without explaining how the stars' energies may be, but in a manner absolutely inconsistent with the belief that the stars' energies are so utilised?

And lastly, if any other objection is needed, comes this fatal objection, that the motion of the sun's surface regions near his equator involves no centrifugal tendency at all. It can readily be shown that the centripetal tendency resulting from the sun's attractive energy exceeds many hundredfold the centrifugal force of gravity at his equator. In fine, as we said at the beginning, the theory just propounded by Dr. Siemens is paradox of the highest order.

PHYSIOLOGY AND FASHION.

SINCE Professor Flower wrote his book on "Fashion and Deformity," I observe there have been signs and portents that the "follies of fashion" are receiving increased attention from the ladies themselves. This is as it should be; for I well know that if the ladies do not interest themselves in dress reform, not all the fiats of the united Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons of Great Britain and Ireland would cause M. Worth to expand a corset by an inch or lessen a boot-heel by a fraction of a line. There have been lectures at South Kensington, and exhibitions of "hygienic clothing" in Cavendish Rooms, and the sex is evidently bestirring itself with the view of seconding the doctors, who, for years past, have been telling women that to compress their chests is to shorten their years. But, nevertheless, the exhibition of "hygienic clothing" must have been interesting; despite the fact that "no mere man," as the catechism has it, was allowed to enter the premises. I learn, however, that there were "hygienic" dolls (adapted to teach the young idea how to dress), "hygienic" skirts, and "hygienic" garments of a hybrid sort, adapted to secure freedom of movement in lawn-tennis. Shade of Mrs. Grundy and Mr. Caudle! Is this the "unmentionables" of the sterner sex, disguised under a new name? One exhibitor, I learn, sent a "Patience" costume in salmon colour, although history says not what "hygienic" principle either the salmon tint or the

operatic costume was intended to enforce. Then there were "hygienic" boots, and socks for walking, and I hardly know how many other exhibits. There is now, however, hope for physiology, as against fashionable follies. What is wanted is the education of "our girls" in physiology. Let them be taught the ways and laws of health at school, and they will not depart from them by constricting their waists when they grow old. It is, of course, a question for discussion how far the male sex is responsible for female vagaries in the way of dress. If "Monsieur Pavon" in the bird world struts about in all the glory of his "Argus-eyed" tail, and elicits the admiration of the dowdy females, no less true is it that the reverse holds good in human society when the "wives, sisters, cousins, and aunts" exhibit the latest thing from "Worth's" or the "love of a bonnet" from "Louise," to the admiring eyes of the men. Social admiration must influence fashions, whether these be injurious to health or the reverse. But, as I have maintained, the whole solution of the matter rests with the ladies themselves. Reform begins at the right end, when it enlists the wearers of corsets and impossible boots on the side of common sense.

A Plea for a New Canal.

WHEN I read that the French are entertaining a scheme for connecting, by means of a canal, the Rhone at a point beneath Lyons with the Loire, I marvel at the indifference to water carriage which is manifested in England. Up the right bank of the Rhone extends the long chain of mountains of the Cevennes and of Auvergne, and no canal is possible which does not at some point cross this. A canal connecting the Dee at Aberdeen with the Mersey at Liverpool would involve, I suppose, engineering difficulties less tremendous than those to be faced in the proposed undertaking. So unfavourable is the country, that a portion of the canal will have to be turned into a species of railway, along which the barges are to be conveyed in huge floating docks, so as not to disturb the load. A large canal from Liverpool to London could be made for a third of the expense the French seem disposed to undertake. The effect of this, in reducing the price of American cereals and other forms of produce cannot easily be calculated. No engineering difficulties worth speaking of attend the scheme, and the profit and advantage that would attend it would be, I venture to predict, enormous.

Free Exhibition of Pictures.

FREE loan exhibitions of pictures such as that opened by private enterprise in Whitechapel cannot be too much praised. While England possesses a large number of the finest pictures in Europe, the opportunities of seeing them afforded any but a privileged class are few. Those who live in the East of London are not to be tempted to the National Gallery, and from other collections they are still more remote. Everything that can be done to foster the worst taste is meanwhile done in those so-called picture galleries which exist in connection with places of amusement at which a charge is made. If only as a corrective against the influences of such galleries (!) as I have lately visited, I should like to see free exhibitions of good paintings in all our great centres of social existence.

The Thames Embankment.

IF ever the Thames Embankment is to answer the purpose for which it is intended, some important change will have to be made. So gregarious are men, and so fond of contemplating the drama of real life constantly unfolding itself before them, that they will never walk down a thoroughfare to which fashion is not attracted by bright shops. In Paris, even, for one person who wanders by the quays on either bank of the Seine, there are a score who lounge down the boulevards. I should like, then, to see from Westminster to Blackfriars a range of handsome shops, cafés, and the like, all one-story high with gardens above. This scheme of hanging gardens is perfectly feasible, and I am the more ready to ventilate it in these pages since it has, when mentioned by me, won the approval of some of the most distinguished of modern artists. I have other alterations in regard to the Embankment to suggest, but the innovation I propose is sufficiently important to merit a place to itself.

English Chap-Books.

I AM glad that some one has appeared to do for our English chap-books what M. Nisard in his "Histoire des Livres Populaires ou de la Littérature du Colportage," has done for those of France. In his "Chap-Books of the Eighteenth Century,"[1] Mr. Ashton occupies what, so far as England is concerned, is practically new ground. I am aware that in the different collections known as John Cheap the

[1] Chatto & Windus.

Chapman's Library, a large number of Scotch chap-books have been preserved, and I know also what Mr. Hindley has done for the Catnach publications. For the first time, however, we are now supplied with a full account of the various forms of chap-books—scriptural, poetical, romantic, humorous, and the like, which, to a not inconsiderable portion of the English public, constituted during the eighteenth century the only available or attainable form of literary pabulum. It may sound absurd, but I am prepared to maintain that the present volume, besides constituting, as I know, very delightful if not very arduous reading, might easily prove of genuine utility. In the amusingly condensed versions of various legends it supplies just the amount of information concerning popular stories that a man whose studies lie in a different direction may like to have. "The Life and Death of Long Meg of Westminster," for instance, or "The Wise Men of Gotham," supplies the particulars one may well seek to possess, which are not very easy to find in other quarters. Very amusing and quaint are the reproductions of the original illustrations. These are as a rule far ruder as art than those in French works of the same class. To find anything equally primitive I have to go back to the illustrations to the famous edition of the Roman de la Rose of 1493, with which, allowing for difference of costume, those now reproduced have much in common. The new volume is a handsome and desirable possession, the large-paper copies especially constituting veritable *livres de luxe*.

Mural Tablets.

THE placing of a tablet on the walls of the house in Mercedes Street which was occupied by Sir Walter Scott during his stay in Rome is a graceful action on the part of Italy. Seldom, indeed, do nations go out of their way thus to celebrate the great men of other countries. More often a monument erected by patriotic zeal or Chauvinism to a fellow-citizen involves a direct wrong to men of other nations. Such is the monument which at Haarlem credits Coster with the invention of printing, and such, I am inclined to believe, is the last monument I saw uncovered—the statue at Boulogne which claims for an inhabitant of that agreeable seaport the discovery of the ship-screw. So slow are we in England to recognise any greatness in Englishmen that is not military or legislative, that there is no reason for the complaint that no smallest evidence remains to show where men like Voltaire, Weber, and a score others have dwelt when in our midst. A mural tablet, however, recording

the fact that a house was occupied by some stranger of highest eminence would be an inexpensive way of complimenting other nations, and adding to the interest of our own streets. Still, when no sign that men of our own kin, like Shakespeare or Milton, or children of adoption, like Handel or Vandyck, resided in London, appears in our streets, it is perhaps futile to wish that we should chronicle the passing visits of strangers.

Corrupting Influence of English Vices.

IT has been a matter of boasting with the French that their destiny is to shape the civilisation by which other nations are influenced, and it has even been sought to impose by force upon neighbouring countries the views upon social and political questions prevalent in France at a given epoch. At the present time, however, the French are showing, with regard to the vices of their neighbours, a power of assimilation that must in the end sap their individuality. It is long since we first gave them what is known as *le sport*. Since that time they have commenced to gather whatever is most cruel in our own practices and those of other countries. Bull-fights have been imported from Spain, and those on the northern side of the Pyrenees are now scarcely to be distinguished as regards ferocity from those on the southern. From ourselves, meanwhile, they have taken pigeon-shooting first, and now boxing. An exhibition of "la boxe" between two Englishmen constituted the chief feature in a recent assault-at-arms in Paris. Veritable children are Frenchmen. In nothing is this fact shown more conclusively than in their tendency to imitation. Many a father has seen that while his virtues were powerless to influence his children, his faults were immediately copied and accentuated, and has found in this fact a motive to struggle after improvement. A similar motive might perhaps induce us as a nation to rid ourselves of those vices which, caricatured by our neighbours, are likely to exercise upon people of temperament less lethargic than our own a pernicious and wholly degrading influence.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1882.

DUST: A NOVEL.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Only the actions of the Just
Smell sweet and blossom in the Dust.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. GRANT, like other men in whom a quiet demeanour is the result rather of experience than of temperament, was very observant; and he had observed several things during and after the day at Richmond. It may be assumed that he had not planned that expedition without some anticipation that it might have results particularly affecting Philip and Marion; and up to the moment when the party were overtaken, on their way home, by the Marquise Desmoines, he had reason to think that his anticipations had not been deceived. Since that moment, however, a change had taken place. Philip had worn an aspect of gloomy dejection at variance with his customary bearing: and Marion's mood had been exaggerated and unequal; sometimes manifesting an over-accented gaiety, at other times relapsing abruptly and without apparent cause into depths of wayward perversity. This state of things continued without much modification for several days; it being further noticeable that the young people avoided private interviews, or at any rate did not have any: for, if Philip desired them, Marion had the means of balking his desire. In the presence of other persons, however, she seemed not averse from holding converse with him; but her speech on such occasions had a mocking and unconciliating ring about it; and Philip's replies were brief and unenterprising. Evidently, the pegs that máde their music had been set down awry. There had been some sweet melody for a while. Who was their Iago?

"What a very charming lady is the Marquise Desmoines," re-

marked Mr. Grant one day to Philip. "I have seldom seen a more lovely face or a more engaging manner."

"Yes," returned the young man, looking away, and drumming on the table with his fingers.

"It was easy to see that you and she were on the best of terms with each other," the old gentleman continued.

Philip folded his arms, and tapped on the floor with his foot.

"She seemed to take a great fancy to Marion," Mr. Grant went on. "They bid fair to become great friends. It would be an excellent thing for Marion, would it not?"

"Upon my word, sir, it's none of my business," exclaimed Philip, rather impatiently. "Miss Lockhart will choose her friends to please herself, I presume. If it were my place to offer her advice in the matter, it might be different. With your permission, I prefer not to discuss the subject."

"As you please, my dear Philip," replied Mr. Grant, composedly taking snuff. "For my own part, it appeared to me that the Marquise could give Marion those social advantages and opportunities that she especially needs. This invitation to her soirée will probably be the precursor of others. By-the-by, you will be present, of course?"

"Yes, that is my intention," said Philip, after a pause; and his tone had something defiant or threatening in it, as if he meant not only to be present, but to do some deed of note when he got there.

The Marquise's party was, as she had intimated, strictly limited as to numbers. It was not her wish to begin her formal entertainments as yet; her bereavement was still too recent, and, moreover, her new house was not in order. She might, possibly, have contrived to get along without giving any party at all, just at present; but she was enough a woman of the world not always to demand logical behaviour of herself, any more than to expect it in other people. She wished to feel the atmosphere of the new society into which she was about to enter, and to compare it with that which she had left. It would be novel; it might or it might not be preferable. The Marquise might decide, upon this experiment, not to settle in London, after all. Straws may show how the wind blows. She had no one's pleasure or convenience to think of but her own. There was not even the Marquis now, who, if he did not have things his own way, at all events had occasionally afforded her the gratification of having hers in spite of him; and whose demise she perhaps regretted as much on that account as on any other. For the lady was of a strong and

valiant disposition, and wanted something more in life than abject assent, and yielding beds of down. She wanted resistance, almost defeat, in order to give zest to victory. She wanted a strong man to fight with. In her heart, she believed she was stronger than any man she was likely to come across; but there were men, no doubt, who might be dangerous and formidable enough to be temporarily interesting. What manner of man in other respects this champion might be, would matter little to the Marquise. Like most women of first-rate ability, she was at bottom a democrat: rank was her convenience, but she had no respect for it or belief in it. Had she detected, in a stevedore or a Hindoo, stuff that was not to be had elsewhere, she would have received and entertained him. Meanwhile, she was well content to put up with Philip Lancaster. There was stuff in him: there was perhaps something in his past relations with her which rendered their present mutual attitude more piquant; and then, there was that little bud of a romance which the Marquise had surprised on Richmond Hill. Upon the whole, she was justified in giving her little party.

Sir Francis Bendibow was the first to arrive, bringing with him Merton Fillmore, whom he introduced as follows: "A man, my dear creature, whom I've long wished to make known to you. Most brilliant fellow in London; my personal friend, as well as the trusted adviser of the House." He added in her ear, "You know—Fillmore, son of old Cadwallader Fillmore . . . uncle the Honourable . . . and Constance, you know . . . married Lord Divorn . . . that's the man! make friends with each other."

"I think," said the Marquise, glancing at the lawyer as she gave him her hand, "that Mr. Fillmore is more accustomed to choose his friends than to be chosen."

This bit of impromptu criticism arrested Fillmore's attention. After a pause he said:

"My friends are my clients, and I don't choose them."

"I mean, you have not found it wise to be troubled with women. If I were a man, I might think as you do, but I should act otherwise. But then I should not be a barrister."

"I am a solicitor."

The Marquise laughed. "Men of real genius distinguish their professions—they are not distinguished by them . . . I comprehend!"

"You would have made a better solicitor than I," said Fillmore, with something like a smile. "Your cross-examination would be very damaging."

"We shall be all the better friends," rejoined the Marquise, good-humouredly. "Mr. Fillmore is charming," she added to Sir Francis, who had just returned from a promenade to the other end of the room, where he had been admiring himself in a looking-glass, under cover of smelling a vase of flowers on the mantelpiece.

"Ay, indeed, kindred spirits," said the baronet, nodding and smiling complacently. "But how is this, eh? May we hope to monopolise these privileges all the evening?"

"Here comes a rival," answered the Marquise, as the door opened, and Mr. Thomas Bendibow was ushered in. "I expect Mr. Philip Lancaster also. Do you know him, Mr. Fillmore? How do you do, Tom? What lovely flowers! For me? You are *preux chevalier*; that is more than your papa ever did for me."

"You know I don't think of anything but you—well, I don't, by George! Oh, I say, don't you look ravishing to-night, Perdita!" exclaimed this ingenuous youth. "I say, there ain't any other people coming, are there? I want to have you all to myself to-night."

"Tom, you are not to make love to your sister—before company!"

"Oh, sister be ——! I know—you're going to flirt with that Lancaster fellow——"

"You have not told me if you know Mr. Lancaster?" said the Marquise, turning to Merton Fillmore.

"I have read his 'Sunshine of Revolt,'" replied the solicitor.

"Good Gad!" ejaculated Sir Francis, below his breath. He was gazing towards the doorway, in which several persons now appeared —the Lockhart party, in fact—and his ruddy visage became quite pallid.

The Marquise's beautiful eyes lighted up. She had had some secret doubts as to whether Lancaster would come, for she understood not a little of the intricacies of that gentleman's character; but here he was, and she felt that she had scored the first success in the encounter. To get the better of anyone, the first condition is to get him within your reach. But Perdita took care that the brightness of her eyes should not shine upon Philip too soon. She turned first upon Mrs. Lockhart and Marion. She had taken the former's measure at first sight, and knew how to make her feel pleased and at ease. Marion was a more complex problem; but Marion did not know the world, and it was simple enough to disappoint her probable anticipation that the Marquise would at once monopolise Philip. The Marquise lost no time in introducing Philip

to Mr. Fillmore, on the basis of the latter's having read "The Sunshine of Revolt," and left the two gentlemen to make friends or foes of each other as they might see fit. She then devoted herself to the two ladies, and incidentally to Mr. Grant, whom she had invited simply as a friend of theirs, and in whom she took no particular interest. Mr. Thomas Bendibow, considering himself slighted, strolled off into an adjoining room to indulge his wrongs over a glass of sherry. The baronet, who was almost manifestly labouring under some unusual embarrassment or emotion, attached himself, after some hesitation, to the Marquise's party, and endeavoured to monopolise the conversation of Mr. Grant. That gentleman, however, met his advances with a quiet reticence, which was beyond Sir Francis's skill to overcome. By degrees he found himself constrained to address himself more and more to Mrs. and Miss Lockhart, and Perdita, somewhat to her own surprise, was drawn more and more to look and speak to Mr. Grant. There was something about him—in his old-fashioned but noticeable aspect, in his quiet, observant manner—in the things he said—that arrested the Marquise's attention in spite of herself. Here was a man who had seen and known something: a man—not a suit of clothes, with a series of set grimaces, attitudes, and phrases. Manhood had an invincible attraction for this lady, no matter what the guise in which it presented itself to her. At last she and Mr. Grant insensibly settled down to what was practically a *tête-à-tête*.

"You must find it lonely here in England after so many years," she said.

"My exile is a cage of invisibility for me," answered Mr. Grant. "I find few to see and recognise me, but that does not prevent me from seeing and recognising much that is familiar. I find that England stands where it did, and is none the less homelike for having forgotten me. Indeed, one may say, without being cynical, that the memory of old friends is almost as pleasant as, and in some respects more convenient than, their presence would be."

The Marquise laughed. "I think your old friends might call that cynical, if they could hear it."

"You would recognise its truth in your own case," said Mr. Grant, half interrogatively.

She lifted her eyebrows, as if the remark required explanation.

"An old fellow like me sometimes knows more about the origins of the younger generation than they know themselves. I had the honour of your acquaintance when you were learning to say 'Papa,' and wore little pink slippers."

"Ah!" murmured the Marquise, looking at him keenly. "Then ——" she paused.

"And your father also," said Mr. Grant, in a low voice.

"Sir Francis Bendibow," said Perdita, after a pause.

Mr. Grant met her glance, and said nothing.

"Now I think of it," remarked Perdita, tapping her chin lightly with the handle of her fan, "I am inclined to agree with you. Memories may sometimes be more convenient than presence."

"It is not always the convenient that happens, however," rejoined the old gentleman. "And convenience itself may sometimes, on some accounts, be less desirable than an acceptance of facts. If Sir Francis Bendibow, let us say, had been suspected of a grave indiscretion in early life, and had in consequence disappeared from society, leaving his family behind him——"

"His family would probably, in the course of time, become reconciled to his absence," interrupted Perdita, colouring slightly. "Human relationship is not so rigid and important a matter as romancers and sentimentalists try to make it out, Mr. Grant. As long as my child, or my husband, or my father continues to live within my sight and reach, I acknowledge myself the mother, wife, or daughter, and conduct myself accordingly. But if they vanish from my knowledge and remembrance, I learn to do without them, and they have no further concern with me. If they die, I shall not weep for them, and if they return, I shall not care for them. If I were more imaginative, or more inclined to feel my emotions to order, it might be otherwise. But it is my nature to feel my own emotions, and not other people's, and to see things as they are, and not as poetry pretends. My father, sir, is not the man who brought me into the world and then abandoned me, but—on the whole," she added, suddenly and completely changing her tone and manner, and speaking smilingly, "I prefer to say that I have no father at all, and want none."

Her speech had been more like that of a frigid and saturnine man, than like the utterance of a beautiful and youthful woman. Mr. Grant had listened to it attentively. He appeared to meditate for a few moments after she had ceased, and then he said, "I too have felt the force of circumstances, and should be the last to underrate it. Ambassadors, you know"—here he smiled a little—"are less deaf to the voice of reason than principals might be. I am entrusted with plenary powers, and may relinquish my side of the discussion definitively. I should regret my mission, were it not that it has obtained me a charming and valuable acquaintance"—here he

bowed ceremoniously—"which I trust may continue. If I have annoyed you, be satisfied that I shall never subject you to the same annoyance again —— nor to any other, I hope."

"I have made no disguise of my selfishness, you see," said the Marquise, with gaiety in her voice, but with a somewhat contradictory expression about her eyes and mouth. After a moment she went on, as if impelled, despite a certain reluctance, "But I am unselfish too, as you will find out if you come to know me better. You will find out that I am not a daughter whom any parent with a sense of prudence and self-respect would put out his hand to reclaim." And hereupon the Marquise laughed, while tears sparkled for an instant on her eyelashes.

"What says our fair hostess?" called out the voice of Sir Francis Bendibow, from the other side of the table, where he was conversing with the other two ladies, while his eyes and thoughts were elsewhere; "Should a man who loves two women give up both of them, or settle upon one? Come, ladies, the Marquise shall be our umpire—eh?"

"It is not a question for an umpire to decide," replied the Marquise. "Let the man put his case before the two women, and leave them to settle it between themselves."

"But we are supposing him to be an ordinary man, not a hero."

"Then, he would not find more than one woman to be in love with him."

"And it might turn out," remarked Marion, "that he was deceived in supposing himself capable of being really in love with anybody."

"If he were a hero, I'm sure he would not love more than one," said Mrs. Lockhart gently.

"Altogether, your problem appears to have been deprived of all its conditions," observed Fillmore, who, with Philip Lancaster, had approached during the discussion.

"A man who really loves one woman, finds in her all that is worth loving in all women," Lancaster said.

"A poet's eyes," remarked the Marquise, "create in the woman he loves nine-tenths of what he sees there."

"And may blind him, for a time, to nine-tenths more," was the poet's reply; at which everyone laughed except Mrs. Lockhart and Mr. Grant, but which very few understood.

After this, the company readjusted itself: the Marquise made Philip sit down and talk to her and Marion; and the three gradually got on very good terms with one another. Meanwhile, Sir Francis

improved his opportunity to button-hole Fillmore, and drew him into the next room, where Mr. Thomas Bendibow was sitting, still in the sulks, behind a large pot of azaleas in the embrasure of the window.

"What did I tell you?" he exclaimed, hushing his voice, but with a vehement gesture. "Did you ever see anything like that fellow's assurance? Damn him, he was *tête-à-tête* with her for half an hour. Ten to one he's told her the whole thing."

"What thing?" inquired Fillmore composedly.

"Why, that he's her father, and ——"

"Well, since he is her father, I know of no law to prevent him saying so."

"Damme, no, if that were all: but how do I know what pack of lies he may have been telling her about me ——"

"Come, Bendibow, don't be a fool. If I were you, I shouldn't mind what lies he told her about me, so long as I was sure that no truth he might tell would do me any harm. Besides, Mr. Grant, or whatever his name is, does not look to me like a scoundrel or a liar. And the Marquise does not seem to be a lady likely to let herself be imposed upon, or to act imprudently. You have not been open with me about this matter, Sir Francis. You are afraid to act against this man, and you are concealing the reason from me. I don't ask it, and I don't want to know it. But I am not going to undertake anything in the dark. You must manage the affair without my coöperation. You should have known me well enough never to have invited it."

Several expressions—of anger, of dismay, of perplexity—had passed across the baronet's features while Fillmore was speaking; but at the end he laughed good-humouredly, and put his hand for a moment on the other's shoulder.

"If I were to live with you, day in and day out," he said, "you'd make either a saint or a devil of me before six weeks were over. You have the most irritating way with you, begad, that ever I came across. But I know you're a good fellow, and I shan't be angry. You might allow me a little natural exasperation at seeing things go topsy-turvy —— never mind! I believe you're right about Perdita, too; she's no sentimental fool. Dare say matters will come out all right, after all. There! we'll think more about it. I'll talk it over quietly with Grantley—with Grant, you know—ah! Here we are!"

The Marquise, leaning on the arm of Mr. Grant, and followed by the rest of the company, was entering the room, being come in

quest of supper, which was to be served here, and of which the sherry, whereof Mr. Thomas Bendibow had already partaken, was but an accessory. The Marquise rallied the baronet on his lack of gallantry in not having been on hand to do his part in escorting someone; and they all took their places at table with much gaiety and good-humour; Mr. Thomas having watched his opportunity, when no one was looking in his direction, to emerge from the shelter of the azaleas and take his seat with the rest. His aspect was so dazed and distraught as to suggest the suspicion that the sherry had been exceptionally potent; only it so happened that no one noticed him. His sulkiness had vanished; but from time to time he turned his eyes on Mr. Grant with a secret expression of consternation and bewilderment, which, considering the peaceful and inoffensive aspect of that gentleman, seemed rather gratuitous.

There were more gentlemen than ladies present, and Mr. Grant chanced to have Mr. Fillmore for his left-hand neighbour, and presently fell into talk with him. "I have heard your name mentioned," he remarked at length, "by my friend Mrs. Lockhart. You are, I believe, a member of the legal profession?"

Fillmore inclined his head in assent.

"There are some affairs of mine which need putting in order," continued Mr. Grant, "and as they may require a good deal of judgment for their proper disposition, I had been thinking of applying to you for assistance. Will you pardon me for taking advantage of this unexpected opportunity to mention the matter to you?"

"I am obliged to you, sir. You are, perhaps, aware," addedt he lawyer, turning so as to look his interlocutor directly in the face, "that I have for several years been legal adviser to Sir Francis Bendibow?"

"Yes, yes; to tell the truth, I was partly influenced by that also," replied the old man quietly. "Sir Francis will doubtless tell you that he and I are old acquaintances: and I——in short, then, I may request you to appoint a time for our interview?"

Fillmore named a day near the end of the following week; and then relapsed into silence, being fairly taken by surprise, and unable to make the joints of his puzzle fit together. Mr. Grant and the Marquise were both enigmas in different ways, and worth being studied. After a while, however, he decided that the Marquise was the more inviting, if not the more difficult, enigma of the two; and he experienced an unusual degree of pleasure in keeping his eyes upon her. He was not inclined to think that anything would be gained by her leaving London.

She was in a very brilliant and fascinating humour; her talk was witty and entertaining beyond what is common even with clever women. Indeed, one who had known her well might have fancied that her vivacity was the indication of some excitement, which perhaps had its origin in something less enjoyable than the lustre of the wax candles on the walls and table. Philip Lancaster no doubt knew the Marquise better than did anyone else in that room; but, if he saw more in her behaviour than the others did, it is likely that he accounted for it on erroneous grounds. He did not notice that, although she glanced frequently at Mr. Grant, yet that gentleman was the only person at table whom she never addressed. But Philip, in fact, was too much occupied with his own affairs to devote much time to general observation. He was sitting next to Marion, who had young Mr. Bendibow for her neighbour on the other side. Marion, after making several quite ineffectual attempts to draw the latter into conversation, was at length obliged to listen to Philip; and, he fancied, less unconciliatingly than of late. The events of the evening had been rather different from Philip's anticipation. He had come burdened with a saturnine resolve to offer some deliberate slight to his hostess, by way of improving his position in the eyes of his lady-love; but—whether most to his relief or to his disappointment it would be hard to say—the Marquise had given him no opportunity. Save for one ambiguous remark—to which he had made a prompt rejoinder—she had throughout had the air of bringing him and Marion together, and desiring their felicity. When she had addressed him, which had been but seldom, it had been on literary or indifferent subjects. Philip was not so pig-headed as to fail to perceive that the Marquise might make herself an exceedingly agreeable and even advantageous friend. If she were willing to forget the past, all might be right and pleasant in the future. His gloomy thoughts were considerably lightened by these reflections; and yet, somewhere in the back scenery of his mind, there may have been a faint shadow of resentment at something—for Philip, in spite of his superior poetic and intellectual endowments, was not much more than human, after all.

He could not know that the Marquise, also, had found the course of events different from what she had expected. She had aimed her party at Philip, but had started quite other game. Nevertheless, her object as regarded Philip had accomplished itself quite as well as if she had been able to pursue it in her own way. He had received the impression which she wished, and she had had the opportunity of estimating the degree of influence which Marion had over him.

That was all she desired at the moment. As for the other affair, although she had answered Mr. Grant explicitly and decidedly enough, she was less decided in her own mind; she meant to think it over by herself, and to modify her course should that seem ultimately advisable. There was no need to hurry herself about it; she would have ample opportunities for renewing her conversation with Mr. Grant whenever she wanted to do so. To discover a father after so many years was at least an excitement and an adventure; and, if Mr. Grant were really able to bring about such a meeting, it might be worth while to permit it. But then it was desirable, in the first place, to find out what manner of man this father was. Perdita, on questioning her memory, could not form even the vaguest image of him. She had let herself forget him easily, and it was now too late to recall him.

Upon the whole, destiny seemed to be in an interesting and not unamiable mood. In reality, destiny had never been more sardonically pregnant as regarded everyone of those assembled in the Marquise's dining-room, than on that evening.

Chapter XVI.

It came to the knowledge of Sir Francis, during the ensuing week, that Mr. Grant was going to have a business interview with Fillmore. He thereupon took pen and paper, and wrote Mr. Grant a very polite note. He said that he had been thinking over their relations with each other, and had come to certain conclusions thereon, which he wished to communicate to Mr. Grant, in the confident belief that Mr. Grant would not find them distasteful. To do this by letter, however, would be, for several reasons, inexpedient; word of mouth, in matters of this kind, was a more convenient and flexible way of coming to an understanding. Sir Francis went on to say that he possessed a villa in Twickenham, whither he occasionally repaired during the summer to get a breath of fresh air. It chanced that he had arranged to drive out to this villa on the afternoon of Friday next; and, if Mr. Grant did not object, he would call for him on the way, at any place which Mr. Grant would please to indicate. They would dine together at the villa, and Sir Francis would then provide his friend with a horse to ride home on. Hoping for a favourable reply, he had the honour to be Mr. Grant's faithful friend and servant, Francis Bendibow.

Mr. Grant replied by return of post that he would be happy to

accept Sir Francis Bendibow's invitation, and that Sir Francis might call for him at four o'clock at the chambers of Mr. Fillmore in the City.

When Sir Francis read this answer, he flushed up to the roots of his hair, and sat quite still in his chair, staring fixedly at the letter which he held in his hand, and breathing in a laboured and irregular manner. Presently the colour faded out of his face, and he became extremely pale, and his hands cold. He rang the bell, and told the servant to bring him a decanter of wine, the greater part of which he drank, though it wanted but an hour of dinner. But the baronet had been in a nervous and anxious state for several days past; he had been worried, probably, by some of the exigencies and disappointments which are inseparable even from the most sagaciously conducted business; and he had moreover been seriously harassed by the odd behaviour of his son Thomas, who, since the night of the Marquise's party, had not been behaving like himself. He had been moody, reticent, and inactive; had attended no cock-fights or rat-catchings; had foregone his customary horseback exercise, and had even gone so far as to refuse to drink more than half his usual quantity of wine. When his father addressed him, he had replied curtly and evasively; and yet Sir Francis had several times detected his son in the act of watching him with a very intent and peculiar expression. What was the matter with him? Had he contracted a secret marriage? or had he suffered a disappointment in love? or had he been losing money at play? These questions, which the baronet could not, and his son evidently would not, answer, occasioned the former a good deal of disquietude. But all this would scarcely account for his vivid emotion at the receipt of so commonplace a thing as an acceptance of an invitation. Had he expected Mr. Grant to refuse?

On the forenoon of Friday, Mr. Grant put into his pocket a leathern wallet containing a variety of papers, and betook himself to the City. Previous to starting he had a short colloquy with Marion.

"I shall not return until after you are all in bed and asleep," he said. "You must on no account sit up or keep awake for me."

"What are you going to do?" inquired Marion, point-blank.

"Something which will perhaps give you a chance to display your magnanimity," Mr. Grant answered with a smile.

The girl gave him a deep and somewhat troubled look.

"I shall be glad when there are no more mysteries," she said. "Nothing good comes of them."

"It depends in some measure upon yourself how soon this

mystery is dissipated," returned Mr. Grant. "Have you no mysteries of your own?"

"Oh, housekeeping mysteries—how to boil a potato, or starch a frill; I shall never have any other kind," answered Marion with a laugh, and turning away.

"To-morrow," said Mr. Grant, after a pause, "you and I will have a chat about mysteries, and perhaps we may clear each other up. Good-bye, my dear!" He took her hand, and drawing her a little towards him, kissed her cheek. She looked at him, reddening, and said:

"Be careful of yourself. Good-bye!"

"Proud and jealous," said the old gentleman to himself, as he marched down the street to the corner where the coach passed; "but we shall circumvent that, I hope. What is the use of my twenty thousand pounds, if she will not be my daughter? But there is common-sense at the bottom of Philip's romance, that will counteract and persuade her stubbornness—if it comes to that."

The coach came along, and in due time landed Mr. Grant in the City; and ten minutes later he had entered Merton Fillmore's private office, which had witnessed many singular revelations, but none more so, perhaps, than the one which was now going to take place.

"Good day, sir," said the lawyer, rising ceremoniously as his visitor entered. "Is your business likely to occupy us long?"

"It chiefly concerns the drawing-up of my will," replied Mr. Grant. "And since the dispositions that I wish to make are somewhat precise and complicated, we may as well put the limit at not less than two hours."

"I am at your disposal, then, until four o'clock." Here Fillmore took out some blank sheets of paper, which he placed before him on the desk. Resting his hands upon these, with the tips of the fingers meeting each other, he fixed his eyes upon Mr. Grant and said slowly:—

"Before we begin, I wish to put one question to you. You will, of course, decide whether or not it be worth your while to answer it."

"I am at your service," said the other courteously.

Fillmore paused a moment, looking down at his hands. Then, raising his head, he asked abruptly, "What is your name?"

"I had intended to inform you on that point as soon as the occasion required," answered the old man quietly. "The name by which I have chosen to be known here is not mine. I am Charles John Grantley. My father was Thomas Grantley, of whom you have doubtless heard."

Fillmore leaned back in his chair and stroked his chin. Presently he said, "Sir Francis Bendibow spoke to me regarding your identity a few weeks ago; and, taking all the circumstances into consideration, I own that I shared the surprise he seemed to feel at your reappearance in England."

"I can understand that," was the composed reply; "but it has always been my intention to end my days in my native land."

"It seems you have amassed a fortune during the interval?"

"I have laid by some twenty thousand pounds."

"Which you now propose to dispose of by will?"

"With your assistance, sir."

"You are a man of the world, Mr. Grantley, and acquainted with the general rules by which society is regulated. I cannot suppose you to be ignorant that a person in the peculiar position which you are understood to occupy might find it difficult to establish a claim to this or any other property."

"I shall not affect to misapprehend your meaning, sir," returned the old gentleman, with a manner of grave kindliness; "and I will answer you with as much openness as justice to myself and others allows. I left England twenty years ago under a cloud of disaster and contumely. I chose exile in preference to inquiry, and the results which such an inquiry would produce. My reasons for taking that course I did not disclose then, nor shall I willingly do so now. I do not apprehend that I shall be called upon to alter this purpose; but, should it turn out otherwise, I have the means to meet the emergency, and I shall know how to use them." Here he laid his right hand upon the leathern pocket-book which he had placed upon the table. "It is far from being my wish, however," he continued, "to become the occasion of any disturbance or controversy. I rather desire that such small influence as I may still be able to exercise over my fellow-beings may be in the direction of making some of them happy."

"Am I to infer that you contemplate anything in the way of restitution?" the lawyer demanded.

"No."

"You are quite right, of course, in withholding your confidence," rejoined the other, with a coldness that was partly assumed to veil his perplexity. "But——is it your intention to present yourself hereafter under your true name?"

"There is only one other person, besides yourself, to whom it was necessary I should declare myself—I mean Sir Francis Bendibow; and I took an early opportunity of doing so. To the rest of the

world I intend at present to be Mr. Grant. The fulfilment of the bequests of my will may hereafter necessitate the revelation of who I really am; but I trust that may not occur during my lifetime. And, even in the alternative event, I doubt not the revelation could be so managed as not to incommode anyone."

"Well, Mr. Grantley," said the lawyer, taking up a pen and turning it between his fingers, "your attitude is unexpected and, so far as my information would lead me to judge, unaccountable. But that is none of my affair. I need only put it to you whether you feel so secure in that attitude as to warrant a belief that the directions of your will have a reasonable chance of getting themselves fulfilled—whether you feel confident that third parties may not interfere to thwart your intentions?"

"On that point I have no misgivings whatever," replied Mr. Grantley, with a slight smile. "My only apprehension would respect the principal legatee."

"I will not attempt to understand you," said Fillmore, smiling also. "If you please, we will proceed to the particulars."

Hereupon the two entered upon a prolonged discussion, into which we shall not be obliged to follow them; since what is of import in it will appear in its proper place. At a few minutes after four o'clock the colloquy ended, and Mr. Grant, after shaking hands very cordially with the lawyer, bade him farewell and went down-stairs.

(*To be continued.*)

PRISON GOVERNMENT.

I PRESUME that it will not be till the end of time that the great question of Prison Government—of what to do with our criminals—will be finally disposed of. Royal Commissions do *not* settle it. Model prisons have *not* effected any good, and Carlyle's severe scorn of them in his Essay of 1850 might have been written in this year of grace, so apposite is it to time and circumstance. That wonderful essay has no old-fashioned ring in it whatever; and his prophecy of some thirty years back, that no good could come of our system of prison government either to the criminal or to the world which studied him so much, is surely verified in almost every particular. We have improved the condition of the convict; we have studied him, his health, and his comforts; we have attempted, by feeble preaching and possibly still feebler experiments, his moral improvement, but he flourishes amongst us vigorously, and seems to increase and multiply by the grim law governing human fallacies.

That this is the fault of the authorities is not very easily proved but that they go the right way to work is scarcely evident even in this present year of grace, with such a background of lurid experience to work upon, and with such danger-signals—red as blood—gleaming from the shadow-land, wherein our "dangerous classes" lurk. Thomas Carlyle had but little sympathy with the prisoner—but little faith in anything tending towards his better life. It is almost evident—I say not completely so, and I hope not completely so—that he had a supreme scorn for the well-meant efforts of philanthropists to bring about a higher moral condition of the convict's mind. He had little, even no faith in "the whitewashing of scoundrels,"—he was for "justice" short and sharp with them; the expression of sympathy in their case was "mournful twaddle;" institutions in connection with their regeneration were "universal sluggard and scoundrel protection societies;" the man who did not believe in hanging them was "Mr. Hesperus Fiddlestring," and John Howard was, to the mind of the Chelsea seer, only "Solid Howard," a dull and dreary man, "chewing the cud of his placid reflections!"

Still, there is no question that Carlyle's visit to one of our chief London prisons impressed and startled him—set the busy brain pondering on the great problem—was for a long while a picture ever present to his mind. He could not see how all this order and rule, this care of the prisoner, could exercise any moral good—and he did not believe the prisoner was worth caring for in any such way. And he was surely right, speaking for the good "old crusted" iron-clad ruffian, whose simple profession is burglary with violence, or murder with promptitude and despatch. Thomas Carlyle in his prison journey doubtless saw many of this class of low-browed, sinister, dangerous animals, men whose faces have so dark a story to tell; and his sturdy common sense assured him that the extracting of any light, or hope, or faith from such as they was for a more fanciful world than ours, where all strange theories may possibly live and flourish by the rules of contrariety.

Sydney Smith, in an article contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* in 1821, had also his fling at the prisons of his day, and his remarks are still *à propos* of the present time and rules.

"It is impossible," he says, "to avoid making a prison in some respects more eligible than the home of a culprit. It is almost always more spacious, cleaner, better ventilated, better warmed. All these advantages are inevitable on the side of the prison. The means therefore that remain of making a prison a disagreeable place are not to be neglected; and if neglected, the manner of sentencing a man to prison would be this—and it had better be put in these words:—

"'Prisoner at the bar, you are fairly convicted by a jury of your country of having feloniously stolen two pigs, the property of Stephen Muck, farmer. The Court having taken into consideration the frequency and enormity of this offence, and the necessity of restraining it with the utmost severity of punishment, do order and adjudge that you be confined in a house larger, better, better aired, and warmer than your own, in company with twenty or thirty young persons in as good health and spirits as yourself. In passing this sentence, the Court hope that your example will be a warning to others; and that evil-disposed persons will perceive, from your suffering, that the laws of this country are not to be broken with impunity.'"

But still the great, grave question that the world cannot answer yet—the riddle that no philosopher, or humanitarian, or man of science, or man of the world has hitherto solved—that no satirist

has laughed aside out of his way—lies before us, with its terrible significance year by year more marked, and with its awful truths day by day becoming more prominent and soul-depressing: "WHAT TO DO WITH THESE CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT?" Thomas Carlyle, it is said, was not so ready with his suggestions as to the right method of action, or the right remedy for an abuse, as with his fierce declamation against wrong or human stupidity or error, and this has become somewhat too much of a "cuckoo cry." The Chelsea seer generally points out—if at times in an indirect fashion—what to do, and in his article on Model Prisons he states this very plainly of the scoundrel.

"*The one method* clearly is that, *after fair trial*, you dissolve partnership with him, send him in the name of Heaven whither he is striving all this while, and have done with him."

Certainly, it is not quite possible "to have done with him;" he is not to be done away with very easily. We cannot always hang him; and there must be some poor wretches to watch him, and have the shadow of his lost life cast eternally upon theirs. Carlyle would have had him set aside as much as possible—taken out of the model prison and the hands of the sham Samaritans and universal tract-distributors—taken away as completely from the world as it should be possible to do without taking the life from him. But he adds, remember, *one fair trial first*—always one fair trial even to the man tried and condemned already by a judge and jury, and shut away from honest folk. One fair trial to make something of him even yet!

And this brings us to the question, *what fair trial* shall it be within this prison-world of his?—and in case of failure, what shall we do with him who has failed?—the outcast who will have no good done to him, but will go on in the devil's name, and as fast as he can to the devil?

After no little study of the subject, it has often been a matter of some wonderment to me why there were not more divisions and subdivisions of this complex prison-world, and for what particular reason—except the saving of a few thousands of pounds—is it that each of our prisons should be on so colossal a scale, and the prisoners heaped in such solid masses, and on some general system, which as regards this poor wretched humanity, I might say, is invariably a failure.

I do not believe in this lumping together of the "devil's regiments of the line," and no moral drilling will work effectually in that way. Surely, if it were possible to classify our prisoners a little

more—I do not mean after the old No. 1, No. 2 Badge system, as I believe it is called—some little good might be effected here and there, although one cannot be particularly sanguine of any astonishing results. I think our prisoners might be sorted and sifted into various degrees of criminality, and I do not see any great reason against, and certainly no "*just* cause or impediment" to, this separating of our convicts into classes.

Government has now its penal wards for the worst class, and its labour cells, or association cells, for the best; but it puts good and bad, weak and strong, together, and as much evil is learned in the prison as has been acquired outside of it. Why should there not be a special gaol for the young, as well as a reformatory for juvenile offenders? It would be here that the good seed might be sown and bear fruit, if the prison system were individualised, and there were a few true and earnest students of human nature in the wards.

In the last report for 1880, issued by the Prison Commissioners, it is stated that 58·9 per cent. of the whole male prison population were between sixteen and thirty years of age, whilst the whole male population of our country between sixteen and thirty years of age is only 41·4 per cent.; demonstrating very clearly "that men take to crime in the earlier rather than in the more mature periods of life, and that means for its effective repression are to be sought much more among the agencies for securing a good training of the neglected part of our population in their early years than in any form of punishment which can be devised."

The board schools are doubtless doing good and valuable work amongst the neglected portions of our people. But the teaching of these children comes not within the scope of the present paper. Let us imagine that the school-days are over—or have never been begun—and the prison gates are opening wide to receive for the first time the juvenile criminal—the poor, shivering, pallid, horror-stricken lad, who has filched his neighbour's goods.

There should be no common gaol for him who sees a prison for the first time; there should, I think, be one strong and mighty effort made, in a specially constructed gaol, to reclaim this new offender against society, to see if it be really impossible or not to snatch him from the gulf, to teach him the gospel of work as well as the Gospel of Christ, to subject him, if you will, to severe discipline—to prison discipline, hard labour and coarse fare—the wages of his sin; but to let him see, for the first time possibly, that honesty *is* a good policy, and at least point out to him some little footpath across the rugged

hills, from the summit of which he may see a glimmer of the dawn flecking with bars of light that darkness which he has called his world. Give him his one chance, and with his first offence let him in solitude—never in association or with a gang—be taught honest work, shown the bright example of honest lives, and at least for once be wound up and set going.

I fear the failures will be many and the successes few, but success there *will be*, and perhaps a fairer measure of it than this sceptical world is inclined to believe at present. There are even now many pleasant and touching stories of salvation in the records of "The Prisoner's Aid Society," and yet there has been the most unmalleable material to work upon. "All the harm I knew I learned at prison," is often said by the discharged convict; and at least here is one reform that should be attempted to be carried out—and which is *not* —that the prisoner, young or old, should not, under any circumstances, have the opportunity to learn an extra lesson from the books of the foul fiend. In large establishments the prisoners *must* meet, talk, conspire, lay plans for the future when they shall be "out of quod," and here the young prisoner is corrupted by the old gaol-bird whom nothing will ever save, and he goes away to a new estate ten times worse than the first.

I would have small prisons, then, unassociative prisons if possible, for all classes of male convicts, and I would divide and subdivide my black sheep according to the nature of the crimes for which they were working off their years of penal servitude. There should be also, as I have said, separate prisons for the young, and there is little doubt we are approaching the period when that experiment will be essayed on some broad and fair scale, and as a supplement to our numerous reformatories. And at the other end of the beam there should be the prison for the habitual offender, the man who has had his fair chance —his hundred chances perhaps—the hardened reprobate, the man-monster of whom no good, it is said, can possibly come, and whom we label irreclaimable, and, as Carlyle says, "dissolve partnership with." We will not trouble the philanthropist with him, or allow that gentleman to trouble us too much, knowing that here is barren rock, and that all the preaching in the world is not likely to produce one green blade of penitence upon it. This should be the last stage of convict life, to which the old offender—the prison-savage—should even look with horror; here should be stern laws rigorously enacted, the hardest work, the severest discipline, and the keenest watch upon these wolves. It should be a dark, silent, mournful prison-house, set away as far as possible from the active stream of

human life, another Broadmoor without any of the advantages attached to that prison for criminal lunatics—the last stage to which, very regretfully but firmly, we would consign all dark, profitless, purposeless lives. Carlyle shadows forth this in his Latter-day Pamphlets, surely: "Mark it, my diabolic friends," he says; "I mean to lay leather on the backs of you, collars round the necks of you, and will teach you after the example of the gods that this world is *not* your inheritance, or glad to see you in it. What has a Governor much to do with you? You, I consider, he will sweep pretty rapidly into some Norfolk Island, into some *special convict colony* or remote domestic Moorland, into some stone-walled *Silent System*, under hard drill sergeants, just as Rhadamanthus, and inflexible as he, and there leave you to reap what you have sown." And between the two extremes—the Alpha and Omega of shadow-land—why not a score or more prisons conducted (with all *male* prisoners) on the silent system, so far as conversation with a fellow-convict is concerned? Why not attempt to classify our various specimens, and, after a period of probation, get the half-good, the weak and wavering, into their various compartments, and the three-quarters bad, the violent, the dangerous, the irreclaimable, into theirs? and having subdivided them into their various little prisons—explosive moral forces always to be partitioned off, as in powder-mills and firework factories they separate their dangerous materials and minimise the risk—and set them to work—always plenty of work—the question arises what kind of labour shall it be? What is best for themselves, for the public weal, the public purse, and, above all, what is fair play to the poor trader struggling in the free world outside to live, and who may be in danger—has been often in danger—of the competition of prison-labour with his own?

It would be better to have extra taxation and the old wind-grinding treadmill system than any efforts to make prisons pay. Working expenses should not be the one thought of prison directors and authorities in general; the balance-sheet will always be against the State; but let it weigh down twice as heavily, rather than the industrious poor should find in the criminal a dangerous rival to their simple handiwork. In a special visit paid to the great general prison at Perth some years ago, the writer found a large quantity of convicts employed upon mat-making, a large warehouse stocked from floor to ceiling with mats excellently made by the best tools and with the best materials, and these mats were disposed of to wholesale houses at a price with which it was impossible for any tradesman to compete. And the fair, honest mat-makers I came

across afterwards—and they were a numerous class once in Scotland—were wretched starvelings, desperately fighting for existence in loathsome garrets in the fever-haunted closes of the Glasgow Salt Market, and were working hard at their trade at two in the morning in order to make a day's work pay.

It is no light task to settle this pressing labour question so that it shall not clash with the workers in the open; even the Portland quarry-work must take a percentage off the wages of an honest quarryman. The tread-mill was particularly objected to in the old prison days; there was so much hard work about it, and it was so singularly like real work to the professional convict that his very soul abhorred it. There were terrible outcries against it at last, and some sensation scenes based upon it in our novels, and eventually the tread-mill was given up by the Government as a bad job, although I saw it in full work at Worcester Gaol a little while ago, a relic of the "good old times," and doing an extremely good business,—grinding corn when it could, and air when it could not. An ingenious idea has been lately mooted in the newspapers to go back again to this tread-wheel system and on a larger scale than ever, and constitute it a motive power for the supply of electric light throughout the prison. There is something weird and strange in this conceit too—the off-springs of darkness, the bastards of the ragged fringe, supplying by their labour the pure and dazzling light to the wards and cells wherein they live! But I am afraid that until "storage of electricity" is more of an accomplished fact, this project belongs to cloud-land. The prisoners would have to work all through the long winter nights, and, as the power would be in their hands *and* feet to summarily cut short the electric supply, it is more than possible that the temptation to "douse the glim" would at times be almost irresistible. It is evident that convict labour should not, *if possible*, be put into competition with the every-day work of the English mechanic, and that the hardest and most unthankful labour should be at least the lot of the professional malefactor. I would have criminals reclaim waste lands, build their own prisons from the stones which they had previously hewn from the rock, be sent abroad, even as in the old transportation days, to some desert lands or Cyprus-kind of islands, and made to fertilise them at any cost or labour for the benefit of those better men who should follow when the soil was ready and a harvest could smile its first welcome to them; and then, when the land was prepared for the colonist, I would away with my black-muzzled band of workers again, on a clearing expedition—a fertilising expedition—a South-African-swamp-improvement-expedition even!

and keep them working—for ever working—in man's service. Gigantic harbour works might be constructed where there is no possibility of their being constructed now, and those lands reclaimed from the sea-shore which no private enterprise will attempt to reclaim, and for which no funds, private or public, are likely to be used. The convict world should be a busy world, but its long-sentenced denizens should not be taught tailoring or carpentry or mosaic work —the last "fad" of the superior persons in office at our female Government prisons—and always the worst and hardest work for the worst and hardest characters. A man under a light sentence should certainly be taught a trade, so that he should be able to go forth into the world again and earn an honest living. He would belong to the men with a chance held out to them yet; and if work could be found for him when he stepped from his cell to the free world, all the better. It is the first look round at the crowd of unsympathetic and suspicious faces which is so disheartening to the ticket-of-leave man. Mary Carpenter relates an anecdote of an old offender who said once to the chaplain of Bath Gaol, "I have been told a thousand times to go and get work, but it was never said to me during twenty years, while in or out of prison, 'I will give you work.'"

Concerning female prisons and female prison labour, I need not speak at any great length. That is another problem, new and intricate and full of the mystery of life's temptations, and it is only to be remarked here that what I have said is not in the aggregate intended for those poor, weak, sinful mortals. For the female prisoners are certainly not as other prisoners are; they are very seldom wholly bad, and at most periods of their career, and with few exceptions, are emotional, impressionable, eccentric, and irreconcilable creatures—as I believe it *may* be said of the sex at times, even out of prison and in the most respectable society—but from whose variable moods some good may be evolved, and is very often evolved, and in whom—strange contrast to the male prisoners—some natural affections are to be developed, even from the shadows of the cell.

The silent system which I have advocated for the male prison—and the separation system—would not act well in a female convict establishment; and here is a greater study than the male prisoner, for those whose sad mission on earth it is to study it. Under the silent and the separation system a man is quiet and harmless, and may be led occasionally to penitence; under the same system, in a female convict establishment, the woman will scream and rave, smash the glass with her tin "pint," fly at the matron's throat or

the minister's white tie, and eventually be carried kicking and screaming to the penal wards for the mere love of a change, or reaction from the desperate dull quietude which is driving her mad. Association in one form or another she must and will have, or die; and if it were possible for the State to train a large body of Christian workers to keep these women company, in lieu of pairing them off, without the slightest discrimination as to character, with their sister-convicts, much good—much reformation even—would surely be effected. So that a female prisoner is quiet, it is sufficient at present for the "system." Even a powerful preacher—a man of God with the gift to touch these wayward or stubborn hearts—is allowed no place in the female prison world; it is considered that his homilies would excite these female convicts too much, and render them beyond all control in their wild fits of remorse or defiance. Here again I think may be a mistake; for if these natures are thus impressionable, thus easily worked upon to tears and desperate regrets, some plan might be formed which would have better results than are to be found now under a *régime* of sleepy parsons and nervous Directors, who are fearful of anything that is new and strange, and not within the sphere of "regulations." My little theory of classifying convicts, of dividing and subdividing them in various small establishments, would, in a female prison, assuredly work well; give each matron—*if there were enough matrons*, which has not hitherto been the case—more opportunity of studying the individual characters beneath her rule, and acting for the best for them according to her judgment, and those powers of observation born of living in their midst.

One last suggestion which I will venture to make is, that a band of earnest, thoughtful PRISON INSPECTORS would supply a great need in the service; a band of well-paid men and women from all ranks, with absolute power to enter all prisons *at all times*, and see for themselves what is going on in prison service, and how that service works—whether the wheels grind slowly or quickly of the complex machinery which we call prison government—and with the power to suggest and carry out improvements in the rules, when by committee, or what not, it is effectually proved that such rules, as they are, tend not to any good or useful end. Attempts in this direction have not been made fairly and persistently—and prison government is still, and likely to be, a Board of Direction dozing and prosing in Parliament Street, S.W.—with each worthy Director "laocooned" by red tape and struggling in its midst to make things "neat and tidy" at the least possible expense to a paternal Govern-

ment, that in its criminal department hates nothing so much as a big bill.

In conclusion, and in considering the present condition of our criminals, it may be well to remember, in our stern arraignment of these convicts, the lines of the Lake poet concerning all those whose one "fair chance" lies yet before them :—

> And as we fall by various ways, and sink
> One deeper than another, self-condemned,
> Through manifold degrees of guilt and shame,
> So manifold and various are the ways
> Of Restoration.
>
> F. W. ROBINSON.

THE BIRTH OF THE MOON.

FOURTEEN years have passed since, in a paper communicated to *Chambers' Journal*, I discussed the change which the tidal wave is slowly but surely producing in the length of the day. Certain researches, which had then recently been made into the moon's motions, had shown astronomers that there must be some force at work retarding the earth in her rotational spin. "In this difficulty," I wrote at that time, "we are not left wholly without resource." We are not only able, I showed, to say that the discrepancy between the moon's motions and theory is due to a gradual retardation of the earth's rotation-movement, but we are able to place our finger on a very sufficient cause for such a retardation. One of the most firmly established principles of modern science is this, that where work is done, force is in some way or other expended. The doing of work may show itself in a variety of ways—in the generation of heat, in the production of light, in the raising of weights, and so on; but in every case an equivalent force must be expended. If the brakes are applied to a train in motion, intense heat is generated in the substance of the brake. Now, the force employed by the brakesman is not equivalent to the heat generated. Where then is the balance of force expended? We all know that the train's motion is retarded, and this loss of motion represents the requisite expenditure of force. "Now," I asked, "is there any process in nature resembling, in however remote a degree, the application of a brake to check the earth's rotation?" "There is," was the answer; "the tidal wave, which sweeps twice a day round the earth, travels in a direction contrary to the earth's motion of rotation. That this wave 'does work' no one can doubt who has watched its effects. The mere rise and fall in open ocean may not be strikingly indicative of 'work done;' but when we see the behaviour of the tidal wave in narrow channels, when we see heavily-laden ships swept steadily up our tidal rivers, we cannot but recognise the expenditure of force. Now, where does this force come from? Motion being the great 'e-measurer,' what motion suffers that the tides may work? We ecurely reply, that the only motion which can supply the

requisite force is the earth's motion of rotation. Therefore, it is no mere fancy, but a matter of absolute certainty, that, though slowly, still very surely, our terrestrial globe is losing its rotation-movement."

The discovery on which this conclusion was based has borne notable fruit in recent times. The change which the moon's motion was shown to undergo and the change which affects the earth's rotation were proved to be alike important. They are processes actually taking place, and scarcely any process which takes place now fails, when rightly understood, to throw light on changes which have taken place in the past. Very notably has this proved to be the case in the present instance.

Let us first briefly sketch the original discovery. Its history, carefully studied, affords an excellent lesson in showing how important it is for science that even the slightest apparent departure from theory should be noted, and that, when noted, it should be thoroughly investigated.

When the theory of gravitation was as yet in its infancy, in the lifetime indeed of its great author, a discovery was made which threatened to invalidate it. Halley, the first of Newton's followers, found that, when the eclipses of the sun, which are recorded in ancient annals, are examined in detail, the lunar motions necessary to explain them are different from those of the moon in our own time; that, in fact, she must have moved more slowly in past ages than she does at present.

Ninety years passed before any satisfactory solution was offered of the remarkable circumstance thus detected. Then the great mathematician Laplace showed how the moon's movements are in reality being hastened on account of a change which is taking place in the form of the earth's orbit. The moon travels round the earth[1] under the action of terrestrial attraction; but the sun, though much more remote than the earth, largely influences the moon's motion. Indeed, the sun is, in reality, the moon's chief guiding power. In regard, however, to her motion considered in reference to the earth, the sun has only a subordinate influence. This influence tends on the whole to diminish the earth's power on the moon, so that the latter travels in a wider orbit and more slowly than she would but for the sun. The nearer the earth to the sun, the greater is the sun's power to diminish the earth's sway, and the more slowly does the moon move. In December and January, for example, the lunar

[1] In reality the moon travels round the sun, and is in that motion largely perturbed by the earth. But considered with reference to the earth as centre, the moon travels round the earth, and is in such motion perturbed by the sun.

month is longer than in June and July, the earth being nearest to the sun on about January 1 and farthest from him on about July 1. Now, the eccentricity of the earth's orbit is at present, and has been for many years, diminishing, her path becoming more and more nearly circular (though it will never become actually circular, the eccentricity attaining a minimum after a certain long period of time, and then gradually increasing). As the longer axis of the path remains unchanged, it follows that the area enclosed by the earth's path is gradually increasing, so that on the whole the sun's perturbing influence is diminishing. Since this influence acts to increase the moon's distance and diminish her rate of motion, it follows that, as the influence diminishes, the moon's rate of motion increases. As the eccentricity of the earth's orbit has been diminishing throughout all the time over which astronomical records extend, it is clear that the hastening of the moon's motion discovered by Halley may find its explanation in this change.

Laplace supposed that this was actually the case. His investigation of the so-called acceleration seemed to be no less exact than profound. The calculated acceleration agreed so closely with what observation appeared to indicate, that science was supposed to have achieved a great triumph, and the law of gravitation, which for a time had seemed shaken (at least, it seemed as though some hitherto unknown forces must have been at work), was placed on a sounder basis than ever.

But our great astronomer and mathematician Adams, having re-examined this question twenty years or so ago, discovered a notable flaw in Laplace's reasoning. He found that disturbances which Laplace had supposed he might neglect, were in reality important. Laplace had considered slow variation in the sun's action in diminishing the earth's pull on the moon, but he had regarded as probably insensible the slow variation taking place all the time in the sun's direct action on the moon. When all the disturbing forces were duly taken into account, it was found that the calculated acceleration of the moon's motion amounts to only about half what Laplace had made it. The observed acceleration then, which was very satisfactorily explained so long as Laplace's results were accepted, was found to be but half accounted for. The other half had still to be explained.

It was then that Delaunay and others advanced the theory that perhaps the so-called acceleration of the moon may in part be apparent only. We measure the movements of the celestial bodies by our earth's, taking as our unit of time-measurement the period in

which our earth rotates once on her axis, or what is called a sidereal day (the solar day is four minutes longer, and changing all the time). This had been regarded as absolutely constant. It is the basis not only of celestial motion-measurements, but of our entire system of weights and measures. But Delaunay suggested that our great terrestrial timepiece may be losing and may be running slow—not only losing time day by day as compared with the time she gave thousands of years ago, but losing rate, so as to go more and more slowly as time goes on.

But let us see on what grounds all these investigations had proceeded, and what was the real observed peculiarity of the moon's motion about which so much inquiry had been made. The moon is apparently moving more quickly now than she was 2,000 years ago; but suppose astronomers timed her now, and that, with all their acquired knowledge respecting the acceleration due to the cause indicated by Laplace, they calculated her position day by day among the stars for the next thousand years. As time went on, how much would the moon seem to gain by that remaining part of the acceleration which has not been accounted for? Well, at the end of the thousand years, she would not quite have gained half her own apparent diameter. Twelve hundred years would have to pass before her centre would be where, according to calculation, her forward edge should have been. In reality, it would be not the moon which would have gained so much, but the earth which would have lost so much. In twelve hundred years the earth's spin would be less than it should be if there were no change by the amount of rotation corresponding to what would carry a line from the earth's centre over half the breadth of the moon's face. That would be about a quarter of a degree, or roughly about a 1,400th part of the entire circuit of the heavens. As the moon completes the circuit of the heavens in twenty-seven days and a third, the difference in time would therefore be, roughly, about a 1,400th part of this, or some twenty-eight minutes. Looking back instead of looking forward, let us consider what the earth, regarded as a timepiece, has lost during the two thousand years which have elapsed since the earliest eclipses of which we have exact records. "Suppose," I wrote fourteen years ago, "that the earth was then timed and rated, how much has she lost, and what is her 'rate-error'? She has lost in that interval nearly an hour and a quarter, and she is losing now at the rate of one second in twelve weeks. In other words, the length of a day is now more by about one eighty-fourth part of a second than it was two thousand years ago."

Such was the minute, one might have supposed the inappreciable, change in which was to be found the secret of some of the most important cosmical phenomena. In this slow change, minute in itself, and detected by its action in a period of time which, though long compared with man's life, is the merest nothing compared with the eras of a world's lifetime, science was to find an explanation of changes in the past so stupendous that the mind can hardly realise them; the indication of changes so great in the future that when they have occurred life on this earth will no longer be possible (at any rate, to creatures resembling any now existing on the earth's surface).

The result thus far noted is that owing to the tidal action of the moon the length of the day is increasing. We may look forward into the remote future for a time when the day will be twice, or thrice, or four times as long as at present. Or we may carry back into remote depths of past time the change thus taking place, and recognise an epoch when the earth rotated in half the time, another when she rotated in a quarter of the time, in which she now rotates. But before we do this we have to ask what becomes of the rotational energy which is thus being lost; for whatever effects we find accompanying this change must also be traced forwards and back.

Here is our spinning earth losing her spin in consequence of the moon's action. It may be that the loss of energy thus indicated is entirely compensated by the heat resulting from the frictional action on which the diminution of the rotation rate depends. In that case we need not look elsewhere for any counter effects. But we may at the outset see that some of the results of tidal action on the earth must produce counter-effects outside the earth. If we imagine the great tidal waves set in motion once for all around the earth, and gradually retarding by their frictional action the earth's rotation, we know that besides the loss of rotation, and besides the generation of heat, there would be another observable effect—viz. the gradual dying out of the tidal wave. Now, the tidal wave being maintained from without by the lunar action (we may leave out of consideration for the moment the sun-raised solar part of the tidal wave), we see that one of the counter-effects which, but for the external action, would accompany the frictional retardation of the earth's rotation is not taking place. We have to seek for some other counter effect. As there is none on the earth, we may take it for granted that some such effect exists in the motions of the moon, the orb which is concerned with the earth and the sea in the tide-raising action.

Now, analysis of the matter by strictest mathematical investiga-

tion, in the able hands of Mr. George Darwin, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge (son of the great Charles Darwin), has shown that this effect must be a gradual diminution in the rate of the moon's motion, accompanied by an equally gradual increase in the moon's distance. The reader must not expect that the reasoning can be made clear to him in such a paper as the present. All these questions of the action and interaction of rotating and revolving bodies require for their discussion the profoundest mathematical knowledge, as well as that which such knowledge of itself indeed implies, the keenest mathematical insight. When I notice that even so skilful a mathematician as Sir George Airy, in a mathematical investigation especially relating to the moon's tide-raising action in diminishing the earth's rotation-spin, had actually announced that there is no such influence, only at the last moment detecting, amongst the complex formulæ involved, the presence of terms which, duly developed, indicate such action,[1] it will be seen how utterly inadequate must be the discussion of the matter on ordinary mechanical principles to indicate to the general reader the necessity of the change in the moon's motion and distance demonstrated by Mr. Darwin.

Mathematical analysis shows unmistakably, however, that the moon's distance must continue to increase while the earth's rotational motion continues to diminish. These processes take place continuously, though not at an unvarying rate. We can carry them back to a beginning, and forwards to an end. Nor does science know of any circumstance in the past or in the future of the earth which should prevent us from carrying each process to its extreme limit either way; in other words, there is no scientific reason for believing that the earth and moon began their existence at some one of the stages to and through which we can trace the processes of change in the past, or that the continuance of these processes in the future will be suddenly brought to an end before they have completed their work. As to the past, indeed, science has very strong evidence to show that these processes started into action at the very beginning to which they can theoretically be traced. Just as from the study of a tree, an experienced gardener can tell that it grew from the seed, and not from a slip or cutting, so the astronomer and geologist can infer, from the evidence presented by the earth and moon, that they

[1] Another remarkable illustration of the difficulty of all such investigations is to be found in the rejection by Leverrier and Pontecoulant of the results obtained by Adams, as mentioned above, Pontecoulant even denouncing Adams's method of treating the subject as analytical legerdemain (*supercherie analytique*).

started into separate existence from the primordial planetary state,[1] and not more fully fashioned as companion planets.

Our retrospective view into the vistas of long past time encounters no obscuring mist till we reach a time when earth and moon formed one mass. How long ago this may have been we do not know. It must have been more than 50 million years ago, if we can at all trust the astronomical and geological evidence. Probably it was a good deal more than 100 million years ago. It may have been farther back still. We see it in the dim vista of the past, but it looms in such sort that we cannot estimate its real distance. We are more apt to think it nearer than farther than it really is. I will not follow Dr. Ball in citing apt illustrations of similar doubts, even in matters historical. It must be evident that when we have to deal with processes operating on so large a scale, and requiring such enormous periods of time, there can be nothing in our experience enabling us even to approximate to the exact time intervals. We must be content to say that they are measurable by tens of millions of years, but how many such tens of millions of years they include we cannot tell.

The critical epoch to which we look back may be regarded as the time of the moon's birth. Diminishing in imagination the period of the earth's rotation, we find gravity amply competent to keep the earth's mass together against the resulting centrifugal tendencies as the day passes down to half a day, to a quarter of a day, and even to a much less period. But it is evident there must be a limit to this. Suppose the earth were rotating at such a rate, for instance, that gravity vanished at the surface of the equator. Then it might at first seem as though, with such a rate of rotation, the equatorial parts would simply remain as they are, since gravity being just balanced by, and just balancing, centrifugal force, there would be no tendency in the equatorial parts to separate from the rest of the earth. But a little consideration will show that, on the contrary, with this rate of rotation, the earth must inevitably fly to pieces like a grindstone set in too rapid rotation. For there being no pressure at the equator, and very little pressure throughout the neighbourhood of the entire equatorial plane of the earth, whereas near the poles and along the neighbourhood of the polar axis there would be great pressure, and elsewhere a pressure increasing as the polar axis was approached, it follows inevitably that these pressures not being balanced in the neighbourhood of the equatorial regions, these

[1] We mean by the words 'primordial planetary state' to distinguish the earliest condition of planets whereof we have scientific evidence from the absolutely primordial condition of matter, of which science knows nothing.

must be forced outwards. At an increased distance from the polar axis the rotation of these masses in the short period mentioned would produce a centrifugal tendency exceeding the force of gravity. They must, therefore, either separate from the rest of the earth, and not attain the same rapid rotation as the rest, or, obtaining it, they must be separated by being thrown outwards from the centre. In either case there would be a separation of the equatorial masses from the rest of the earth, if the rotation took place in an hour and twenty-four minutes. This rate of rotation would in fact be much too great for cohesion. Calculation shows that, assuming the earth of the same mass as at present, and taking such a constitution of its interior as seems fairly probable in the time of the earth's fluidity through intense heat, a rotation once in about three hours would have been the most rapid which could have existed without the separation of the equatorial parts of the earth from the rest.

I may note that, although it may be considered by many a cautious mode of procedure to take no account here of the possibility that, at the remote time when the moon was born, the earth may have had a much smaller mass than at present, or again, to consider the possibility that at that time a great portion of the earth's mass may have been vaporous, I do not myself recognise extreme caution in this, but excessive daring. Considering the multitudes of meteors which fall even now, after many tens of millions of years during which the meteoric supply of the solar system has been undergoing a process of exhaustion, it appears to me we are as much bound to trace back the process of meteoric downfall which we know to be constantly taking place, as to trace back that slow change in the length of the day, and in the distance of the moon, which mathematical analysis shows to be in progress. We cannot escape the conclusion that in past ages the process took place at a much greater rate than at present. We may fairly enough believe that when the earth was in its vaporous condition it was very much larger, though much less massive than now. The conclusion is absolutely inevitable that in each circuit around the sun the earth captured then a much larger number of meteoric masses than at present; for then they were much more richly strewn, and the earth herself was much larger. Even now it is calculated that she captures three or four hundred millions of meteors of all orders in the course of a year. Then, it seems no rash inference, she captured hundreds, or perhaps thousands, where she now captures one. Such a process taking place during fifty or perhaps a hundred millions of years, cannot but have added enormously to the mass of the earth. It is certainly

most unsafe to neglect a process which assuredly took place, and as certainly must have had a large share in modifying the conditions under which the processes, considered by Mr. Darwin, took place.

If we take, however, no notice of what nevertheless is certainly a most important point in the problem, we go back to the time when the earth, having something like its present mass, and being in a partial or wholly fluid state, with a volume not differing greatly from its present volume, rotated on its axis in about three hours. All the evidence we have shows us that the earth, at the remote epoch to which we are thus led, must have been very different in all respects from what she is now; the giant planets, which are nearer to that earlier stage of planetary existence, *are* very unlike the earth; the sun, which is still younger, so far as development is concerned, differs from her still more; but a judicious scientific caution leads us to disregard evidence of this sort, and to assume what certainly is not the case rather than to make any allowance for changes whose exact amount we are unable to estimate: this is so much the more judicious that the whole problem is one in which the elements are doubtful to a greater or less degree. To speak seriously, no investigation of the problem attacked by Mr. Darwin can be regarded as sufficient, which does not take into account—(1) the probable gaseity of a large portion of the earth's globe at the time when the moon's mass was separated from hers; (2) the consequent small mean density of the earth, or, which is the same thing, her large volume (as compared with her mass); (3) the circumstance that no small portion of the earth's present mass must have been added by meteoric downfall since the time when the moon's mass was separated from hers, the moon having also gained greatly in mass since that remote epoch.[1]

[1] Assigning to the earth, then, a volume—owing to smaller density—eight times her present volume, and therefore a surface four times as great as at present, regarding those meteoric members of the solar system which were capturable (because of the position of their orbits) by the earth as 1,000 times as numerous as at present, and diminishing uniformly in richness of distribution to the present time, setting that epoch 100,000,000 years before the present time, and regarding the average weight of meteors in Prof. Newton's calculations (by which 400 millions of all sorts reach the earth each year) as only 10 oz. (a fair enough allowance when some single ones weigh hundreds of pounds), the total number of meteors which have fallen on the earth would be:

$$4 \times \tfrac{1000}{2} \times 100{,}000{,}000 \times 400{,}000{,}000 \times 10 \text{ oz.}$$
$$= 800{,}000{,}000{,}000{,}000{,}000{,}000 \text{ oz.}$$
$$= 50{,}000{,}000{,}000{,}000{,}000{,}000 \text{ lbs.}$$
$$= 22{,}322{,}000{,}000{,}000{,}000 \text{ tons.}$$

As the estimated mass of the earth at present is about 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons, this may seem

With this proviso, which in no sort affects the general inferences deducible from Mr. Darwin's reasoning, though it very largely affects our estimates of the time-intervals corresponding to the changes which we have to contemplate, we resume the study of his conclusions.

At some time, then, very far back in the remote past, and when the earth was rotating much more rapidly than at present, the mass subsequently to form the moon was free to separate itself from the earth, or was already separate, though close to the earth, or was compelled to separate itself; it is not easy to say which view of the three we should adopt. The mass may have been a separate ring, or a single body, or far more probably a ring of small bodies.

Dr. Ball is careful to show how the scar left when the moon's mass was separated from the earth's gradually closed up, and eventually disappeared. "I can easily imagine," he says, "an objector to say: 'If the moon were merely a fragment torn off, how can we conceive that it should have that beautiful globular form which we see? Ought not the moon to have rugged corners and an irregular shape? and ought not the earth to show a frightful scar at the spot where so large a portion of its mass was rent off?' You must remember," he proceeds, in reply to this imagined objection, "that in those times the earth was not the rigid solid mass on which we now stand. The earth was then so hot as to be partially soft, if not actually molten. If, then, a fragment were detached from the earth, that fragment would be a soft yielding mass. Not for long would the fragment retain an irregular form; the mutual attraction of the particles would draw the mass together. By the same gentle ministrations the wound on the earth would soon be healed. In the lapse of time the earth would become as whole as ever, and at last it would not retain even a scar to testify to the mighty catastrophe."

I believe that the separation of the moon from the earth took place under conditions very different from those here considered; that no irregular mass was torn off from the earth, no ragged gap remained at the place whence the moon's substance had been removed. It seems to me impossible to conceive any process of steady change which could have culminated in the imagined catastrophe. Mr. Darwin considers, indeed—and very likely he is right (though the idea is, as he admits, a mere speculation)—that

---

but a small aliquot part, yet even as thus estimated it is a great deal too large to be neglected. Considering that Bischoff assigns 350 millions of years to the period during which the earth has cooled from 2,000° C. to 200° C., it will be tolerably obvious that we have very much underrated the earth's growth.

the tide raised by the sun's influence in the mass of the rotating earth, may have led to the separation of the moon's mass. But this would not have happened, if it happened at all, as a single event. Remembering that the time when this action would be most effective would be the time when no part of the earth's globe was solid—and that stage of the earth's history must have lasted for millions of years—it is obvious that the tidal swing might very well have increased (in the manner suggested by Mr. Darwin) until some portion of the top of the tidal wave was left outside the earth. But the portion thus left would be but small, and immediately after the tidal wave would be reduced in height. (There would probably be two masses thus, as it were, thrown off, one from each of the two opposite tidal waves.) Gradually after this the wave would increase again in height, and again the undue elevation would result in the throwing off of matter from the top of the great tidal wave. The process would be repeated again and again, each mass thus thrown off slowly retreating, owing to the action of forces similar to those which cause the present slow retreat of the moon. The bodies thus thrown off would form a flat ring in the plane of the earth's equator—a ring probably similar to that which now surrounds the planet Saturn. It is to all intents and purposes certain that the mass which was eventually to form the moon's mass was thrown off in this gradual manner. When we see in the Saturnian system a ring precisely like that which must thus have been found around the earth, we are justified in finding "confirmation strong" of the theory as to the moon's formation which Mr. Darwin has advanced.[1]

Mr. Darwin himself, indeed, considers that the moon's mass was thrown off at a single effort as it were. The reasoning relating to this part of his views does not belong indeed, like the rest, to the sure domain of mathematics, but to speculation. Let us, however, follow it as presented by an astronomer who apparently accepts the reasoning as sound—Dr. Ball:—"One hint," he says, "dynamics does give. It reminds us that a rotation once in three hours is very close to the quickest rotation which the earth could have without falling to pieces. As the earth was thus predisposed to rupture, it

[1] I may note here that in the preface to *Saturn and its System* (the first book of my writing) there occurs the following passage, in which I made a prediction, very strikingly confirmed, I think, by the relations above indicated: "It is not impossible that in the variations perceptibly proceeding in the Saturnian ring-system a key may one day be found to the law of development under which the solar system has reached its present condition."

is of extreme interest to observe that a cause tending to precipitate such a rupture was then ready to hand. It seems not unlikely that we are indebted to the sun as the occasion by which the moon was fractured off from the earth and assumed the dignity of an independent body. It must be remembered that the sun produces tides in the earth as well as the moon" (that is, as the moon does). "The solar tides are small compared with the lunar tides . . . . but before the moon was detached the earth was disturbed by the solar tides alone. The primæval earth thus rose and fell under the tidal action of the sun. Probably there were no oceans then on the earth; but tides do not require oceans or even water for their operation. The primitive tides were manifested as throbs in the actual body of the earth itself, which was then in a more or less fluid condition. Even at this moment bodily tides are disturbing the solid earth beneath our feet; but these tides are now so small as to be imperceptible when compared with the oceanic tides. . . . Suppose now that the liquid primæval globe were pressed in on two quadrants and drawn out on the two others, and that the pressures were then released. The globe would attempt to regain its original form; but this it could not do at once, any more than a pendulum can at once regain its vertical position" (after being swung); "the protruded portions would go in, but they would overshoot the mark, and the globe would thus oscillate to and fro. Now, it has been shown that the period of such oscillations in our primitive globe is about an hour and a half, or very close to half the supposed length of the day at that time. The solar tides, however, also have a period half the length of the day. Here, then, we have a succession of small impulses given, which are timed to harmonise with the natural vibrations. The solar tides raised threw the earth into large vibrations. At first these were small, but at each succeeding impulse the amplitude was augmented until at length the cohesion of the molten matter could no longer resist: a separation took place: one portion consolidated to form our present earth; the other portion consolidated to form the moon."

It is not safe to assert what would or would not happen under conditions utterly unlike those with which we can deal in actual experiment. But so far as I can judge from all the known properties of matter, I am led to believe that no such wave as is here considered by Dr. Ball, and as Mr. Darwin had already indicated as likely to arise, could by any possibility come into existence. Long before it had attained anything like such dimensions as this theory of moon generation requires, cohesion between its parts must have

ceased. Consider the mere increase in the centrifugal force in the crest of such a wave, and it will become apparent that when the earth was rotating at the critical rate which barely kept its equatorial parts together, a much smaller vibrational rise would result in separation. It seems to me as absolutely certain as anything not falling within the domain of actual experiment and observation can possibly be, that the great tidal vibration would break into spray long before it reached such a height that the portion free to separate was comparable in mass with our own moon.

We may note, too, that, while the appearance of the Saturnian rings corresponds with the manner of moon generation here considered, which in itself is a strong argument in favour of the theory, we may view the Saturnian rings in another way which even more strongly suggests that this is the actual way in which moons are born :—

We see in the Jovian system four moons, all fully formed, the innermost still very near to its parent orb; and we find Jupiter himself in a condition, judging by his mean density, corresponding to what we may suppose to have been the earth's condition when the moon, after being fully fashioned, had receded to a corresponding distance (that is, to something like the same relative distance from the earth). Mr. George Darwin has, indeed, shown in a very interesting discussion of Jupiter's compression and the motions of his moons, that from something more than the mean density of the planet this condition of Jupiter may be inferred. It is as nearly demonstrated as such a relation can well be, that the central part of Jupiter is greatly compressed, compared with the outer parts of the planet as we see him. Now Saturn, judged by his mean density, appears to be in an earlier stage of his career as a planet than Jupiter. While Jupiter's mean density is but a fourth of the earth's, Saturn's is barely one-seventh of hers. We may somewhat safely infer, then, that Saturn's moon-generating work is not so far advanced as Jupiter's; and, in fact, considering his moons only, we see that this really is so, for his nearer moons are much closer to him, absolutely as well as relatively, than are those of Jupiter. It is true Japetus, the outermost Saturnian moon, has receded to a greater absolute distance than the outermost moon of Jupiter, and Saturn being a smaller planet than Jupiter, this greater absolute distance of Japetus implies a relative distance greater in still higher degree. But this only serves to show that, from whatever cause, the moon-generating process in the case of the Saturnian system has progressed more slowly than in the case of the Jovian system. It is at any rate

clear that the innermost of Saturn's moons is relatively much younger than the innermost of Jupiter's. This being so, what opinion are we to form of the ring-system? Does it not, on the face of matters, appear as though this ring-system represented an embryo moon, or perhaps the embryos of several moons? Finding thus around the planet of least density (presumably, therefore, the one which has advanced least towards its final condition) the planet which has the nearest moons, and, in fine, the planet which—if such planet there is—must be regarded as alone in the moon-generating stage of planetary existence, this singular appendage, absolutely unique in the solar system, are we not justified in saying that here we see the last stages of the moon-producing stage of a planet's life? It seems to me that this is the most probable interpretation of the rings—if it be not the only interpretation available. If we accept it, we see what a moon is like when as yet not fully fashioned. It consists not of a single globe, not of several large globes one day to condense into one, but of rings of multitudinous bodies, strewn so closely that, from a distant observing-station, they appear to form continuous solid or liquid rings. If this were an interpretation of the Saturnian rings to which the discussion of our own moon had led us, a certain degree of hesitation might be suggested by the circumstance that possibly our interpretation so deduced might be a little forced. But the reverse of this holds—we are encouraged to adopt the view instead of being led to doubt it—when we note that more than seventeen years since, the Saturnian rings were proved to be constituted in the manner here described. Nothing can be much more complete than the demonstration of this which was given by the Bonds and Prof. B. Peirce in America, and Prof. Clerk Maxwell in England. There cannot now be a shadow of doubt that the entire Saturnian ring-system consists of discrete satellites, as the sands of the sea-shore for multitude, richly aggregated in some parts of the system's breadth, sparsely strewn in others. Now, this being presumably an embryonic moon-system—perhaps to form one moon, perhaps to form several—we have strong evidence in favour of the belief that a moon is thrown off from the parent planet in this form, and not as a single body; for certainly there is no reason for supposing that the process of moon-formation in Saturn's case would be different from the corresponding process in the case of any other planet.

We may draw yet another inference from the giant planets as to the past of the earth and moon. So far as we can judge from Jupiter and Saturn, a planet remains in a partly vaporous, partly

fluid state long after the moons have been formed, and have receded to a great distance from the parent orb. We may perhaps assume, indeed, that it is while a planet is in such a state that the forces thrusting a moon away from its parent planet's neighbourhood are most active. Unquestionably, when a large part of a planet is fluid, so that a great wave of fluid or plastic matter circuits around the planet, while what is one day to become the planet's ocean exists only in the form of steam or cloud or falling rain-showers, the forces at work checking the rotation of the planet, and *pari passu* repelling the infant moon, would be far more active than when the chief retarding agent was an oceanic tidal wave. Combining with this the consideration that when the moon was nearer its tide-raising power was greater—not as the inverse square, but as the inverse cube of the distance—we must attribute to the earlier stages of a moon's independent career the greater part of its work in checking the rotation of its parent planet, and thus (indirectly) causing its own repulsion from that body's neighbourhood.

Thus I cannot for my own part consider that much of the work done by the tidal wave in forming the earth's crust was effected, as Dr. Ball believes, when the moon was much nearer to the earth than now. That within the range of time over which the geologic record extends the moon's action was much more effective than it is at present, we may well believe; but that, at any time while the earth's fossiliferous strata were being formed, the moon was within 40,000 or even 100,000 miles from the earth I cannot regard as likely, or even credible. If the long time-intervals necessary to explain the features of the earth's crust could be greatly shortened by such considerations as Dr. Ball has eloquently urged, the case would, perhaps, be different. There is an enormous difficulty, unquestionably, in reconciling the vast period (100 millions of years at least) during which the earth seems to have been acted upon by the solar rays as at present, with the comparatively short period (not more than twenty millions of years) during which the sun can have done such work as at present, if his emission of heat is regarded as solely due to his contraction to his present dimensions. But we cannot evade the difficulty by appealing to the moon's former tide-raising energies. There are other lines of argument besides Dr. Croll's by which the vastness of the period during which the sun has worked as he does now in the emission of heat and light can be demonstrated. Either our interpretation of the source of his heat is incorrect (or at least incomplete), or else, as for my own part I believe, the process of solar contraction has gone much farther than

those infer who imagine that the sun's real globe is nearly of the dimensions of that orb which is bounded by his photosphere or light-surface. But be this as it may, there can be very little doubt that when the moon was but 40,000 miles from the earth's surface, there was no life on the earth, no surface which could support life. In all probability she was in the same state as Jupiter—her surface so hot that the waters which were one day to form her oceans were kept constantly by intensity of heat in the form of vapour, save where, at a great height from the fiery surface below, they were condensed to the form of visible clouds.

As regards the future of the moon, in which is involved to some degree the future of the earth, we may accept the general conclusions of Mr. Darwin and Dr. Ball, though the estimate of the time-intervals which must elapse, ere the successive changes are reached, cannot be regarded as trustworthy. (The problems involved are far too complex to be satisfactorily dealt with in the present stage of the discussion: I doubt even whether science will have ascertained, a thousand years hence, the true rate at which the moon's recession will take place during the next ten millions of years.)

In the first place it is to be noted that the terrestrial day is now shortening more quickly (we ought rather perhaps to say less slowly) than the lunar month is lengthening—so that, though the month is lengthening, the number of days it contains is gradually diminishing. It was otherwise in the past. The number of days in the lunar month continually increased until the time when the month lasted about twenty-nine days, since which time the number of days in the month has continually diminished. Dr. Ball describes the time when the number of days in a lunar month was at its maximum as the time when the month was in the zenith of its glory,—*why*, this deponent sayeth not, not knowing. Measured in any other way than by terrestrial days, the month grows constantly longer, and will do so until the moon no longer has any work to do in retarding the earth's rotation. This is the same as saying that the lunar month will continue to lengthen as long as it differs from the terrestrial day. Thus, great as the period would be during which the day would have to lengthen to equal the present lunar month, we have to look forward to a still greater distance in the remote future for the time when the lengthened day, and the less lengthened lunar month, will be equal. At that time the day and the month will each last 1,400 hours, as hours are now measured, or $58\frac{1}{3}$ of our present days. Dr. Ball puts the time when this change will have been effected 150,000,000 years from the present time. It appears to me his

estimate falls far short of the truth. The actual lengthening of the day, noted since the time of Hipparchus, has accrued at a much slower rate than Dr. Ball's estimate would imply. However, even if the epoch be no more remote than this, we need not fear that the progress of the change will seriously affect either ourselves or our descendants for many generations to come. Probably long before ten millions of years have elapsed, much more important changes will have affected the earth—as loss of solar heat, the effect of long-continued internal changes, such as are now in progress, and so forth. We may be as easy respecting the lengthening of the terrestrial day, on account of the great remoteness of the final condition, as we may be respecting catastrophes threatened as nearer at hand—on account of their improbability.[1]

Admitting the possibility that, at the remote epoch when the change has been effected, there may be reasoning beings upon this earth, we may accept the fanciful ideas suggested by Dr. Ball. "Our remote posterity," he says, "will have a night 700 hours long, and when the sun rises in the morning, 700 hours more will elapse before he can set. This," he adds (though we should suppose he can hardly be very confident on this point), "they will find a most suitable and agreeable arrangement. They will look back on our short periods of rest, and short periods of work, with mingled curiosity and pity. Perhaps they will even have exhibitions of eccentric individuals able to sleep for eight hours, work for eight hours, and play for eight hours. They will look on such curiosities in the same way as we look on the man who undertakes to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours." ("All which propositions," as Carlyle words it, "I, for the present, content myself with modestly but peremptorily and irrevocably denying.")

But although, immediately after telling us these things, the Astronomer Royal for Ireland adds, "I am beyond all things anxious to give you the impression that I am not indulging in any mere romance," we may indeed place a great deal more reliance on what he says later respecting the evidence given by the moon's

[1] It has been stated in the *Spectator* that I believe in the probability that all life will be destroyed from off the face of the earth some fifteen years hence. This was at least news to myself. I have discussed the probability that a certain comet will be absorbed by the sun, mentioning some one else's suggestion that such destruction might be effected about 15 years from the present time; but I have also been careful to explain that what has already happened in the case of this very comet, shows how very small is the chance that the final absorption of the comet will in any way affect the earth's inhabitants. I have scarcely ever mentioned such fears except to ridicule them.

present rate of rotation. It is utterly incredible that the moon, when first formed, no matter what theory of her formation we accept, rotated anything like so slowly as she does at present. It is to all intents and purposes certain that then—whenever "then" was—she rotated in much less than 24 hours. Now she requires 27⅓ days for each rotation. There is here evidence of an enormous amount of work done by the earth in raising and maintaining lunar tides, for by such work alone could the moon's rotation rate have been changed to what it now is. Whether the moon formerly had oceans, as most astronomers believe, or not, matters little. We see from her present aspect that she was once intensely hot, insomuch that the greater part of her substance, if not fluid, must have been viscous and plastic. In that plastic mass the earth raised tidal vibrations, swaying the moon's rotation rate into accordance with her period of revolution round the earth. In the constancy with which the unjustly called "inconstant moon" turns ever the same face towards the earth, we recognise the long-continued action of these tidal vibrations. As Dr. Ball well says—"Those tides have ceased for ages; their work is done; but they have raised a monument in the moon to testify to the tidal sufferings which the moon has undergone."

What the earth has done, effectively though slowly, to the moon, the moon will do as effectively, though even more slowly, to the earth. It is this cause of change, of the efficiency of which the moon's calm face is ever speaking to us, that will produce the lengthening of the day, and of the lunar month, which we have already considered.

I do not altogether agree with Dr. Ball as to the future of the earth and moon lying beyond the sufficiently distant future to which we have already carried our thoughts. He points out that besides the lunar there is a solar tide, and that after the former has done its work in bringing the earth's rotation period to coincidence with the lunar month, the latter, still checking the earth's rotation, will cause the terrestrial day to exceed in length the lunar month. He considers that in the case of Mars's internal satellite such a change has already been brought about, the satellite revolving around Mars in a period shorter than that of the planet's rotation. It appears to me that the two cases are not analogous. The mystery of the inner satellite, Dr. Ball tells us, "has never been explained: it is due to the action of the solar tides on Mars; nay, more, we can actually foresee that at some incredibly remote future time our earth and moon are destined to present the same movements which have seemed so anomalous in Mars." He appears to overlook the effects which the

outer satellite would tend to produce, and also what we notice in the case of our own moon. We can readily understand how, with an outer moon travelling in longer period, the Martian day would have increased in length beyond the time of the inner moon's rotation: whereas we see in our own moon clear evidence that the solar tide has not the power which Dr. Ball here assigns to it—or rather, that whatever effects it may exert in that way, are overborne by greater forces working in an opposite direction. Ever since the moon's rotation-period was brought into agreement (by her earth-raised tides) with her period of revolution, she has been subject to the sun's influence in still further lengthening her period of rotation—this influence being somewhat stronger on her than on Mars, despite her smaller globe. Yet during the millions of years that this force has been at work, it has not in the slightest degree availed to lengthen the rotation period beyond the period of revolution. These periods were, and remain, absolutely coincident. The reason is obvious: the earth has exerted a greater force to prevent such an increase of the moon's period of rotation than the sun has exerted to produce it. In like manner, we may safely conclude that, whenever the moon has wrought the terrestrial day into coincidence with the lunar month, she will continue thenceforth to maintain that coincidence—overruling all the efforts which the sun will make to still further lengthen the terrestrial day.

For my own part, however, I believe that long before that time arrives, every particle of water will have disappeared from the earth's surface—the seas and oceans being withdrawn into the earth's interior as her mass parts with its heat. That any living creatures will exist on the earth at the remote time to which our thoughts have been carried, seems to me altogether improbable.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

CARLYLE AND HIS WIFE.

THE love-makings of men of genius, before and after marriage, with or without it, are tempting subjects of inquiry, and all the information of this sort we can get, if it sometimes does no more than amuse an idle curiosity, may be, and generally is, as instructive as it is entertaining. With fuller information than we have about the private relationships between Socrates and Xantippe, we should understand better than we do the public work of the great father of Greek philosophy. A flood of light, which would otherwise be wanting, is thrown on the mystic scholasticism of Abélard by the extant records of his dealings with Eloïse. If as much were known, from their points of view, of Beatrice and Laura as we know of Dante's and Petrarch's written praises of them, perhaps our estimate of the men's manhood would be somewhat different from what it is, though our admiration for the poets' poetry might remain the same; and for an authentic biography of Anne Hathaway, all but the more pedantic Shakespeareans would be willing to surrender two or three of his less memorable plays. Coming down to our own century, it will suffice to hint at the scientific value of the little that has been disclosed respecting Clothilde de Vaux in elucidating the position of Auguste Comte as a great teacher. Everywhere and always a man's worth must be gauged to some extent, though only in part, by his domesticity. Some of the best work done in the world has, of course, been done by men of small private worth. A man of genius is not to be judged by ordinary standards. Genius is eccentricity. The duties it imposes on its possessors may make it their duty to neglect duties imposed by custom, or something more authoritative than custom, on common folk; and their highest virtue may consist of, or not be inharmonious with, disregard of conventional virtues. But for all that, men are men before they are anything else, whether poets or philosophers, warriors or statesmen; and among the fundamental conditions of human life the instincts that lead to love-making and marrying are hardly less fundamental than those that oblige statesmen, warriors, philosophers, poets, and all such prodigies, to eat and sleep pretty much as ploughboys do.

If the common laws of human life are varied from, there must be reason for the variation, and—reverting to men of genius—it is useful to know, not merely what variation there is, if there is any notable variation at all, but yet more how it affects their standing and influence in the world.

For such a study, in the case of one of the most remarkable men of genius living in our own century, very precise and welcome material is afforded by the volumes entitled, "Thomas Carlyle, a History of the First Forty Years of his Life," which Mr. J. A. Froude has lately issued. Mr. Froude was quite justified in issuing these volumes, though he admits that in doing so he has not strictly adhered to the formal instructions given to him as Carlyle's literary executor. Both in his will and in his journal, Carlyle expressly desired that no biography of him should be written, and in order to supersede such a work, he himself, after his wife's death, collected and annotated her correspondence with a view to its being published in due time. "He intended it," says Mr. Froude, "as a monument to a character of extreme beauty, while it would tell the public as much about himself as it could reasonably expect to learn." This collection, however, which Mr. Froude promises to issue soon, begins only with the date of Carlyle's settlement in London, and will throw little or no light on the history of their married life during its first eight years, or of their relations with one another during the five previous years; and it was partly to supply this deficiency that Carlyle himself wrote the fragmentary memoir that occupies more than a third of the "Reminiscences" which Mr. Froude somewhat indiscreetly gave to the world last year. Whatever indiscretion there was in the publication of those volumes, it was important, Carlyle's own crabbed and incomplete recollections of his early life and some of its connections having been put on record, that they should be supplemented by a fuller, and therefore truer, record; and, if Mr. Froude erred in printing the "Reminiscences," he has made as much atonement as was in his power by printing the letters and extracts from journals which constitute the bulk of the "Thomas Carlyle." The later volumes convey, on the whole, a much kindlier and more accurate impression of Carlyle's character than the otherwise uninformed reader could have derived from the earlier volumes. Therefore Mr. Froude has acted rightly in publishing them, and in doing so he has made one of the most interesting and instructive contributions to biographical literature that has appeared for many a year.

With the general contents of this book, however, its revelations of Carlyle's home-training and self-education, his beautiful relations

with his parents and brothers, his struggles and his victories, and all else external and internal that conduced to make him the great, though in some respects crooked, man of genius that he was, I do not here concern myself. Nor should I propose to step between the book and the reader of its most attractive and really most important passages, those in which are very minutely detailed the intimate friendship and rare affection that existed between Carlyle and his wife, before and after their marriage, were it not that Mr. Froude appears to have strangely misunderstood the significance of the story he had to tell, and that a large section of the public has been grievously misled, as it seems to me, by the assertions and insinuations with which he has freely interspersed the documents it has been his good fortune to handle. If my reading of those documents is correct—and it is a reading which I believe to be amply supported by them, as well as by other evidence—Mr. Froude, in chivalrous bias towards the heroine whom, perhaps rightly, he places on a yet higher pedestal than the hero to whom he is loyal in most other respects, has wronged the memory of both. More than that : if Mr. Froude is mistaken, his mistake touches a broader question than that of Carlyle's dealings with his wife. The world is too apt to think that men of genius cannot be good husbands, and that the wives of men of genius must inevitably be martyrs. If the world would be honest enough, not only to recognise the fact that most wives are martyrs, whether their husbands are geniuses or not, but also to save wives from much risk of martyrdom by allowing women to be in all respects as free as men are to make the best they can of their lives, and by putting no artificial restraint on the intellectual and social independence of either sex which is not imposed by nature, men of genius, as well as men of no genius, would be less likely than they now are to have unhappy wives, or to be themselves made either happy or unhappy by their wives' unhappiness. But until that is done, allegations against men of genius, as such, are out of place. In Carlyle's case, at any rate, any such allegations are inappropriate.

On his wife's tombstone Carlyle recorded that " for forty years she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him as no one else could in all of worthy that he did or attempted." Mr. Froude says it was remorse which prompted that and the other reverent sentences in the epitaph. " There broke on him in his late years," we are told, " like a flashing of lightning from heaven, the terrible revelation that he had sacrificed his wife's health and happiness in his absorption in

his work; that he had been oblivious of his most obvious obligations, and had been negligent, inconsiderate, and selfish." That Carlyle did thus reproach himself, in and out of Mr. Froude's hearing, is certain, and that, like every other husband in the world, thinking over his dead wife, he had more or less reason for so doing, may be taken for granted. What loyal widower, or widow either, recalling the experiences of a long married life, would not wish that many things had been different, and different through his or her having shown to the lost one more care, consideration, and unselfishness? But such reproaches are not to be taken as certificates of facts. In so far as they prove anything, they generally prove rather that the mourner had avoided, than that he had exhibited, the faults for which he blames himself.

Carlyle, however, was, in a way, a selfish man all through his life. He started with a "mission." His pride and his humility joined in urging him to pursue certain aims, which he deemed to be of paramount importance, at any inconvenience to others, as well as to himself. This was the condition on which he married. If his wife understood that condition before she married him, and recognised it as binding on herself no less than on him all through their married years, the blame, or the responsibility without blame, was hers as much as his. That Mrs. Carlyle endured many hardships through marrying the man she liked before marriage, and loved afterwards, is true enough; but if she preferred her life with him to any life she could have had without him, the world has no right to accuse him of defects that she did not recognise, or, recognising them, accepted as portions of a whole with which, as a whole, she was and had good reason to be content. That it was so, seems to be clearly shown even by the volumes in which Mr. Froude makes his charges against her husband.

Carlyle was in his twenty-sixth year when he first met the lady who was, five years afterwards, to become his wife. He had struggled bravely up from the rough peasant life into which he had been born, and, carrying with him a lively affection for his early surroundings, and tender devotion to his plebeian but noble-hearted parents, had gone through much, though by no means all, of the hard drudgery that was preliminary to his entrance on the career of eminence as a writer and teacher for which he was destined. He had had a small love-affair when, plodding as a school-master in Kirkcaldy, and being then twenty-one or twenty-two years old, he "made some acquaintance," as he said in his "Reminiscences," which "might easily have been more, had she and her aunt, and our economics and other cir-

cumstances liked," with the pretty and sprightly Margaret Gordon, who was the original of Blumine in "Sartor Resartus." "She was of the fair-complexioned, softly elegant, softly grave, witty and comely type, and had a good deal of gracefulness, intelligence, and other talent. To me, who had only known her for a few months, and who within a twelve or fifteen months saw the last of her, she continued, for perhaps three years, a figure hanging more or less in my fancy, on the usual romantic, or latterly quite elegiac and silent terms." A more memorable friendship than the one thus quaintly summed up, however, was with Edward Irving, the great preacher and founder of the religious sect that bears his name, who was then also a struggling schoolmaster, five years older than Carlyle, and in frequent and affectionate companionship with him at Kirkcaldy and elsewhere, as well as in Edinburgh where they were fellow-students. Irving had been betrothed in his youth to the young lady whom he afterwards, on her refusing to release him, unwillingly married; but, like other men and ministers, he was given to flirting, and Margaret Gordon was one of his flames. Another, and a more scorching one, was Jane Baillie Welsh, and, as fate had it, Carlyle, after inheriting from Irving the reversion of Margaret Gordon's favour, succeeded also to a much more important inheritance, the honest and devoted love of Jane Baillie Welsh.

That was a treasure worth acquiring, even at second hand. Everything that is recorded about this lady's early life is as charming as all the sequel is pathetic and beautiful. Miss Geraldine Jewsbury set down some pretty stories about her, and Carlyle corrected them and added many others in the "Reminiscences." Her father, Dr. Welsh, of Haddington, was a physician of great local repute, who died, when the daughter who worshipped him as she never worshipped any other man was about seventeen years old, and both before and after his death she experienced no lack of the simple comforts of this life. A bright little girl who danced like a fairy, yet learnt Latin and did other unusual things in her efforts "to be a boy," wayward, as we are told, with all but her father, yet as graceful in her bearing as she was masculine in her intellectual tendencies, she showed, while in her teens, that she was fit to take and to adorn any station in life that came in her way. In a characteristic passage of her diary, which Mr. Froude prints, she tells how, having been advised when she began to read Virgil that she was too old to go on playing with a doll, she prepared a gorgeous holocaust, resolving that the doll, if it was to be made an end of, should perish as Dido perished, "with her dresses, which were many and sumptuous, her

four-post bed, a faggot or two of cedar *allumettes*, a few sticks of cinnamon, a few cloves, and a—nutmeg! I, *non ignara futuri*, constructed her funeral pyre—*sub auras*, of course;" and everything else was done in classic style. "However, in the moment of seeing my poor doll blaze up—for, being stuffed with bran, she took fire and was all over in no time—in that supreme moment my affection for her blazed up also. I shrieked, and would have saved her but could not, and went on shrieking till everybody within hearing flew to me and bore me off in a plunge of tears—an epitome of most of one's 'heroic sacrifices,' it strikes me, magnanimously resolved on, ostentatiously gone about, repented of at the last moment, and bewailed with an outcry." A woman from first to last, and always a tender-hearted woman, there was a heroic spirit in her which she attributed in part to her Latin studies. These, she said, tended "to change her religion, and make her into a sort of pagan." "It was not religion alone that these studies influenced, but my whole being was imbued with them. Would I prevent myself from doing a selfish or cowardly thing, I didn't say to myself, 'You mustn't, or if you do you will go to hell hereafter;' nor yet, 'If you do you will be whipt here;' but I said to myself simply and grandly, 'A Roman would not have done it,' and that sufficed under ordinary temptations."

On the position of Carlyle's wife much light is thrown by such illustrations as those of her girlish state of mind. It was Edward Irving, then the Haddington schoolmaster, who taught her Latin, and mathematics as well; and his influence on her was great during many years, and long after he had ceased to reside in Haddington. When or how the relations of teacher and pupil were exchanged for those of lovers we are not told; but they were lovers, on a footing that is happily not very common, during several years. Irving, as has been already mentioned, was betrothed to another young lady, a Miss Isabella Martin; but the question of marriage was deferred till he was in a position to keep a wife, and meanwhile he evidently felt himself free to love where he liked. Let Mr. Froude, who knows more than his readers do, describe the situation: "Irving, who was a frequent visitor at Haddington, discovered, when he looked into his heart, that his real love was for his old pupil, and the feeling on her part was—the word is her own—'passionately' returned. The mischief was done before they became aware of their danger. Irving's situation being explained, Miss Welsh refused to listen to any language but that of friendship from him until Miss Martin had set him free. Irving, too, was equally high-principled, and was resolved to keep his word. But there was an unexpressed

hope on both sides that he would not be held to it, and on these dangerous terms Irving continued to visit at Haddington when he could be spared from his duties." "High-principled" seems hardly the right word to apply to a man who, whether from good or from bad motives, does not choose to be "off with the old love," while he spends at least two or three years in being "on with the new," knowing all along that, unless some unlikely chance helps him out of his dilemma, he must in time settle down to the distasteful marriage, and then abandon the loving girl—ten years his junior—with whom he has been amusing himself. Mrs. Carlyle, when her romance was over, does not seem to have regarded Irving's treatment of her in that kindly light.

Irving was so far generous, however, that he allowed Carlyle to share in the friendship of the bright little lady whom he would have liked to marry. The two friends were living in Edinburgh in the summer of 1821, and one day they walked down to Haddington on a visit to Miss Welsh and her widowed mother. They stayed in the neighbourhood for a few days, and each evening Carlyle went to the house. "The beautiful, bright, and earnest young lady," he wrote, "was intent on literature as the highest aim in life, and felt imprisoned in the dull element which yielded her no commerce in that kind, and would not even yield her books to read. I obtained permission to send at least books from Edinburgh. Book parcels naturally included bits of writing to and from, and thus an acquaintance and correspondence was begun, which had hardly any interruption and no break at all while life lasted. She was often in Edinburgh with her mother, and I had leave to call on these occasions, which I zealously enough, if not too zealously sometimes, in my awkward way, took advantage of. I was not her declared lover, nor could she admit me as such in my waste and uncertain posture of affairs and prospects; but we were becoming thoroughly acquainted with each other, and her tacit, hidden, but to me visible, friendship for me was the happy island in my otherwise dreary, vacant, and forlorn existence in those years."

That concise statement is wonderfully explicit. Carlyle, who did not then know that there was anything more than ordinary friendship on Irving's part, was soon installed as Miss Welsh's trusted friend and literary counsellor, and Irving's only objection to this arrangement was that Carlyle's lessons in German poetry and philosophy might do no good to a young lady who, in his judgment, was "already unhinged from many of the enjoyments her condition might afford her." "There is too much of that furniture about

the elegant drawing-room of Jane Welsh," he wrote. "I could like to see her surrounded with a more sober set of companions than Rousseau, and Byron, and such like; and I don't think it will much mend the matter when you get her introduced to Von Schiller, and Von Goethe, and your other nobles of German literature. I fear Jane has dipped too deep into that spring already, so that, unless some more solid food be afforded, I fear she will escape altogether out of the region of my sympathies and the sympathies of honest, home-bred men."

Out of sympathy with Edward Irving, Jane Welsh did, fortunately for her, in time escape; and her sympathy with Thomas Carlyle grew. When, after a few months' acquaintance, Carlyle began to make love to her, she forbade him to continue in that strain; but she accepted him as a staunch, close friend, and their friendship continued and increased. Her heart had been given long ago to Irving, and even after his marriage she seems to have been little inclined or able to feel for anyone else such strong affection as she had wasted on him. Many years afterwards, indeed, when her old teacher's head had been turned by his success as a popular preacher and he had given himself up to delusions and vanities, she had a lingering regret, on his account if not on hers, that she had not been near to him to keep him from falling. "There would have been no tongues," she once said, "if Irving had married me!"

Meanwhile, wishing to marry no one but Irving, she had, during the two or three years following her acquaintance with Carlyle, the choice of many husbands. Young and beautiful, with winning ways of speech and action that were more charming even than her beauty, an heiress, too, in a small way, she was never in want of admirers in Haddington, Edinburgh, or wherever she might be. The surroundings of her life were merry, and she made such honest use of them as a quick-witted, large-souled young woman has a right to make. She was none the less sprightly and vivacious because her heart was still somewhat wrenched by the unkindness of her first lover, and because she was being slowly fascinated by a second lover, whose brilliant intellect made her forget his uncouth manners. Without accepting him as a lover, it pleased her that Carlyle should find his highest enjoyment in guiding her philosophical studies and in correcting her literary exercises in prose and verse, in confiding to her his ambitions and his sorrows, his schemes for propounding doctrines of overwhelming importance to the world, and his afflictions from the "rat gnawing at the pit of his stomach" which, long before that time, had begun to tyrannise over him.

Carlyle, it must be remembered, was still, and for many years to come, a rough peasant scholar, who had ruined his health in studies, for which he got small credit from the public—a student in whom a few friends saw the promise of great things, and whose yet undeveloped genius poured forth eloquent discourse through his clumsy Annandale brogue; and Miss Welsh was perhaps the most appreciative of his friends. Her intercourse with him was the greatest pleasure of her life, and she was willing that it should be playful as well as serious; but it was a long time before she consented to think of becoming his wife. In one letter, written after they had known one another more than two years, she expressed so much gratitude for his kindness to her, that he ventured again to make something like an offer of marriage. "My friend," she wrote back, "I love you. I repeat it, though I find the expression a rash one. All the best feelings of my nature are concerned in loving you; but were you my brother, I should love you the same. No. Your friend I will be—your truest, most devoted friend while I breathe the breath of life; but your wife, never—never, not though you were as rich as Crœsus, as honoured and renowned as you yet shall be." Carlyle's answer was as characteristic as that frank statement of Miss Welsh's scheme of friendship between them. "My heart is too old by almost half a score of years, and is made of sterner stuff than to break in junctures of this kind. I have no idea of dying in the Arcadian shepherd's style for the disappointment of hopes which I never seriously entertained, or had no right to entertain seriously."

An informal sort of engagement, however, grew out of that interchange of confidences. Though Miss Welsh vowed that neither the wealth of Crœsus nor her friend's honour and renown could tempt her to marry him, she let him understand that she would not offer much objection as soon as he was in a position to keep a wife. In anticipation of that, and in order that no contingency, chargeable to her, might lessen the income of her mother, she assigned to Mrs. Welsh a life interest in the little fortune she had received from her father, and which, since his death, they had spent in common. This was filial and businesslike. In all her love-making Miss Welsh was thoroughly businesslike, though not in any unworthy way. She had by degrees come, as she said, to love Carlyle truly and devotedly; perhaps she had come to find his society indispensable to her; but it was not with the romantic first love of a girl, and she refused to look upon marriage, early or at any time, as the inevitable issue of their friendship. She understood his temperament better than any

one else, a great deal better than he himself did. She was as anxious as he was that he should do good work for the world with his pen, and do it with unflinching honesty; that is, that he should never sink to the level of the hack writers whom in Edinburgh, and afterwards in London, both he and she scorned, though with more pity blent with the scorn than appeared in some of his lately printed references to Hazlitt, De Quincey, and others. She knew too that, as his own mother had said, he was "gey ill to live wi'," at the best of times; that he suffered grievously from dyspepsia, which rendered him irritable and heedless of other people's enjoyment when he could get no enjoyment for himself. She was also well aware that her own bringing up and way of life had been so different from his that she could not expect to be a happy or, consequently, a good wife, unless she had many comforts which he, as a bachelor, would hardly care for. All this she told him frankly, and she insisted that, before she could marry him, he must see his way to being able to provide a decent home for her and for himself, in London or Edinburgh, or some other place where a decent home could be kept up with a moderate amount of money.

The letters in which she expressed these eminently sensible opinions—such of them, at least, as Mr. Froude has printed—are model love-letters in their way, and, besides all their other interest, are especially valuable for their clear indication of her own temperament and of the full knowledge she had of the character of her lover. If, as Mr. Froude urges, Carlyle was selfish in wishing her to marry him before he had a comfortable home to offer her, he at any rate hid nothing from her, and made no pretence of being better than he was. From London, whither he had gone to look out for profitable and honest work, and where he had found little but disappointment, he wrote, in January 1825, to propose that they should marry and settle on her little property at Craigenputtock, in the hope of there making money by farming as well as by literature. This she refused to do, "frankly and explicitly," to use her own adverbs, giving good reasons against the project, the best being that she did not love him enough to expect happiness with him in such a lonely and forlorn life. "I love you, and I should be the most ungrateful and injudicious of mortals if I did not. But I am not *in love* with you; that is to say, my love for you is not a passion which overclouds my judgment and absorbs all my regards for myself and others. It is a simple, honest, sincere affection, made up of admiration and sympathy, and better perhaps to found domestic enjoyment on than any other. In short, it is a love which *influences*, does not *make*, the

destiny of a life. Such temperate sentiments lend no false colouring, no 'rosy light' to your project. I see it such as it is, with all the arguments for and against it. I see that my consent under existing circumstances would indeed secure to *me* the only fellowship and support I have found in the world, and perhaps shed some sunshine of joy on your existence, which has hitherto been sullen and cheerless; but, on the other hand, that it would involve you and myself in numberless cares and difficulties, and expose me to petty tribulations which I want fortitude to despise, and which, not despised, would embitter the peace of us both." There was much else to the same effect; and, in a last paragraph, "It would be more agreeable to etiquette, and perhaps also to prudence, that I should adopt no middle course in an affair such as this, that I should not for another instant encourage an affection which I may never reward, and a hope I may never fulfil, but cast your heart away from me at once, since I cannot embrace the resolution which would give me a right to it for ever. This I would do assuredly if you were like the generality of lovers, or if it were still in my power to be happy, independent of your affection. But, as it is, neither etiquette nor prudence can obtain this of me. If there is any change to be made in the terms on which we have so long lived with one another, it must be made by you, not by me."

Carlyle protested a little, and drew from this honest and clear-headed woman a yet more "frank and explicit" statement of her "sentiments" about him. "I am not sure that they are proper sentiments for a husband. They are proper for a brother, a father, a guardian spirit; but a husband, it seems to me, should be dearer still. At the same time, from the change which my sentiments towards you have already undergone during the period of our acquaintance, I have little doubt but that in time I shall be perfectly satisfied with them. One loves you, as Madame de Staël said, in proportion to the ideas and sentiments which are in oneself. According as my mind enlarges and my heart improves, I become capable of comprehending the goodness and greatness which are in you, and my affection for you increases. Not many months ago I would have said it was *impossible* that I should ever be your wife. At present, I consider this the most probable destiny for me, and in a year or two, perhaps, I shall consider it the only one."

The "destiny" was made manifest in less than a year or two, within a very few months. Miss Welsh would probably have married Carlyle in any case, without waiting for him to be rich enough to keep her in comfort; but the marriage was hastened, or at any rate

formally decided upon, through her first lover's disloyalty and a well-meaning woman's officiousness. Irving, apparently more proud than ashamed of having trifled with Miss Welsh's affections, had, soon after settling in London, betrayed her secret to Mrs. Basil Montagu, and Mrs. Basil Montagu imagining that the young lady was, if not broken-hearted, still pining for her lost lover, not only addressed impertinent condolences and warnings to her, but also wrote about her to Carlyle, whose acquaintance she had made when he was in London, and whom she supposed to be only an ordinary friend of Miss Welsh's. Carlyle had hitherto heard nothing of the old love-affair, and even now, in his next letter to his Jane, did no more than tell her that Mrs. Basil Montagu was "under some strange delusion" about "her heart being with Irving in London." To his amazement he received for answer a full confession of the facts that had been kept from him, accompanied by self-reproaches far heavier than there was any occasion for. All that Miss Welsh really had reason to regret was, that she had not cared to open a healed wound by telling her lover of an old "passion" which was honest on her part, and which had long since given place to pity, if not contempt, for its object. There was little occasion for penitence; but she felt herself disgraced in the eyes of a man who, as in her self-humiliation she acknowledged both to herself and to him more plainly than ever before, now had all her affection. She could not accuse him of injustice if he cast her off, she declared; but never before had he been so dear to her. Carlyle, however, had no thought of casting her off. His answer was a tender self-depreciatory love-letter, which led to a formal engagement of marriage, and to marriage itself after very little further delay.

Mr. Froude puts on record Mrs. Carlyle's statement that, "but for the unconscious action of a comparative stranger, her engagement with Carlyle would probably never have been carried out," but he has apparently failed to see the great importance of this episode—which he only reports very briefly, and of which there is no other record in the life-history of Carlyle and his wife. They had been friends, and very real lovers after a fashion, for now more than four years; but they might never have been more than friends and lovers had not Mrs. Basil Montagu brought matters to a crisis. During four years Carlyle had been hoping to make Jane Welsh his wife; while she had held back, partly because she was not sure how strong and deep were her own feelings about him, but mainly because she shrank from giving up the comfortable surroundings of her maiden life and entering on a new career which, knowing herself and her lover as

she did, she more than suspected would have as many pains as pleasures in it. There was nothing blameworthy in her fears and her caution ; but, on the other hand, surely Carlyle is not to be blamed for pressing one who had accepted his love during so long a time to share with him the whole battle of life, even under such hard conditions as his genius and its embarrassments, his poverty and his dyspepsia, imposed on him, and would impose on them both after their marriage. The prudence that made her shrink from becoming a poor man's wife may have been as commendable as was the unselfish wisdom that always urged him to prefer poverty, and such independence as would leave him free to give the fullest scope to his peculiar genius, to lucrative but less *honourable work*, which would have made it easy for him to provide himself and her with a comfortable home. But no woman ever married, or promised to marry, with her eyes more open to the prospect before her ; and if either is to be blamed for their marriage, the blame is at least as much hers as his.

Even after their long friendship had been sealed by a formal marriage engagement, Carlyle more than once offered to release Miss Welsh from her bond.

In a letter, either querulous, or sportive, or both, which she wrote to him early in 1826, she had reminded him of the rival suitors who were then hanging about her—"a certain handsome stammering Englishman," a second cousin with "a fine establishment," and "an interesting young widower." "But what am I talking about?" she added—"as if we were not already married, married past redemption. God knows in that case what is to become of us. At times I am so disheartened that I sit down and weep."

"Oh, Jane, Jane!" Carlyle wrote back, "your half-jesting enumeration of your wooers does anything but make me laugh." And he went on to say that, if the prospect of marriage with him made her weep, she was free to break it off. "It is reasonable and right that you should be concerned for your future establishment. Look round with calm eyes on the persons you mention, and if there is anyone among them whose wife you had rather be—I do not mean whom you love better than me, but whose wife, all things considered, you had rather be than mine—then I call upon you—I, your brother and friend through every fortune—to accept that man, and leave me to my destiny. But if, on the contrary, my heart and my hand, with the barren and perplexed destiny which promises to attend them, shall, after all, appear the best that this poor world can

offer you, then take me and be content with me, and do not vex yourself with struggling to alter what is unalterable—to make a man who is poor and sick suddenly become rich and healthy." After more to the same effect, he added, "I am reconciled to my fate as it stands, or promises to stand ere long. I have pronounced the word 'unpraised' in all its cases and numbers, and find nothing terrific in it, even when it means unmoneyed, and even, by the mass of his Majesty's subjects, neglected and even partially contemned. I thank heaven I have other objects in my eye than either their pudding or their breath . . . . Consider this as a true glimpse into my heart, which it is good you contemplate with the gentleness and tolerance you have often shown me. If you judge it fit, I will take you to my heart as my wedded wife this very week. If you judge it fit, I will this very week forswear yours for ever. More I cannot do; but all this, when I compare myself with you, it is my duty to do."

Here are Mr. Froude's sneers at this beautiful letter: "That Carlyle could contemplate with equanimity being unpraised, unmoneyed, and neglected all his life; that he required neither the world's pudding nor its breath, and could be happy without them, was pardonable, and perhaps commendable. That he should expect another person to share this unmoneyed, puddingless, and rather forlorn condition, was scarcely consistent with such lofty principles. Men may sacrifice themselves, if they please, to imagined duties and high ambitions, but they have no right to marry wives and sacrifice them."

Those last words express an excellent rule which a good many married and marrying men nowadays might very properly take to heart. But what is their force as regards Carlyle and his wife?

In the first place, as I have attempted to show as fully as space would allow in the foregoing pages, Carlyle did not "marry" his wife as most husbands, good or bad, marry theirs. Miss Welsh was not a silly girl who rushed into matrimony in blind devotion to her lover, or in ignorance of his temperament and condition. She was a shrewd woman of five-and-twenty, who had long since come safely, if a little wounded, out of her first great love-affair, and had spent nearly five years in analysing the character of her second lover, and in prudently balancing the advantages and disadvantages of marrying him. The very visible exteriors of his life—his poverty, his uncouthness, his irritability of body and mind—were not more manifest to her than were his inner qualities, the impulsive nature of his genius, and his all-absorbing earnestness to do the work he felt himself, out-of-date Puritan as he was, called upon to do.

Carlyle had never attempted to deceive her, and it was not possible for him to deceive her by a tithe as much as he involuntarily deceived himself. She knew perfectly well that he was "gey ill to live wi';" and of her own free choice and deliberate purpose she risked all perils in deciding to "live wi'" him.

In the second place, as a few more paragraphs must suffice to show, Carlyle and his wife being married, he did not "sacrifice" her.

Before the marriage took place in October 1826, there was a good deal more pathetic, and sometimes amusing, correspondence and debate as to when and how it should come about, and what should be done afterwards; but of this nothing need here be said beyond the remark that Carlyle may perhaps, as Mr. Froude says, have acted unwisely and ungraciously in refusing to live with his mother-in-law as well as with his wife, seeing that Mrs. Welsh's income joined to his would have saved the young and not very domesticated wife from many discomforts. It is impossible at this distance of time, however, to decide whether Carlyle's holding of the traditional prejudice against mothers-in-law was not in his case justified. Undoubtedly his infirmities and his peculiarities inclined him to be even less satisfactory as a son-in-law than as a husband; and had he fallen in with his wife's suggestion, matters might have turned out far worse than they did. Instead of a married life which on the whole was—in spite of anything Mr. Froude may say—happy and beautiful during forty years, there might have been discord at starting, and the unheroic wasting of two heroic lives.

As it was, they began their married course as brightly as was possible, and considering Carlyle's dyspepsia and nervousness, and their somewhat straitened means, eighteen months were passed pleasantly enough in their first abode at Comley Bank, Edinburgh. "The house is a perfect model," he wrote to his mother, "furnished with every accommodation that heart could desire, and for my wife I may say in my heart that she is far better than any wife, and loves me with a devotedness which it is a mystery to me how I have ever deserved. She is gay and happy as a lark, and looks with such soft cheerfulness into my gloomy countenance, that new hope passes into me every time I meet her eye." "On the whole," he wrote to his brother, "this wife of mine surpasses my hopes. She is so tolerant, so kind, so cheerful, so devoted to me. Oh, that I were worthy of her! Why am I not happy then? Alas, Jack, I am bilious. I have to swallow salts and oil; the physic leaves me pensive, yet quiet in heart, and on the whole happy enough; but the next day comes a

burning stomach and a heart full of bitterness and gloom." "We are really very happy," wrote Mrs. Carlyle to her mother-in-law. "My husband is so kind, so in all respects after my own heart. I was sick one day, and he nursed me as well as my own mother could have done. We see great numbers of people, but are always most content alone. My husband reads then, and I work or read, or just sit and look at him, which I really find as profitable an employment as any other." "Oh, that he were indeed well, well beside *me*, and occupied as he ought!" she wrote in another letter. "How plain and clear life would then lie before us! I verily believe that there would not be such a happy pair of people on the face of the whole earth. . . . . Many pleasant people come to see us; and such of our visitors as are *not* pleasant people have at least the good effect of enhancing the pleasures to us of being alone. *Alone* we are never weary. If I have not Joan's" (her little sister-in-law's) "enviable gift of talking, I am at least the best listener in the kingdom, and my husband has always something interesting and instructive to say. . . . It is my husband's worst fault to me that I will not or cannot speak. Often when he has talked for an hour without answer, he will long for some signs of life on my part, and the only sign I can give him is a little kiss. Well, that is better than nothing; don't you think so?"

It is not necessary to accumulate pretty evidence like that to show how cheerfully this struggling couple made light of their troubles, and made much of their simple pleasures, during their Edinburgh days. Mrs. Carlyle did so, at any rate. She had foregone many luxuries for her husband's sake, but her love for him, and her pride in him, made her happy in the sacrifice. The "rat gnawing at his stomach" may have sometimes made his tongue wag unkindly, and he was often surly and sullen; but she was prepared for all that beforehand, and took it for no worse than it really was. "When they married," wrote Miss Jewsbury, "she had determined that he should never write for money, but only when he had something to say, and that she would make whatever money he gave her answer for all needful purposes. She managed so well that comfort was never absent from her house, and no one looking on could have guessed whether they were rich or poor. Whatever she had to do she did with a peculiar personal grace that gave a charm to the most prosaic details." That is noble testimony to her wifely excellence. But it could not have been written if she had not been a happy as well as a good wife.

A cruel change, however, came to them after they had been

married a year and a half—not a change in their affectionate relations as husband and wife, but a change in their circumstances, which undoubtedly pressed more heavily on the wife than on the husband. Carlyle did not prosper in Edinburgh as much as he had wished and expected. His wife's farm at Craigenputtock was bringing in no rent; and he bethought him of the old scheme which she had resented long before their marriage. "I am in no small uncertainty," he wrote in a letter to one of his brothers. "This Edinburgh is getting more and more agreeable to me, more and more a sort of home; and I *can* live in it, if I like to live perpetually unhealthy, and strive for ever against becoming a *hack*; for that I cannot be. On the other hand, I should have liberty and solitude for aught I like best among the moors—only Jane, though like a good wife she says nothing, seems evidently getting more and more afraid of the whole enterprise." While he was in this uncertainty, his Edinburgh landlord let the Comley Bank house to another tenant: so the Carlyles had to leave it. This decided them upon going down to live in their desolate Dumfriesshire farm, instead of looking out for another house in the Scottish capital.

Mr. Froude is very angry with Carlyle for having taken his wife to live—for six long years, as it happened—at Craigenputtock, when she might have fared so much more pleasantly in Edinburgh or any other civilised town. He ought, we are told, to have done anything with his own life, rather than waste so much of hers by banishing her to a Siberia, where she was so far banished even from him, by his being absorbed in his own selfish thoughts and studies, that she had no society at all but that of her handmaids and peasant neighbours, save now and then when visitors came to console her for a few days or a few weeks at a time. That is an altogether mistaken view of the case, almost as unjust to Mrs. Carlyle as to her husband. It is quite true that she shrank from the Craigenputtock exile before going to it, and that it was in many ways irksome to her while it lasted. But it must be remembered that she was, to say the least, as honest, as proud, and as ambitious as he was. She, no less than he, was resolved that they should live within their means, and, while wishing their means to be increased by profitable literary work, that the sole and constant purpose of that literary work should be the instruction of the world by the truest and best digested thoughts that he could give to it. This high resolve entailed more, and more trying, hardships upon her than upon him, but all the letters and notes that Mr. Froude publishes show that she bore the hardships bravely, and that, if they sometimes tried her body and saddened her

spirits, she was happier in bearing them than she would have been in following any less heroic path.

A notable letter that Mrs. Carlyle wrote to a friend long afterwards, in 1857, so clearly and completely indicates the brave temper in which she braced herself to endure and conquer the discomforts of her Craigenputtock life, and derived real happiness as well as profit from her endurance and her conquest, that a large part of it must be quoted here: "So many talents are wasted," she said, "so many enthusiasms turned to smoke, so many lives spilt, for want of a little patience and endurance, for want of recognising that it is not the greatness or littleness of 'the duty nearest hand,' but the spirit in which one does it, that makes one's doing noble or mean! I can't think how people who have any natural ambition and any sense of power in them escape going *mad* in a world like this without the recognition of that. I know I was very near mad when I found it out for myself (as one has to find out for oneself everything that is to be of any real practical use to one). Shall I tell you how it came into my head? I had gone with my husband to live on a little estate of *peat bog*, that had descended to me all the way down from John Welsh, the Covenanter, who married a daughter of John Knox. *That* didn't, I am ashamed to say, make me feel Craigenputtock a whit less of a peat bog, and a most dreary, untoward place to live in. In fact, it was sixteen miles distant on every side from all the conveniences of life, shops, and even post-office. Further, we were very *poor*, and further and worst, being an only child, and brought up to 'great prospects,' I was sublimely ignorant of every branch of useful knowledge, though a capital Latin scholar, and a very fair mathematician. It behoved me, in these astonishing circumstances, to learn to sew! Husbands, I was shocked to find, wore their stockings into holes, and were always losing buttons, and *I* was expected to 'look to all that.' Also, it behoved me to learn to *cook*; no capable servant choosing to live at such an out-of-the-way place, and my husband having bad digestion, which complicated my difficulties dreadfully. The *bread*, above all, brought from Dumfries, 'soured on his stomach' (oh heaven!), and it was plainly my duty as a Christian wife to bake at home. So I sent for Cobbett's 'Cottage Economy,' and fell to work at a loaf of bread. But, knowing nothing about the process of fermentation or the heat of ovens, it came to pass that my loaf got put into the oven at the time that myself ought to have been put into bed; and I remained the only person not asleep in a house in the middle of a desert. One o'clock struck, and then two, and then three; and still I was sitting there in an

immense solitude, my whole body aching with weariness, my heart aching with a sense of forlornness and *degradation.* That I, who had been so petted at home, whose comfort had been studied by everybody in the house, who had never been required to *do* anything but *cultivate my mind*, should have to pass all those hours of the night in watching *a loaf of bread*—which mightn't turn out bread after all! Such thoughts maddened me, till I laid down my head on the table and sobbed aloud. It was then that somehow the idea of Benvenuto Cellini, sitting up all night watching his Perseus in the furnace, came into my head, and suddenly I asked myself: After all, in the sight of the Upper Powers, what is the mighty difference between a statue of Perseus and a loaf of bread, so that each be the thing one's hand has found to do? The man's determined will, his energy, his patience, his resource, were the really admirable things, of which his statue of Perseus was the mere chance expression. If he had been a woman living at Craigenputtock, with a dyspeptic husband, sixteen miles from a baker, and he a bad one, all these same qualities would have come out more fitly in a *good* loaf of bread. I cannot express what consolation this germ of an idea spread over my uncongenial life during the years we lived at that savage place."

Perhaps there was exaggeration in that pretty and pathetic story. The bread-making episode may have been only one and a minor incident in a long series of troublesome experiences, by which Mrs. Carlyle was learning a lesson corresponding to that which her husband was describing at about this time in "The Everlasting No" in his "Sartor Resartus." But that she was learning her lesson with a brave heart is clear; and if in learning it so thoroughly she proved herself to be a wonderfully good wife, that is no proof that Carlyle was a bad husband. She had chosen her lot freely and after full warning. She made it her grand business to be a true helpmate to her husband, and the whole world, as well as she and he, gained much thereby.

Mr. Froude asserts more than once that Carlyle cruelly neglected his wife, and especially in keeping her out of the best parts of his life. "The dreams of intellectual companionship with a man of genius in which she had entered on her marriage," he says on one page, "disappeared, and she settled down into her place with a heavy heart." Among all the authentic details that Mr. Froude gives in these volumes, I can find only one small piece of evidence in support of that assertion. "Carlyle," the wife wrote in an undated letter to her mother-in-law, "never asks me to go out with

him—never looks as if he desired my company." That may have been the case, not only when the letter was written, but many times during their life at Craigenputtock. Everybody knows that Carlyle was morose and sullen when his dyspeptic fits were upon him, and he had better excuse for being so than have many model husbands, against whom a similar complaint may frequently be made. But, as a set-off against that solitary little complaint, Mr. Froude himself furnishes numberless instances of the close and affectionate intimacy that existed between this hard-working couple—the husband obliged to read and think and write, partly to earn money, but mainly to perform the service to God and man which both he and she deemed incumbent on him—the wife obliged to darn and cook, and sometimes even scrub floors and milk cows, in order that he and she might live in as much comfort as was within their reach.

Having space for only one short quotation in evidence of this, I quote by no means the most impressive passage adduced by Mr. Froude, but the one least open to the suspicion of telling anything but plain, ungarnished truth. It is from a letter which Mrs. Carlyle addressed, four years after their settlement at Craigenputtock, to a friend she had found during her first visit to London. This friend offered to come to Craigenputtock, and Mrs. Carlyle playfully warned her of its desolation. "It is the stillest, solitariest place that ever entered your imagination to conceive, where one has the strangest shadowy existence," she said; and she drew a lively picture of the horror of "the fine lady who should find herself set down at Craigenputtock, for the first time in her life left alone with her own thoughts." But, she added, "for my part I am very content. I have everything here my heart desires that I could have anywhere else, except society, and even that deprivation is not to be considered wholly an evil." It was not her husband's society, however, that she missed or could dispense with. "My husband is as good company as reasonable mortal could desire. Every fair morning we ride on horseback for an hour before breakfast; and then we eat such a surprising breakfast of home-baked bread and eggs, &c., &c., as might incite anyone that had breakfasted so long in London to write a pastoral. Then Carlyle takes to his writing, while I, like Eve, 'studious of household good,' inspect my house, my garden, my live-stock, gather flowers for my drawing-room and lapfuls of eggs, and finally betake myself also to writing or reading, or making or mending, or whatever work seems fittest." Carlyle's work often occupied him all through the day, and then his wife had to take her evening walks alone; but at other times we hear of their studying

Spanish and reading "Don Quixote" together, or otherwise studiously amusing themselves in company when the day's necessary duties were over.

Undoubtedly matters went more pleasantly for Mrs. Carlyle from the time when her husband was able to bring her to London, and when, with more money to spend and more friends to come round her, she began to make the famous house in Chelsea as attractive by her womanly grace and wit as it was made by her husband's intellectual eminence. On the history of that time—from the autumn of 1834 till the spring of 1866, when, as Carlyle wrote on her tombstone, she was "suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life as if gone out"—Mr. Froude's volumes throw no light or cloud; and when his promised collection of her letters is published, we shall know so much more about it than can even be guessed at present, that it will be wise to wait for those letters before venturing to pass any opinion on the relations of this notable husband and no less notable wife during the longer and later period. We shall be equally unfair to both of them, however, if, in guessing about these more prosperous years, we allow ourselves to be prejudiced, as Mr. Froude has been prejudiced in his review of the eight years before the London settlement, by Carlyle's exaggerated self-reproaches for his shortcomings as a husband. Carlyle, like most other husbands, the best as well as the worst, had doubtless reason for self-reproach; and his morbid temperament especially inclined him to use strong language of this sort in his old age. But, because he used such language, and because Mrs. Carlyle was so good a wife, we must not infer that he was a bad husband.

H. R. FOX BOURNE.

MY SPIDER.

A SPIDER, sitting placidly on a hat-peg, awakened in me a vague enthusiasm for natural history; so I captured him, and put him in a bottle. He was lean and gaunt, and had an ominous countenance. The small row of eyes on the vertex of his head looked murder and rapine, and the formidable jaws—which he moved slowly, as if he were sucking his teeth—meant death to those who were his inferiors in strength. He seemed to have been lately in distressed circumstances, for the light came through his very carcass, and his legs were almost as weakly as the gossamer he wove. The strongest part of him seemed to be the stiff hairs that covered him. They stood out independently, and covered his body with such profusion that I was led to call him Esau.

The bottle most likely did not impart a generous warmth, and probably the garish light of day was not pleasant to this denizen of the rafters and remote corners, yet he settled himself in his new habitation with a calmness which commanded my admiration. No fear entered his breast; he was not daunted by captivity. He did not wildly seek an outlet, like most of the things we call insects. He seemed to be of the school of the ascetic Brahmins, and apparently regarded fate as invincible.

"Even if I keep you in captivity," I said, "I will provide you with a mansion, and you shall have an amplicity of food." After a little search a wide-necked jar was obtained, and I set to work to catch flies. The jar was glass, and its mouth was covered with muslin; but in case Arachnida cared not for light and ventilation, I provided him with a piece of paper rolled conewise, and in this inner chamber he could seek retirement.

On being placed in his new abode, my friend betrayed no curiosity. He merely settled himself on the piece of paper, as it had a more genial feel than the transparent floor. Perhaps he watched me, but I could not tell that from his expression. His face was typical of indifference.

I now began to make havoc among a colony of flies who had apparently spent their lives in obtaining from the window-panes some

occult flavour which is not perceptible to our coarser palates. I made three captives, who were passed beneath the muslin door of the jar with a little sleight of hand. The appearance of these flies was my next subject of observation. They each had an individuality which I did not till then know that flies possessed. Their deportment, their figures, their very moral tone, had a distinct stamp; yet there was an harmonious something which united characters so different. The first had a fluffy appearance; his body looked sodden, and he behaved in a fat and sensual manner. He took the grossest pleasure in warming his ventral surface on the side of the jar towards the sun. He sipped the sweets of life to excess, and had lost that activity a fly ought to possess. Alas! his career rendered him unfit to battle in the struggle for existence. He became the spider's first meal.

The second fly had but one wing. He was lean and ill-nurtured, yet he had withal a chirpy and pleasing manner. He had neither the pompous bearing of opulence nor the boisterous ways of rude health. He was a sweet-tempered and amiable fly, and among the local muscæ undoubtedly occupied the same position that Tiny Tim did in his family. I should have let him go, only I feared that, if I did so, I should also release the third fly, whom my soul loathed. Now, let me tell you why that fly was objectionable. He was the only fly left on the window-panes, and he walked over them with the arrogance of a landlord. I sought to catch him, but each attempt was more futile than the last. He dodged, he flew away from the window, he calmly floated about the room, and I followed him, flapping with my pocket-handkerchief till I visibly perspired. He was as cunning as the fox of Ballybogue, who, you remember, used to take in the newspaper to see where the meets were to be. My temper overcame me, and I swore I would have that fly.

After a hunt, which brought out all my worst characteristics, I caught him, and deposited him in my vivarium, rejoicing to myself that his death-agonies would be some compensation for my pains. As soon as he got into the jar, Mr. Fly discovered that his poor little brother in adversity had a raw place where his wing had been torn off, and he would follow him from place to place to put his sucker on to the sore. It was not the kindliness of the dogs of Lazarus which led him to lick the wound. He saw that Tim did not like it, and as he was a nasty bullying cad, he persisted in his obnoxious performances. I left him disgusted. He was a beast!

In the course of an hour or so I returned. The sensual fly was in the arms of the spider. The hunter, with his quarry in his clutch,

was on the piece of paper, and I could see him well. Four black bead-like eyes, situated on the very summit of his head, gleamed at me with ferocity. His mandibles were stretched to their utmost. The hooked extremity of one was driven into the fly's eye, the other was fixed somewhere about its throat. Between these a pair of jaws were working with a synchronous and scissors-like movement, and his upper and lower lip (for such they were, I afterwards learnt) worked, as it were, between whiles. As the jaws approached each other, the lips parted. His palps, or leg-like antennæ, waved slowly as the tail of an angry cat; and his very spinnerets, six in number, stood out turgid with excitement. The fly was still, except for a quivering motion of one of its legs. It was the tremor of death.

For ten minutes at least the spider did not move a limb. The palpi forgot to wave, and he abandoned himself to the full and gross enjoyment of his meal. I forgot the fly's agonies. This poor starved creature, safe from the persecution of the housemaid, was revelling in the juices of a luscious fly. The gloom of his life was dissipated by a bright spot. Starvation even had a charm when followed by such a meal.

At last he fixed the fly against the paper with one foot, and loosened his grip, and after giving a sigh of satisfaction, proceeded to decapitate his prey. He then held the carcass in such a manner that I thought he was going to blow into it, but he did not. The pangs of hunger were assuaged, and with an Epicurean manner worthy of Brillat-Savarin he sought for some dainty morsel in the chest.

Half-an-hour after, he still lovingly held his prize, although he ate no longer. The child-rhyme was floating in his memory—

> Oh, what fun!
> Nice plum bun!
> How I wish
> It never was done!

I went to bed, and on the morrow another corpse, that of Tim, lay on the floor of the bottle. His expression was placid as in life, and there was that beast of a fly, whom I described before, sucking at the old wound.

Days went on, and Esau's digestion seemed a laborious process. I watched with eagerness to see whether he would lay his hands on his companion by force or fraud. The spider lay immovable, the fly was idly busy in security.

Now, the utter disregard of decency paraded by that fly would have sent a cold shiver down the spine of any proper-minded person. He hustled the corpses of his brethren who were dead. He was

constantly trying to extract from their bodies what juices the spider had left. He turned them on their stomachs. He turned them on their backs. He had no regard whatever for the deceased.

I sat in my arm-chair and pondered over the levity of that wretch till the dinner-bell rang, and I went sorrowfully to my evening meal. "How much superior am I to that fly! If a steak from one of my fellow-creatures were laid before me, I should reject it with abhorrence," thought I, "even if it were garnished with the savoury onion or the mushroom—ay, even if it were relished with oyster-sauce and the tenderest asparagus. It is only the worst grades of life which can feed upon their kind."

We had chickens for dinner. The liver wing was excellent, and the en-dedans of the back afforded pleasant picking. I begged the maid to preserve the bones for a broken-legged dog whom I had adopted.

My plate was brought on to the lawn, and on it were the remains of the fowls; and the dog was carried out with all care to enjoy his meal on the grass. Poor old thing! His tail wagged with a steady flap, his eyes glistened softly, his neck was outstretched, and his nose was agitated with a delicate twitching till he was placed beside his repast. Then he fell-to, and with admirable judgment selected the most meaty morsels to commence with.

It was lucky that he had finished two pinions, for "the Philistines were upon him." A pea-hen close by heard the crunching. She listened. Curiosity seized her, and she looked at the eater, first with one eye, then with the other. (That was mere coquetry, as it gave her an opportunity of showing off the graceful movements of her neck.) She approached a few steps with stagy dignity; she saw there was food, and the bird of Juno, forgetting her state, ran with an ungainly and slop-slap step towards the plate.

The bird was large and powerful, and the dog was small and an invalid. He therefore secured the best advantages that the circumstances afforded, and sneaked off on three legs with a drumstick.

"Gristle?" quoth the pea-hen; "excellent! Tendon? better still."—Gaup, gaup.—"A small bone? 'twill do me no harm." Down it went.—"A little picking?"—peck, peck.

"Thou cannibal!" thought I, "those are the remains of thy companions of the farmyard.—That fly is not so unnatural, after all. I will let it go."

My resolution was short-lived. Two hours ago there were but a spider and a fly and a piece of paper in the glass jar. Now my friend the spider was evidently getting hungry, and he was

exerting himself. Two strong cords were drawn from the paper to the bottom of the jar, and Esau meant business. His spinnerets were turgid, his aspect was determined, and steadily and slowly he commenced to make a web. Now and then the fly took a walk and broke through a strand or two. They stuck to his legs, and annoyed him. With a little difficulty the films were got rid of, but consternation began to seize the fly's mind, and he resolved to move from the scene of operations. He took up his quarters on the muslin which covered the neck of the jar.

Next morning, the fly's head hung like a Bulgarian atrocity in the web, his body lay at the mouth of the spider's den. During the night, Esau had made a cavern of cobweb.

It is the duty of the historian to adhere to the truth, even if it casts a slur on his favourite theories, and blasts his reputation as an observer.

Esau was not a male : he was a lady.

One day, while feeding the beast, I noticed that the den in the corner had been extended into a passage with two openings, and in the passage wall was a spot thicker and more opaque than the rest of the building. This I surmised was a deposit of eggs, and I afterwards found that I was right.

Still, I had named the animal ; and, on the principle of the parson who insisted on christening the little girl John, I adhered to the original appellation. Hitherto the spider had discovered none of the attributes proverbial to her sex, and I did not feel justified in naming her Lucy or Maria.

There were warm days that year, when the air smelt of clover, and flies came out plentifully, and Esau was fed on all available insects that had wings. The house-fly was her staple food, although she regarded small moths as delicacies, and thought midges and small gnats were toothsome articles of diet ; but her soul loathed bluebottles. They were to her what caviare and absinthe are to the uneducated. If a bluebottle was put into her net, she bound it down with many strands of cobweb, and killed it, and before the animal had ceased to quiver, cast it from her web with evident repugnance. Beetles she did not care for, as they broke her web ; but money-spinners she tolerated. Daddy-long-legs fell an easy prey to her, although she did not relish them. That I know, because she never took their carcasses to her cave.

By way of a treat, I once offered her a small earthworm. It wriggled and writhed, lengthened itself and shortened itself, assumed the shape of a cork-screw, and tied itself up into knots. Esau sought

refuge in her house, and stuck her head out to watch these strange manœuvres. At first, she was as still as possible; then there was an oscillatory movement of the palpi. She generally did that when she was getting up her pluck. Then she made a rapid rush to within an inch of the worm, and reconnoitred again. She was not satisfied, and retired a second time to think the matter out. The worm, in the meantime, either got tired of struggling, or else philosophically arrived at the conclusion that he could make himself as comfortable in a cobweb as in any other place. The period of rest was fatal. Esau darted on her prey and stuck her mandibles into him. Vainly did the worm try to charm the enemy by tickling her with the end of his tail. Esau held on like a vice. The worm tried to encircle her body with furtive gyrations. Esau had no inclination to play at Laocoon, and eluded the strategy of his prey. That worm gave in.

I began to get tired of my pet. She was getting fat; and the fatter she grew, the more ferocious she became. I sought another spider, and found one smaller than the one I possessed. To my mind it was of the same species, but from its size I imagined it was a male. "I will be the historian of the loves of spiders," I said. "Their domestic happiness shall be a moral to mankind. Two spiders together will give me an opportunity of making fresh observations."

I was not disappointed, but my researches gave a result that I had not anticipated.

When I put my finger near the new spider he gathered his legs together, and assumed an abject attitude; perhaps it was a simulation of death. Anyway, the position gave me the idea of meanness and knavery; so I called him Uriah Heep, because he was "so 'umble."

"Esau," I said, with befitting solemnity, "wilt thou take Uriah to be thy wedded husband?" I dropped him into the jar. The lady was sitting in her web; but she bolted into her chamber the moment she felt the impulse of the fresh arrival.

"Ah," thought I, "she is parading her coyness."

Uriah did not seem at his ease, and, leaving the cobweb, he took up a position between the paper and the wall of the jar. Esau protruded what ought to have been her nose—had she belonged to a higher species—from the doorway of her sanctum. There was evident uneasiness on both sides.

Now, I do not believe that these two creatures slept for two days and two nights. They regarded each other with profound suspicion. I put flies into the jar. They would not be allured by food. If one moved the twentieth part of an inch, the other altered its attitude to

a similar degree. If Esau wished to get out of her apartment, Uriah occupied a different strategical position. It was a period of brain-tension, watchfulness, and terror.

On the third morning I found Uriah had fallen a victim. His thorax was separated from his abdomen, his legs were disarticulated and scattered, and Esau sat on her perch, placid and contented, the mistress of the situation.

Spiders of both sexes and of every shade of opinion successively shared the captivity of Esau, and they all shared the fate of Uriah. The blood of Mr. Heep had whetted the appetite of the Amazon, and she increased in valour and ferocity. She gauged the strength of her opponent with infallible precision. Now she would use all the arts of strategy; now she would trust to the prestige of victorious arms. Her jar became a very charnel-house of the remains of her kind. A battle occasionally took place, but superior strength and agility made Esau victress. As a rule, however, the new intruder said Kismet the moment it was seized, and resigned itself to fate.

I have yet to relate the most interesting part of my narrative. Pardon me whispering, reader; but Esau has yet to become a mother. The queen of the pickle-jar, who directed the destinies of her subjects—and I must say she directed them in pretty much the same direction—was herself to become the slave of a numerous progeny. It has been an enigma to me who the sire of that progeny could have been.

"No scandal against Queen Elizabeth, I hope?"

Reader, I assure you, my duties are those of a grave historian. I am no carrier of tattle.

It has been an enigma to me (allow me to resume the subject) who the sire of that progeny could have been. Perhaps it was some spider of ancient lineage, who did valiant battle in his ancestral cobwebs against predatory wasps. Perhaps he had won Esau's young affections, and become master of her charms. Perhaps it was some errant knight, who had vowed the extermination of the whole race of parasites which infest the spider's body. Perhaps it was some wealthy spider, who owned vast demesnes of netting, which extended over many a rafter, and offered hunting-ground for many a retainer. Perhaps her spouse was remarkable for his personal beauty, and had carried off her heart by his comeliness. I know that no spider base-born could have been the father of her offspring. Her behaviour to Uriah Heep forbids so gross a surmisal.

Then, how was it that she was alone on the hat-peg? The

aristocrat might have spurned her from his home from the prospect of a more advantageous alliance. The enthusiast might have doubted her intensity, and so deserted her. Dives might have been jealous, and have procured an act of separation; Adonis probably spirited away by some light of love.

Her history is open to conjecture alone. The fact remains, that she laid eggs, and they were hatched.

If my memory be not deceived, the small spiders appeared a fortnight or three weeks after I first noticed the eggs. When first born, they were small, yellowy-white, and indefinite, like cheese-mites—just what one would imagine spider-babydom to be. They moved at a pace almost imperceptible from its slowness, and their gait was weak and vacillating. As well as I could make out with the naked eye, they were constantly tumbling on their sides for the first few days. They seemed to meet with obstacles which are not apparent to our gross vision.

I thought the sun would be grateful to them, and their jar was placed on the window-sill. Either the warmth suited them, or baby spiders gain strength rapidly; for before three days were over, Esau's offspring became marvels of agility. When they were at one end of the piece of paper, urgent business called them to the opposite extremity of the cone, and they ran as fast as their small legs could carry them. If they were on the floor of their home, urgent reasons induced them to promenade the ceiling. Occasionally one little chap would take a long journey around the floor of the jar, while another would start off on a commission of inquiry, and investigate the construction of the cobweb with the minutest care. A third would mount its mother's back, and crawl over her out of sheer curiosity. No pair of them ever seemed to do the same thing at the same time. I never saw them feed; but during the next week or two they increased in size and strength. Esau contemplated them with pleasure; her character was softened. Dozens of flies were put into the jar, but few were killed. Some became entangled and died in the toils, but the majority occupied the top of the jar, and especially affected the muslin doorway, which was moistened for their delectation with sugar and water.

The time for my summer holidays arrived, and I started for the south, leaving Esau to look after the house.

The friendship I had struck up with spiders certainly increased the pleasure of my trip. I found my friends in numbers everywhere I went. They were on the shady side of dock-leaves. They floated in the air and settled on my hat, and were carried off by the next

breath of breeze. I found their webs in profusion between the branches of a monkey-tree in the garden; and in the cornfields myriads of these small creatures trapped flies that were almost microscopic. On the sandy slopes of the sea-shore, cobwebs were among the gorse-bushes. The diadem spiders in the rose-trees vied with each other in the regularity of their nets, and every barn was rich in arachnean architecture. I had heard of water-spiders, and I hunted for them assiduously in every pool and stream in the neighbourhood, but with no success. I found no water-spiders, but I became the possessor of many inhabitants of the ponds.

Three weeks passed too quickly, and I had to return to my work and to Esau. Alas! what a lamentable sight met my eyes! Esau was dead, and her children were certainly fatter than when I left. I could arrive at but one conclusion. The dauntless adventuress who had gloried in murder and fratricide had become the victim of misplaced love. Those little wretches whom she had brought into the world, and cared for and nurtured, had turned upon her and slain her and sucked her life-blood. Ah, poor mother, thy antecedents might not have been good! Possibly thou mightest have dined off thy husband or thy paramour—certainly thou hast waged unnatural though valiant war against thy kind; still, that was no reason why thou shouldst have been sacrificed by thy offspring in the bloom of thy maturity.

W. H. T. WINTER.

FREDERICK ROBSON.

IN years past, open-air entertainments were much more in vogue with us than they have been during these later times. Vauxhall was viewed as an exemplar in this respect, and many minor establishments ventured humbly to imitate the attractions of the Royal Gardens. The London Spas had, of course, ceased to exist; visitors no longer attended to drink the waters at Bagnigge or Sadler's Wells, or at Bermondsey. But a taste for "tea-gardens" still prevailed. The tavern-keepers on the highways fringing London made great boast of their "pleasure-grounds"—often an ambitious name for a small grass plot with a narrow gravel-path serpentining about it—their "bowling-greens" and "dry skittle-alleys." Each road-side public-house invited the traveller to refresh himself, to smoke his clay-pipe or drain his rummer in a green-painted arbour, its trellis-work festooned with a scarlet runner or a gaudy nasturtium. The glories of White Conduit House were not wholly at an end, the Yorkshire Stingo still flourished, and the Eagle Tavern, with its saloon and gardens, was entering upon a career of great prosperity.

The City Road, running from the Angel Inn at Clerkenwell to Finsbury Square, is not a thoroughfare of great antiquity. It was first opened for traffic in 1761, when the projector, a Mr. Dingley, modestly declining a proposal that it should be called after his surname, bestowed its present title upon it. The Eagle Tavern occupied the site of an earlier establishment which enjoyed some fame towards the close of the last century—The Shepherd and Shepherdess, a tea-house and garden. In the neighbourhood of the Eagle there existed for some while a rival but less-favoured establishment, known as the Albert Saloon; it probably came to life about the date of the marriage of Queen Victoria, but years since it vanished from the list of places of public entertainment. To the north and east—towards Lower Islington, Ball's Pond, and Hoxton—stretched Shepherd and Shepherdess Fields. The Eagle of fifty years ago is portrayed in one of the earliest Sketches by Boz. It was clearly a cheap and plebeian edition of Vauxhall, while it

possessed a Rotunda, as though bearing in mind the traditions of Ranelagh. "There were the walks beautifully gravelled and planted, and the refreshment-boxes painted and ornamented like so many snuff-boxes, and the variegated lamps shedding their rich light upon the company's heads, and the place for dancing ready chalked for the company's feet, and a Moorish band playing at one end of the gardens, and an opposition military band playing away at the other. Then the waiters were rushing to and fro with glasses of negus and glasses of brandy and water, and bottles of ale and bottles of stout; and ginger-beer was going off in one place and practical jokes were going off in another, and people were crowding to the door of the Rotunda. . . . As to the concert-room, never was anything half so splendid. There was an orchestra for the singers, all paint, gilding, and plate-glass; and such an organ! . . . The audience were seated on elevated benches round the room, and crowded into every part of it; and everybody was eating and drinking as comfortably as possible," &c., &c. In this animated account no mention is made of the dramatic exhibitions of the Eagle. But as yet the Grecian Saloon, as it was styled, had not become formally a theatre supervised by the Lord Chamberlain. The histrionic performances at the Eagle acquired whatever legality they possessed under virtue of the Act 25 George II. for regulating "places of entertainment for the lower sort of people," and enabling His Majesty's justices of the peace in their discretion to grant a licence to "any house, room, garden, or other place kept for public dancing, music, or other public entertainment of the kind:" the regular theatres licensed by the Crown or the Lord Chamberlain being, of course, excepted out of the Act.

It was in the little theatre pertaining to the Eagle—the charges for admission were paid at the bar of the tavern—that Frederick Robson, an actor of singular genius, first made himself known to the London public. This was in the year 1844. Mr. Hollingshead, giving evidence before the Parliamentary Committee on Theatrical Licences in 1866, stated that at the Grecian Saloon Mr. Robson performed many of the familiar characters that made him afterwards so popular at the Olympic, "in an atmosphere of tobacco-smoke, and before audiences who sat with ledges in front of them, in lieu of tables, on which their glasses were placed." The saloon was practically a music-hall, declared the witness, who desired that the music-halls of his time should be admitted to the privileges of the theatres. But the Grecian Saloon of forty years ago, albeit it possessed no gallery, and its audience freely smoked tobacco as though they

had been play-goers of Elizabeth's time, before little ledges for their bottles and tumblers to rest upon, was essentially a theatre. It was a spacious room, rather low in proportion to its length, with side-boxes, a proscenium and stage with movable scenery, foot-lights, and an orchestra in front. The performances were often of an operatic kind supported by competent singers; the Saloon, indeed, claimed to have presented upon its small stage works by Auber and others, with which the London public had possessed no previous acquaintance. The smoke of tobacco, perhaps, still lingered in the atmosphere, and there may have been some tardiness in removing the "ledges" in front of the pit seats: and thus Robson's early performances at the Eagle may have taken place under the conditions described by Mr. Hollingshead. But the Act for regulating theatres, passed in 1843, brought the Eagle under the rule of the Lord Chamberlain, who, in the September of that year, granted his first licence to the Saloon, and constituted it a regular theatre. His lordship's disapproval of smoking and of "ledges" was well understood at the time; it may be assumed that, as soon as could be, his directions and wishes in the matter were considered by the manager. In all, it may be noted, seven saloons forthwith obtained promotion to the rank of theatres under virtue of the Act of 1843—the Grecian, Britannia, Effingham, Bower, Albert, Albion, and Apollo. The three last named of these, however, soon ceased to be occupied for dramatic purposes, and have now altogether departed.

Frederick Robson was born at Margate, in 1821. His parents, it is said, "moved in the middle station of life, and were highly and justly respected." They gave him the best instruction they could afford to give him; "he mastered the usual branches of a general education"; but he was still very young when he was apprenticed to a copper-plate engraver in Bedford Court, Covent Garden. His story is the story of innumerable players. He frequented the theatres; he conceived a desire to act; he took part in sundry amateur representations. It is remembered that upon a little stage that once existed in Catherine Street, Strand, almost under the historic shadow of Drury Lane Theatre, young Robson once personated the character of Simon Mealbag in the melodrama of "Grace Huntley." He believed that he could distinguish himself as a low comedian; he was not moved by the high-flying ambition which animated so many of his amateur playfellows; he did not hope to win applause as a lover or a hero. Still, his first efforts were not held to be very successful. Certain of his friends, indeed, esteeming themselves excellent judges of acting, strongly advised him not to

venture upon the stage again—his failure had seemed to them too complete. His next essay was at the Bower Saloon ; and presently he seems to have wholly abandoned his craft as an engraver upon copper, and adopted seriously the histrionic profession. He became a strolling player. He is said to have been engaged as "second utility" at the Whitstable Theatre—a humble sort of exhibition that occupied the first floor only of a private house. Afterwards he was a member of itinerant companies—Jackman's, Chester's, Rogers's, &c. He travelled the Kent circuit, the Bedford circuit, the Oxford circuit, the St. Albans circuit. When he first appeared at the Eagle the playbills described him as "from the T. R. Glasgow." He sustained the leading character in a farce of French origin—"Dick and his Double," or by some such name it was called—which in various forms had been presented at other of the London theatres. Ravel, or perhaps even Arnal, may have been the original hero—a perfidious swain, who pays court both to a milliner and to a young lady of superior station. The stage was divided, so as to show at a glance the homes of the rival mistresses and the treachery of the lover, who woos each in turn, passing from one to the other. He is punished at last, when, having dined liberally in the one house, he is compelled to sup immediately afterwards, and to sup heavily, next door. The farce was played farcically, of course, and the costumes were of the exaggerated kind which the stage then favoured. The new actor, whose success was quite unquestionable, wore a white hat, a light blue dress-coat with brass buttons, and Stewart tartan trousers tightly strapped. Robson remained at the Grecian some seasons. In 1850 he accepted an engagement to appear at the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, where great success awaited him.

That Robson had seen Edmund Kean those took for granted who, at a later date, witnessed the more tragic impersonations of the comedian, and felt themselves able to compare the histrionic methods of the two actors. But when Kean died Robson could have been but twelve years old. Mr. Walter Lacy, however, in an interesting paper contributed to a Christmas Annual some few years since, related how in his youth, when he was a medical student attending the London hospital, he witnessed a "juvenile amateur performance" of "Richard the Third," at the Assembly Rooms in Mile End, and was permitted to pass behind the scenes. "It was," writes Mr. Lacy, "the *début* in private of a boy who had been taken to see Edmund Kean. . . . . The little Richard, with his black wig and scarlet dress, made a miniature resemblance of the great actor, and seemed to have imbibed that wonderful combination of physical

impulse and inspiration that characterised the original." The child's mother accompanied him, and after the performance the little actor is described as appearing, his wig abandoned, with his own abundant flaxen curls falling about his face, "half asleep, like a Blenheim dog, on the skirts of her velvet gown." It may be that "the velvet gown" is a touch of fancy. It was years afterwards that Mr. Lacy, visiting the Grecian Saloon, discovered "the boy who had been taken to see Edmund Kean" in the low comedian Robson. "I asked a lady sitting in front of me to lend me her playbill; she turned round, and showed to my astonishment the face of the mother of the boy who had made his infant bow as Richard." Enquiry was made as to what had become of her infant prodigy. "That is he," she replied. Robson was upon the stage singing "The Country Fair," one of his most popular songs. She explained that "Robson" was his stage-name. Mr. Lacy tried in vain to remember under what name he had appeared at Mile End. It was a short one, as he judged: "Biffin or Tiffin, or something like that." The mother refused to inform him. At a later date playing Jeremy Diddler at Drury Lane, Mr. Lacy found in a Mr. Chester, the Fainwood of the farce, another of the youthful players of Mile End. "You don't remember me, Mr. Lacy," said Chester; "I played Buckingham when a boy at the Assembly Rooms in Mile End." He was asked the name of the boy "who drew his inspiration from Edmund Kean." "Button," he replied. But the statement was incorrect. Robson's real name is understood to have been Frederick Robson BROWNHILL.

The Olympic Theatre, which, under the direction of Madame Vestris, had become for some seasons a fashionable place of entertainment, famed for the liveliness of its plays and the elegance of its scenic decorations, had been burnt to the ground in March 1849. The new house erected on the same site and opened to the public in the December of the same year, came shortly afterwards under the management of the veteran comedian William Farren, whose chief desire, at this period of his career, was the professional advancement of his sons. The performances under his rule were as varied as they well could be: comedy, farce, burlesque, and Christmas pantomime were in turn presented, while to gratify the ambition of Mr. Henry Farren, excursions were occasionally ventured in the direction of poetic tragedy. But in 1853, the company incurred what seemed to be an irreparable loss. Mr. Compton had left Mr. Farren at the Olympic to join Mr. Buckstone at the Haymarket. Mr. Farren having heard of Mr. Robson as a popular low comedian at the Grecian Saloon, and most successful at the Queen's

Theatre, Dublin, promptly offered him an engagement. It was on Easter Monday, the 28th of March, 1853, that Robson made his first appearance at the Olympic Theatre, as Count Pepinelli, in a melodrama called "Salvatori," a version by Mr. Morris Barnett of the libretto Scribe had contrived for Auber's opera of "Marco Spada." In those days it was usual to transfer to the English stage, simply as plays, the books Scribe had written for operatic uses. The music was dispensed with: the compliment to Scribe was paid at the expense of the composers. The opera of "Marco Spada" can scarcely be known in this country; but the drama was exhibited not only at the Olympic as "Salvatori," but under its own name, the adaptation being by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, at the Princess's Theatre, during the management of Mr. Charles Kean; "the music by Auber being, of course, omitted," calmly writes Mr. Kean's biographer. Curiously enough, the Count Pepinelli of the Princess's was Robson's old admirer, Mr. Walter Lacy; and the same Easter Monday, in 1853, saw the production of the two English versions of Scribe's libretto. Soon the rival representatives of Pepinelli were interchanging notes: "DEAR ROBSON,—I am out of the bill on Wednesday, and should like to see your Pepinelli. Yours, &c., WALTER LACY." And "DEAR LACY,—I am free after the first piece, Friday, and want to see you in Pepinelli. Yours, &c., F. ROBSON."

The character of Pepinelli, a coxcombical and cowardly Italian nobleman, was of little worth to the new actor at the Olympic, and seemed scarcely within his province as a low comedian. Robson contrived to show, however, that his histrionic manner was distinct and original, that he was a practised artist, that he possessed great natural vivacity and genuine humour. The melodrama concluded, he appeared in the old farce of "Catching an Heiress"—he had personated its leading personage many a time at the Grecian Saloon, and sung the familiar song of "The Country Fair," an important constituent of the play. Of the low comedians of the past, as, indeed, of the clowns of pantomime, comic ditties with droll burdens, and sometimes with eccentric dances between the verses, were invariably expected. Robson was always especially happy in his manner of dealing with these songs, which were not so much musical as dramatic performances. Other farces in which he had enjoyed favour at the Grecian Saloon were presently revived for him at the Olympic. He represented Sampson Jones in "The Railroad Station," Jacob Earwig in "Boots at the Swan," Sam Swipes in "Exchange no Robbery," Mr. Pickaninny in "The Mistaken Story," and Billy Lackaday in "Sweethearts and Wives." His performance of Jem Baggs in

"The Wandering Minstrel," with his strange song of "Villikens and his Dinah," for some time attracted crowded audiences to the Olympic—so vivid a picture of an outcast street musician, ragged, miry, miserable, shattered, his limbs racked and distorted with rheumatism, his voice hoarse and broken from his constant exposure to the worst weather, had not been seen before upon the stage. Something the effort owed to a sketch by Seymour—the first illustrator of "The Pickwick Papers"—but the daring originality of the actor fully manifested itself. His signal fidelity to nature might have been almost painful; there was always, I think, a certain element or throb of pain in Robson's stage portrayals; but this was in great part redeemed by his weird grotesqueness, his quaint humour, the sudden scintillations of drollery that illumined and sublimated, as it were, the sordidness, the misery, and degradation of the character represented. "The Wandering Minstrel" had been originally written, it may be noted, by way of parody upon the adventures in disguise of a certain Mr. Cochrane who, as a Conservative, sought to be elected for Westminster in 1847. Among others of the parts assumed by Robson at this period was Moses in "The School for Scandal," the elder Farren appearing as Sir Peter Teazle for the last time, and Mr. William Farren, Jun., making his first attempt to impersonate Charles Surface. But without doubt it was to Robson's efforts in the burlesques of "Macbeth Revived," and "Shylock, or The Merchant of Venice Preserved," that he was chiefly indebted for the applause he obtained and for the esteem in which he now began to be held by the patrons of the Olympic. These extravaganzas were written by Francis Talfourd, and were not much to be admired, though they were well supplied with punning lines, songs, dances, and comic doggerel, and, as the result proved, were well suited to the public taste of the time. Talfourd, be it said, was a genuine humourist and a skilled writer of verse, however he may have misapplied his gifts and accomplishments. It is easy to parody Shakespeare, as it is easy to spatter and befoul a marble statue; and, of course, there is to many minds something highly comical in representing Shylock as a three-hatted Jew from Houndsditch, an old-clothes-man with a snuffling guttural dialect, vehement of speech and eccentric of action; or Macbeth as a red-haired Scotch serjeant of militia, wearing a modern uniform, and much inclined to whisky. But the burlesque-writer's irreverence in producing these caricatures was in great part redeemed by the genius of the player, who breathed poetic life into the maimed and distorted figures, the things of shreds and patches he was required to embody, informed them with a tragic passion, and even

at times with a tenderness of pathos that were truly Shakespearean in their intensity and absoluteness. Robson's burlesque personifications of Macbeth and Shylock were wildly ludicrous, yet they were terrible too. Shylock might bring with him airs from Houndsditch, the actions and the accents of Petticoat Lane, his frenzy might culminate in an odd dance, his grief burst into comic singing; yet his original brightness was not wholly lost, his poetic and Venetian descent was still discernible; he was plainly a child of noble birth for all the gipsy stains upon his skin, the beggar's rags clothing him; the outlines of the Jew that Shakespeare drew were rubbed and smeared cruelly, daubed grossly over with the vilest paint, but were plainly traceable nevertheless. Like Kean, Robson was terribly in earnest, though he appeared, not in high tragedy as Kean did, but in low burlesque. It became clear to playgoers, albeit the discovery was made rather gradually than suddenly, that a phenomenal actor had appeared among them. Yet a certain misgiving troubled sundry critics. It was true the pit had risen at Robson—but it was the Olympic pit; and the Olympic under Mr. Farren's management had not acquired much distinction; it was not Madame Vestris's Olympic —it had lost the patronage of the refined and fashionable. Was not Robson, late of the Eagle, very vulgar? Could polite ears listen to "Villikens and his Dinah"? Was not Jem Baggs really too low, too repulsively true to humanity in its most debased and squalid condition? Jerrold had described the creature's appearance as absolutely "verminous."

Mr. Farren retired from the Olympic, and Mr. Alfred Wigan entered upon its management. It was decided that, for the future, the entertainments should be of very superior quality; the artistic finish of the French school of acting was to adorn the performances, with special elegance of scenic equipment. For some time it was questioned whether it would quite suit the new manager's plans to continue Mr. Robson's engagement. Was not his method too broad and strong, were not the plays he figured in too hopelessly coarse and indecorous for the reformed and refined Olympic? Why, upon his benefit night, when he represented Shylock, this Robson had actually invited, to play the part of the Duke of Venice, one Nicholson, a reprobate barrister's clerk, who, at the Coal-Hole Tavern in the Strand, at a public-house in Bow Street, and at other places, had affected to be the Lord Chief Baron, had been in the habit of presiding over a mock trial of scandalous cases, before a sham jury, sitting with pipes and glasses confronting them! Upon the urgent recommendation, almost the entreaty, of Mr. Farren, Mr. Wigan

yielded, doubting much the while the wisdom of his senior's counsels, and Robson was engaged. The theatre opened on October 17, 1853, with "The Camp at the Olympic," an occasional piece written by Mr. Planché to introduce the new manager, his wife, and company; and the new drama of "Plot and Passion," by Messrs. Tom Taylor and John Lang. In "The Camp at the Olympic" Robson, fancifully dressed, jingling a jester's bell, represented Burlesque, and bounded on the stage merrily to deliver Mr. Planché's apology for the parodies of the theatre. In reply to Mr. Wigan's observation, "I thought your aim was but to make us laugh," Burlesque explains—

> Those who think so but understood me half.
> Did not my thrice-renownèd Thomas Thumb—
> That mighty mite—make mouthing Fustian mum?
> Is Tilburina's madness void of matter?
> Did great Bombastes strike no nonsense flatter?
> When in his words he has not one to the wise;
> When his fool's bolt *spares* folly as it flies;
> When in his chaff there's not a grain to seize on;
> When in his rhyme there's not a rag of reason;
> His slang but slang, no point beyond the pun—
> Burlesque may *walk*, for he will cease to *run*.

Robson spoke these lines with admirable spirit, in his most effective style, and obtained the heartiest applause from his audience. But, of course, the actor's best success was won in the drama of "Plot and Passion," originally entitled "The Master Passion"; the name being still retained in the concluding lines or "tag" of the production. Robson represented Desmarets, the head of the secret department of police, an historical personage described in the Memoirs of Fouché, Duc d'Otrante, as "un homme souple et rusé, mais à vues courtes." The events of the story are supposed to occur in Paris, and at Prague, during the early days of the first French Empire. Robson's performance of Desmarets was his first essay in serious drama; for though the part owns some touches of levity and humour, it does not fall within the ordinary range of a professedly comic actor. Had the play been produced in 1833 instead of 1853, the task of personating Desmarets would probably have devolved upon William Farren. The character is strained and exaggerated, is composed of sudden transitions of manner and vehement explosions of feeling, and often sacrifices nature and probability to stage effect. However, to an actor skilled in rapid contrasts of light and shade, and capable of abandoning himself to a whirlwind of passion, Desmarets offers valuable opportunities. Fouché's clerk and instru-

ment is a little elderly man, shabbily dressed, of mean presence, furtive of movement, fawning of manner, cunning and treacherous, watchful as a cat, bitterly malicious. He would be contemptible but for two passions that possess and absorb him: hatred of his master Fouché, and love for the beautiful Marie de Fontanges, whose ill fortune at the gaming-table has made her Fouché's spy. Upon Desmarets' love Robson laid, in the first instance, special stress. He trembled in the presence of the woman he had made his idol, fully conscious of her imperfections; nevertheless, his eyes followed her every movement; when the confession of his love could not be longer withheld, it was breathed with frenzied sobs and moans the while he grovelled and crawled at her feet, clinging to her skirts, like some unclean thing, so that her cry of "Serpent!" seemed a most natural exclamation. Yet was there something pitiable in his appeal in broken touching accents: "I am low—I know it; but love works such wonders! It will save me. It is the one spark of good left in my heart; do not trample it out! do not! do not!" She will not listen to him; she treads his affection under foot. Further on, in more eloquent terms, he renews his suit, appealing to her to be his good angel; only to be again rejected, however. Then comes to him the assurance that he loves in vain, the knowledge that she has another lover, and, with a wild cry of anguish, in a paroxysm of fury, he abandons himself absolutely to his passion for revenge upon her, upon her lover, upon Fouché, upon all. Acting so intense, so passionate, so pathetic, was new to the audience. The actor roused the house to an extraordinary display of enthusiasm. A success so striking had not been known since the first appearance of Edmund Kean, to whom, indeed, the new actor was likened by many. His method might be crude, unequal, over-spasmodic, verging upon extravagance; but surely there was something of Kean's power and impetuosity, his rapidity of utterance, his rage and desperation, his significance of gesture and alertness of action, something even of his tones of voice, tender and musical in the upper register, hoarse and grating in the lower. There was this difference, however: Kean owned little humour. Before his arrival at Drury Lane he had served in the provinces a long apprenticeship to tragedy. The new tragedian, if so he might be called, was playing his first serious part; he was Mr. Robson, the low comedian, actor of burlesque and farce, late of the Eagle Saloon.

"Plot and Passion" attracted crowded audiences for many nights. Presently the manager, piqued at a success which seemed to him to have arisen independently of his own exertions, resigned his part of

Henri de Neuville to another player. The public would interest themselves only in the acting of Robson; Mr. Wigan's spirited performance of the lover of the story was left almost unnoticed. After this it was observed that the manager and his low comedian rarely appeared upon the scene together or took part in the same play: "two stars keep not their motion in one sphere." Then came a demand at the box-office for a revival of "The Wandering Minstrel," and Robson, after thrilling and exciting his public by his Desmarets, set them laughing again by his Jem Baggs, and his comic song of "Villikens and his Dinah." Subsequently he appeared in a long course of farces and burlesques. So that he played, his admirers were indifferent as to what he played; it was sufficient to see Robson. The editor of the *Times* counted "seeing Robson" among the few London attractions that could be offered to the intelligent foreigner visiting our capital. "It is as imperative to see Robson," wrote Mr. Sala in *The Train*, "as to see St. Paul's or the Falls of Niagara," and the critic went on to explain the extraordinary gifts of the actor, his insight into the human heart, his power of delineating passion. "It is his to seize, to demonstrate, to drag up from the depths of the soul, the latent, seldom seen, more seldom understood emotions that make up the sum of humanity . . . . He shows us the man *turned inside out.* He wears his coat on his sleeve. He shows us the inner life. He shows us not only Prometheus, but Prometheus's vulture-torn liver. He lets us behind the scenes of his heart. His words are not cloaks to conceal his thoughts; you divine the innermost thought and the man's heart of hearts by his talk, in a gasp, a half-uttered ejaculation, a smothered curse, a scream," &c., &c. Mr. Sala held that Robson could play Shakespeare's Shylock, and even Hamlet; not after the conventional fashion, but rather in a Rembrandtish or Hogarthian manner, powerfully life-like, and yet mixed with baser matter, with touches of realism of an ignoble and gross kind. About the same time Mr. Donne, then the examiner of plays, was writing to the *Quarterly Review*: "With less than a cubit added to his stature, Mr. Robson would be among the first Shakespearean actors of the day. It is unfortunate for himself and the spectators that his physical qualifications are not in better accordance with his dramatic genius. He lacks presence only to mate Kean in Shylock and Overreach, or Macready in Virginius and Lear."

Churchill objected to the opinion that "heroes always should be tall," that "true natural greatness all consists in height," and denounced the snarling critics who produced Sergeant Kite as their

voucher; and it was Churchill who derided Barry for being "taller than a grenadier." Yet, assuredly, the actor has to submit to disqualifications because of physical shortcomings. Garrick's merits induced such complete forgetfulness of his low stature, it might be that he seemed to be six feet high. But Robson must have been shorter than Garrick by a head. And Robson was cast in a most unheroic mould. He was of mean presence, he was without dignity of port, his features were insignificant and of blunt form, his face lacked expression save when it was lit up with merriment. His hands and feet were especially small and delicate, and his limbs were neatly modelled, but they were disproportioned to his trunk. He could command a certain airy grace of movement, and was a most agile dancer; yet his figure and aspect were so quaint and grotesque that they seemed always to invite ridicule. Was success in poetic tragedy open to such an actor? It was very doubtful. He was not encouraged to make the experiment. The times were not favourable, and Robson was not ambitious. Already his triumphs in farce and burlesque had exceeded his fondest hopes, had almost turned his brain. He was singularly modest in estimating his own merits; he was diffident, shy, nervous, retiring. He blushed with pleasure at the praises awarded him, and yet shrank from them as though they pained him: they were so much in excess of his deserts. He was not trained to appear in the poetic drama. He had never spoken a line of blank verse. He seemed to avoid systematically the established repertory; he sustained few parts that others had played before him and made familiar or famous. It was understood that for him Mr. Tom Taylor had written his "Fool's Revenge," founding it upon Victor Hugo's tragedy "Le Roi s'amuse." Robson hesitated, he mistrusted his own powers, and the part of Bertuccio was eventually handed to Mr. Phelps. The dramatist believed that he had measured the actor accurately, and guaranteed a perfect fit; but Robson declined to assume the suit. After all, it may be that the player correctly judged his own capabilities; he may have lacked not so much the art as the force to sustain throughout a long play an arduous part of tragic and poetic quality. During his ten years' career upon the stage of Western London his Desmarets remained his most successful serious character. It seemed absolutely necessary to him that the parts he played should contain certain fantastic and even grotesque elements; he was repelled by the conventionalisms of grave impersonation; he could not long remain staid or solemn, he needed outlet for his humour; and his natural tendency was towards drollery. He delighted in quick changes of mood; his

audiences were laughing merrily one moment and the next they were all tears : he had touched suddenly upon some unexpected exquisite note of pathos, and its effect had been magical. Perhaps he found excuse for his defects of aspect, his diminutive size and inferior proportions in this almost wanton toying now with tragedy and now with comedy. As Aaron Gurnock in Mr. Wilkie Collins's play of "The Lighthouse," Robson may be said to have failed completely, certain fine and interesting passages in his performance notwithstanding. But the part was wholly serious, needing sustained melodramatic intensity of interpretation ; represented with masterly force by Mr. Charles Dickens in the private theatre of Campden House, it was found to be singularly impressive ; it would have suited Lemaître or Melingue ; Robson could do little with it. His triumphs were in characters nicely blending comicality with pathos, and permitting displays of passionate emotion : such as the rustic miser in "Daddy Hardacre"—a version of "La Fille de l'Avare"—and Sampson Burr, the hero of "The Porter's Knot," a most adroit adaptation of "Les Crochets du Père Martin." Perhaps this Sampson Burr was the finest, the most elaborate, of all his assumptions. Acting more strictly true to nature, more complete, more tender and affecting, can never have been seen upon the stage. He was very happy too in "Uncle Zachary," derived from "L'Oncle Baptiste," which some years before had been translated for Farren, and as "Peter and Paul," produced at the Haymarket.

Many plays were written or adapted for Robson ; at one time there prevailed quite a general ambition to provide "Robson parts" ; but no permanent additions to our dramatic literature can be said to have resulted from this industry. Mr. Taylor wrote for him the comedy of "Going to the Bad," of which he represented the hero Mr. Peter Potts, and the domestic drama "Payable on Demand," with the part of a Jew of Frankfort, Reuben Goldsched, young in one act, and old in the next, specially devised for the actor ; yet no great success attended these efforts. It was for Robson that Mr. Wilkie Collins contrived his powerful melodrama "The Red Vial," which failed however because of its excess of sombre terrors, the audience rising against a scene of the dead-house at Frankfort, with a supposed corpse stretched upon its bier, coming to life unexpectedly, and waving a nude arm in the air. Robson was provided with the part of Hans Grimm, a lunatic dwarf, who tampers with a medicine chest, poisons by misadventure, and undergoes many strange contortions and convulsions ; but the honours of the representation were carried off by Mrs. Stirling, as a sort of middle-

class Lady Macbeth. Of the many farces written for Robson few have survived; they served the end for which they were produced, and disappeared with the actor. The most successful, perhaps, were "To oblige Benson," "Retained for the Defence," "The Blighted Being," "Jones the Avenger," "Ticklish Times," and "A Regular Fix." It was in the drama of "Daddy Hardacre," and the farce "B. B." by Messrs. Montague Williams and F. C. Burnand, that Robson performed before Her Majesty at Windsor Castle in November 1860. It may be advisable now to explain that "B. B." are the initials of a Mr. Benjamin Bobbin, a harmless little gentleman who is mistaken for another "B. B."—the Benicia Boy—the pseudonym of a famous pugilist of those times, who, with other even more famous personages of the past, is now wholly forgotten.

With burlesques the Olympic was kept well supplied: the public at this time greatly relished burlesques, and the unaspiring actor figured in them with a singular air of enjoyment; he had made burlesque acting an art of his own. All the works of this class in which he appeared he leavened with his genius, "mingling the grotesque with the terrible," as the critics wrote again and again. Comic songs, strange dances, and "a mad scene," were always required in his burlesques. What a most gnome-like creature he seemed in Planché's "Yellow Dwarf"! How powerfully in the travesty of "Medea" he mimicked Ristori, expressing much of her own passion and pathos, and winning the applause even of the great artist he parodied! What a caricature of a tragedy queen he presented as the Eleanor of Mr. Burnand's "Fair Rosamond"! How especially marvellous he was as the hump-backed Prince Richcraft of the extravaganza called "The Discreet Princess." Richcraft is supposed to be deformed alike in body and in mind: a marvellous misshapen creature, splenetic, malignant, vindictive, vicious, seeking to be revenged upon the whole human race for the ill-treatment he has received at the hands of Nature. The deformity was everywhere, but least apparent in his outward man. As Mr. Sala wrote of Richcraft—"the heart is hunched, the soul squints, the mind is bow-legged, the feelings are wall-eyed, the passions high-shouldered." There was a moment in the play—Richcraft is supposed to have undergone some such punishment as Regulus endured—when the actor was brought on and laid upon the stage, seemingly so helpless, shattered, broken, so livid with suffering, such a ghastly, miserable, moribund creature, that the whole house was hushed into an awful terrified silence, and those in the pit rose furtively, one by one, from their seats, and stood on tip-toe the better to view the singular spectacle—

just as the pit rose in Garrick's time to watch him when as Lêar he knelt down to pronounce his curse upon Goneril. Other burlesques there were in which Robson distinguished himself and greatly gratified his patrons: "Mazeppa," "Alfred the Great," "Masaniello," and "Timour the Tartar." Attempt was even made to give some freshness to this form of entertainment by dismissing parody for a while and substituting a newly invented story. It was for Robson that the extravaganza of "The Doge of Duralto, or The Enchanted Eyes," was written by Robert Brough, a genuine wit and graceful poet, who scarcely received the recognition and the rewards that were due to his genius, and who throughout his too brief life was hindered on his road to prosperity and fame by infirm health and "iron fortune." His Doge of Duralto was a mysterious potentate, a monster of avarice and cruelty, for ever constraining his daughter to weep, because, thanks to a fairy spell, the tears of beauty had acquired literally the gift poetry had so often endowed them with, and turned instantly to real pearls of great price. Robson displayed extraordinary tragic power; was maleficently passionate as Sir Giles Overreach, and anon, in the indispensable mad scene, as pathetic and pitiable as Lear. The play was much to be commended for its ingenuity, originality, wit, and spirit; but perhaps it pleased less altogether than the more trite and familiar forms of extravaganza.

In 1857 Alfred Wigan relinquished his tenancy of the Olympic Theatre, and indeed bade farewell to the public, only to return to his profession, however, with recruited health, in the course of a very few years. To Robson had been mainly due the success of the Olympic; it seemed but right that he should fill the place left vacant by the retiring impresario. From the public point of view Robson was the Olympic, and the Olympic was Robson: they were indissolubly one. So Robson undertook the cares of management, with the assistance of a partner, Mr. Emden, who had been long connected with the stage direction of the theatre. The entertainments offered by the new managers did not differ in kind from those presented by Mr. Wigan. During several seasons Robson was to be seen nightly in comedy, farce, and burlesque, exerting himself strenuously, greatly delighting his patrons. His life as a London actor after his engagements at the Grecian Saloon was spent at the Olympic Theatre; he scarcely appeared, except on the occasion of benefit performances, upon any other stage.

A few more words must suffice; there is indeed little further to relate. The actor's triumph had its reverse side; his successes had to be paid for. His health began to fail him, while the calls upon

him for new efforts did not diminish. Probably his peculiar histrionic system was attended with a hazardous amount of exacerbation and exhaustion, both moral and physical. It had always seemed that his marvellous feats upon the stage were accomplished as much by means of nervous excitement as by bodily strength. The wear and tear of nightly performance began to tell upon him more and more. Then came evenings when he was wholly unable to appear; his "indisposition" was frequently announced, until a sinister meaning attached to the term. It was the story over again of Cooke and of Kean, although Robson's degradation was much less a matter of scandal and notoriety than had been the vices and offences of the elder players. Soon he could not play without resort to stimulants, which left him afterwards the wreck of what he had been, feeble, prostrate, wretched, with shattered nerves and enfeebled intellect. He was now in truth what his Prince Richcraft had seemed to be. His restoration to health was pronounced to be beyond hope. He had not played for many months when death came to the relief of the poor, suffering, broken little man. He was but forty-three when he died on the 12th of August, 1864. He had taken no formal leave of his patrons, but had rather faded from their vision, disappearing so gradually that his loss was not immediately perceived. He had many friends, however, who valued his many engaging qualities, his natural cheeriness and kindliness, his lightness of heart and generosity of disposition; while as an actor he was admired by all. His genius was never once called in question; no slighting word was ever spoken of his art. By the general public he was greatly prized, idolised it may be said, and he served his admirers and devotees very faithfully. His death was hastened by his anxiety to toil for their pleasure and to win their applause.

DUTTON COOK.

AN UNPUBLISHED DIARY

WRITTEN BY DEAN SWIFT.

EVERY one interested in the literature of the last century is aware that when Mr. John Forster died he was engaged in writing an elaborate biography of Swift; that of this work he lived only to complete the first volume, but that, though he had made no progress with the second and third volumes, he had collected materials for them. Those materials formed part of his magnificent bequest to the South Kensington Museum, where they are now deposited. Few readers appear to be aware of their existence, still fewer have any conception of their great value. Among these documents is a small note-book which belonged to Swift; and with the contents of that note-book we propose to present our readers. It appears to have been guarded by Mr. Forster with jealous vigilance, for not a line of it has as yet seen the light, nor is even an allusion to it to be found in any work relating to Swift. It had escaped the notice of every editor and every biographer, though among those editors was Sir Walter Scott, and among those biographers was Monck Mason. Mr. Forster had evidently reserved it as a grateful surprise for his readers, merely observing in his preface that he was in possession of an unpublished journal in Swift's handwriting, singular in its character, and of extraordinary interest. Of the verses he says nothing at all. A mere glance at these documents will suffice to show their value—their value as pieces intrinsically curious, and as pieces peculiarly illustrative of the Dean's character and habits. Of their authenticity there can be no question. Those who are familiar with Swift's writings would indeed require no further guarantee than that afforded by internal evidence alone. But the ink, the paper, the handwriting—and the handwriting of Swift can never be mistaken—form in themselves conclusive testimony.

It would be interesting to know the history of this remarkable little volume. Mr. Forster obtained it from Dr. Todd, senior Fellow of Dublin University, but how it got into Dr. Todd's hands we have now no means of knowing. It originally belonged to Worral, one of Swift's most intimate friends, for on the first page is an inscrip-

tion: "This book was all wrote by Dean Swift, and was Mr. Worral's." On the same page in Swift's handwriting is another inscription: "This book I stole from the Right Honble. George Dodington Esq^r. one of the Lords of the Treasury. But the scribblings are all my own." On the opposite page are some memoranda in the Dean's hand: "In Fleet Street about a clerk of St. Patrick's Cathedral." "Spectacles for seventy years old." "Godfrey in Southampton Street. Hungary waters, and palsy drops," and the like. On the third page are some verses, extremely difficult to decipher, and cancelled. They are apparently the rough sketch of a poem. We give them exactly as they stand:—

"Shall I repine
Because my shabby threadbare waistcoat, to . . . .
Full five years . . . . or out at elbows
So see the Cassock of a poor divine
Worn out at elbows why should he repine
If neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand
If mountains sink to vales, if Cityes dye
And lessening rivers mourn their fountains dry
When my old Cassock says a Welch divine
Is out at elbows why should I repine?"

Then commences the really valuable part of the manuscript—the powerful and characteristic poem to which we shall presently recur, and the diary, to which it may be well to prefix a few words by way of introduction. It was written, it will be seen, at Holyhead, and it is dated September 22, 1727. Swift had at this time arrived at the summit of his literary and political greatness. Three years before, the Drapier Letters had in Ireland given him power more than regal. The publication of "Gulliver's Travels" in the autumn of 1726 had established his pre-eminence in letters. But neither fame nor power had been able to irradiate with even a passing gleam the deep gloom which was settling on his life. Rage and misery, the result partly of ill-health, partly of domestic misfortune, but arising mainly from his continually brooding over the degradation of his adopted country, were gnawing at his heart. A cruel disease tortured his body. Esther Johnson was on her death-bed, and he had hurried from London in the hope of seeing her before she quitted him for ever. In his correspondence at this period—in his letters, that is to say, to Sheridan and Worral—his distress and agony find passionate utterance. Of this there are no traces in the diary, for it was his habit to find in these soliloquies, as well as in the trivialities recorded in them, that refuge from distressing thoughts which ordinary men

find in light and idle conversation. "All this," he writes in the middle of the Diary, "is to divert thinking;" and these words are the key not only to this journal, but to the more famous Journal to Stella. The whole journal is, like the famous Journal to Stella, curiously illustrative of almost all Swift's peculiarities of temper and intellect. His sensitive pride, not unmingled with vanity, his reserve and hauteur struggling with his craving for human society, his grave drollery, the restless activity of his mind, his never-failing humour, his acute sensibility, his listless but keenly observant interest in all that was passing round him, his sharp, swift insight, his querulous impatience with everything which militated against his physical comfort, his frugality pushed even to parsimony, his detestation of the Irish, his sarcastic intolerance of dulness and mediocrity—all find illustration here.

The Diary.

"Friday at 11 in the morning I left Chester. It was Sept. 22 1727.

"I bated at a blind ale-house 7 miles from Chester. I thence rode to Ridland[1] in all 22 miles. I lay there, bred (*sic*) bed, meat and tolerable wine. I left Ridland a quarter after 4 morn on Saturday. Slept on Penmanmaur, examined about my sign verses the Inn is to be on t'other side, therefore the verses to be changed. I baited at Conway, the guide going to another Inn, the maid of the old Inn saw me in the street and said that was my horse, she knew me. There I dined and sent for Ned Holland a squire famous for being mentioned in Mr. Lyndsay's verses to Day Morice, I there again saw Hook's tomb who was the 41st child of his—mother, and had himself 27 children he dyed about 1638. There is a note here that one of his posterity new furbished up the inscription, I had read in A. Bt Williams Life[2] that he was buryed in an obscure church in North Wales. I enquired and heard that it was at (*sic*) Church within a mile of Bangor, whither I was going. I went to the Church, the guide grumbling. I saw the Tomb with his Statue kneeling (in marble). It began thus [Hospes lege et relege quod in hoc obscuro sacello non expectares. Hic jacet omnium Præsulum celeberrimus]. I came to Bangor and crossed the Ferry a mile from it where there is an Inn which, if it be well kept, will break Bangor. There I lay, it was 22 miles from Holyhead. I was on horseback at 4 in the morning resolving to be at Church at Holyhead but we then lost Owen Tudor's tomb at Penmany. We passed the place (being a little out of the way) by the Guide's knavery who had no mind to stay. I was now so weary with riding that I was forced to stop at Langueveny, 7 miles from the Ferry, and rest two hours. Then

[1] Rhuddlan. [2] *See* Hacket's "Life of Archbishop Williams," p. 230.

I went on very weary, but in a few miles more Watts'[1] horse lost his two fore-shoes. So the Horse was forced to limp after us. The Guide was less concerned than I. In a few miles more my Horse lost a fore-shoe, and could not go on the rocky ways. I walked above two miles to spare him. It was Sunday and no Smith to be got. At last there was a Smith in the way: we left the Guide to shoe the horses and walked to a hedge Inn 3 miles from Holyhead. There I stayed an hour with no ale to be drunk. A boat offered, and I went by sea and sayled in it to Holyhead. The Guide came about the same time. I dined with an old Innkeeper, Mrs. Welch, about 3 on a Loyne of mutton very good, but the worst ale in the world, and no wine, for the day before I came here a vast number went to Ireland after having drunk out all the wine. There was stale beer and I tryed a (illegible) receit of Oyster shells which I got powdered on purpose; but it was good for nothing. I walked on the rocks in the evening and then went to bed and dreamt I had got 20 falls from my Horse.

"*Monday Sept.* 25. The captain talks of sailing at 12. The talk goes off, the wind is fair but he says it is too fierce. I believe he wants more Company. I had a raw chicken for dinner and Brandy with water for my drink. I walked morning and afternoon among the rocks. This evening Watt tells me that my land-lady whispered him that the Grafton packet boat just come in had brought her 18 bottles of Irish Claret. I secured one and supped on part of a neat's tongue which a friend at London had given Watt to put up for me, and drank a pint of the wine, which was bad enough. Not a soul is yet come to Holyhead except a young fellow who smiles when he meets me and would fain be my companion, but it has not come to that yet. I writ abundance of verses this day; and several useful hints, thô I say it. I went to bed at ten and dreamt abundance of nonsense.

"*Tuesday 26th.* I am forced to wear a shirt 3 days for fear of being lowsy. I was sparing of them all the way. It was a mercy there were 6 clean when I left London;—otherwise Watt (whose blunders would bear an history) would have got them all in the great Box of goods which went by the Carrier to Chester. He brought but one crevat, and the reason he gave was because the rest were foul and he thought he should not get foul linen into the Portmanteau. For he never dreamt it might be washed on the way. My shirts are all foul now, and by his reasoning I fear he will leave them at Holyhead when we go. I got a small Loyn of mutton but so tough I could not chew it, and drank my second pint of wine. I walked this morning a good way among the rocks, and to a hole

[1] Swift's servantman, see *infra*.

in one of them from whence at certain periods the water spurted up several feet high. It rained all night and hath rained since dinner. But now the sun shines and I will take my afternoon walk. It was fiercer and wilder weather than yesterday, yet the Captain now dreams of sailing. To say the truth Michaelmas is the worst season in the year. Is this strange stuff? Why what would you have me do? I have writ verses and put down hints till I am weary. I see no creature. I cannot read by candlelight. Sleeping will make me sick. I reckon myself fixed here and have a mind like Marshall Tallard to take a house and garden. I wish you a Merry Christmas and expect to see you by Candlemas. I have walked this morning again about 3 miles on the rocks, my giddiness, God be thanked is almost gone and my hearing continues. I am now retired to my chamber to scribble or sit humdrum. The night is fair and they pretend to have some hopes of going to-morrow.

"*Sept. 26th.* Thoughts upon being confined at Holyhead. If this were to be my settlement during life I could caress myself a while by forming new conveniences to be easy, and should not be frightened either by the solitude or the meaness of lodging, eating or drinking. I shall say nothing upon the suspense I am in about my dearest friend [1] because that is a case extraordinary, and therefore by way of comfort. I will speak as if it were not in my thoughts and only as a passenger who is in a scurvy, unprovided comfortless place without one companion and who therefore wants to be at home where he hath all conveniences proper for a Gentleman of quality. I cannot read at night, and I have no books to read in the day. I have no subject in my head at present to write upon. I dare not send my linen to be washed for fear of being called away at half an hour's warning, and then I must leave them behind which is a serious point; in the meantime I am in danger of being lowsy which is a ticklish Point. I live at great expense without one comfortable bit or sup. I am afraid of joyning with passengers for fear of getting acquaintance with Irish. The days are short and I have five hours at night to spend by myself before I go to bed, I should be glad to converse with Farmers or shopkeepers, but none of them speak English. A Dog is better company than the Vicar, for I remember him of old. What can I do but write everything that comes into my head. Watt is a booby of that species which I dare not suffer to be familiar with me, for he would ramp on my shoulders in half an hour. But the worst part is my half-hourly longing, and hopes and vain expectations of a wind, so that I live in suspense which is the worst circumstance of human nature. I am a little wrung (?) from two scurvy

[1] Esther Johnson.

disorders and if I should relapse there is not a Welsh house-cur that would not have more care taken of him, than I, and whose loss would not be more lamented. I confine myself to my narrow chamber in all unwalkable hours. The Master of the pacquet boat, one Jones, hath not treated me with the least civility, although Watt gave him my name. In short I come from being used like an Emperor to be used worse than a Dog at Holyhead. Yet my hat is worn to pieces by answering the civilities of the poor inhabitants as they pass by. The women might be safe enough who all wear hats yet never pull them off, and if the dirty streets did not foul their petticoats by courtseying so low.[1] Look you; be not impatient for I only wait till my watch makes 10 and then I will give you ease and myself sleep, if I can. O' my conscience you may know a Welsh dog as well as a Welsh man or woman, by its peevish passionate way of barking. This paper shall serve to answer all your questions about my journey, and I will have it printed to satisfy the Kingdom. *Forsan et hæc olim* is a damned lye[2] for I shall always fret at the remembrance of this imprisonment. Pray pity your Watt for he is called dunce puppy and Lyar 500 times an hour, and yet he means not ill for he means nothing. Oh for a dozen bottles of deanery wine and a slice of bread and butter. The wine you sent us yesterday is a little upon the sour. I wish you had chosen a better. I am going to bed at ten o'clock because I am weary of being up. Wednesday. Last night I dreamt the Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope were at my Cathedral. Ld. in the gallery and that my Ld. was to preach. I could not find my surplice, the Church servants were out of the way: the Door was shut. I sent to my Ld. to come into my stall for more conveniency to get into the pulpit: the stall was all broken, they said. Collegians had done it. I squeezed among the rabble; saw my Ld. in the Pulpit. I thought his prayer was good, but I forget it. In his Sermon I did not like his quoting Mr. Wycherley by name, and his play. This is all and so I waked.

"To-day we were certainly to sayl: the morning was calm. Watt and I walked up the mountain Marucia, properly called Holyhead or Sacrum Promontorium by Ptolemy,[3] 2 miles from this town. I took breath 59 times. I looked from the top to see the Wicklow hills, but the day was too hazy, which I felt to my sorrow; for returning we were overtaken by a furious shower, I got into a Welsh cabin almost as bad as an Irish one. There were only an old Welsh woman sifting flour who understood no English, and a boy who fell a roaring for fear of me. Watt (otherwise

[1] Thus the sentence runs in the manuscript; its meaning is certainly obscure.

[2] He alludes of course to the famous words in the speech of Æneas: "Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."—Æn. I, 203. [3] Ptol. Geog. lib. II. cap. II.

called unfortunate Jack) ran home for my coat but stayed so long that I came home in worse rain without him, and he was so lucky to miss me, but took care to convey the key of my room where a fire was ready for me. So I cooled my heels in the Parlour, till he came but called for a glass of Brandy. I have been cooking myself dry, and am now in my night gown. And this moment comes a Letter to me from one Whelden who tells me he hears I am a lover of the mathematics, that he has found out the Longitude, shown his discourse to Mr. Dobbs of y^r^ Colledge and sent letters to all the mathematicians in London 3 months ago but received no answer; and desires I would read his discourse. I sent back his Letter with my answer under it, too long to tell you, only I said I had too much of the Longitude already by 2 Projectors whom I encouraged; one of which was a cheat and the other cut his own throat: and for himself I thought he had a mind to deceive others or was deceived himself. And so I wait for dinner. I shall dine like a King all alone as I have done these six days. As it happened if I had gone strait from Chester to Park-gate 8 miles I should have been in Dublin on Sunday last. Now Michaelmas approaches, the worst time in the year for the sea, and this rain has made these parts unwalkable so that I must either write or doze. [1] Bite; when we were in the wild cabin I order Watt to take a cloth and wipe my wet gown and Cassock: it happened to be a meal-bag and as my gown dryed it was all daubed with flour well-cemented with the rain. What do I but see the gown and Cassock well dryed in my room, and while Watt was at dinner I was an hour rubbing the meal out of them, and did it exactly. He is just come up and I have gravely bid him take them down to rub them, and I wait whether he will find out what I have been doing. The Rogue is come up in six minutes, and says there were but few specks (tho' he saw a thousand at first) but neither wondered at it, nor seemed to suspect me who labored like a horse to rub them out. The 3 packet boats are now all on their side, and the weather grown worse, and so much rain that there is an end of my walking. I wish you would send me word how I shall dispose of my time. I am as insignificant a person here as parson Brooke is in Dublin, by my conscience I believe Cæsar would be the same without his army at his back; Well; the longer I stay here the more you will murmur for want of packets. Whoever would wish to live long should live here, for a day is longer than a week, and if the weather be fine, as long as a fortnight. Yet

[1] A term of frequent occurrence in the Journal to Stella; the modern equivalent would be a "quiz."

here I could live with two or three friends in a warm house, and good wine much better than being a slave in Ireland. But my misery is that I am in the very worst part of Wales under the very worst circumstances, afraid of a relapse, in utmost solitude, impatient for the condition of our friend, not a soul to converse with, hindered from exercise by rain, caged up in a room not half so large as one of the Deanery closets, my Room smokes into the bargain, but the weather is too cold and moist to be without a fire. There is or should be a proverb here,—when Mrs. Welch's chimney smokes, 'Tis a sign she'll keep her folks. But when of smoke the room is clear. It is a sign we shan't stay here. All this is to divert thinking. Tell me, am not I a comfortable wag? The Yatcht is to leave for Lord Carteret on the 14th of October. I fancy he and I shall come over together. I have opened my door to let in the wind that it may drive out the smoke. I asked the wind why [he] is so cross, he assures me 'tis not his fault, but his cursed Master Æolus's. Here is a young Jackanapes in the Inn waiting for a wind who would fain be my companion, and if I stay here much longer I am afraid all my pride and grandeur will truckle to comply with him, especially if I finish these leaves that remain, but I will write close and do as the Devil did at mass, pull the paper with my teeth to make it hold out.

"*Thursday.* 'Tis allowed that we learn patience by suffering. I have now not spirit enough left me to fret. I was so cunning these three last days that whenever I began to rage and storm at the weather I took special care to turn my face towards Ireland, in hope by my breath to push the wind forward. But now I give up. However when upon asking how is the wind the people answer, Full in the teeth I cannot help wishing a T—— were in theirs. Well, it is now three in the afternoon. I have dined, and revisited the master, the wind and tide serve, and I am just taking boat to go [to] the ship. So adieu till I see you at the Deanery.

"*Friday Michaelmas Day.* You will now know something of what it is to be at sea. We had not been half an hour in the ship till a fierce wind rose directly against us, we tryed a good while, but the storm still continued: so we turned back and it was 8 at night dark and rainy before the ship got back, and at anchor. The other passengers went back in a boat to Holyhead; but to prevent accidents and broken shins I lay all night on board, and came back this morning at 8. Am now in my chamber where I must stay and get a fresh stock of patience. You all know well enough where I am, for I wrote thrice after your Letters that desired my coming over. The last was from Coventry, 19th instant, but I brought it with me to Chester and saw it put into the post on Thursday 21st, and the next

day followed it myself, but the packet boat was gone before I could get here, because I could not ride 70 miles a day."

So ends the Journal, and such were the circumstances under which Swift left England, never again to revisit it. In another page of the same pocket-book are written the following paragraphs, which appear to be the fragment of a notice possibly intended to be prefixed to an edition of the Miscellanies, two volumes of which had a few months before been published by Pope. These volumes had drawn, both upon Swift himself and on his friends Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot, the attacks of innumerable scribblers, whom Pope was now preparing to gibbet in the Dunciad. The piece is not dated, but it was in all probability written at Holyhead, at the same time as the Diary. It is probably referred to in the entry for September 25, where he says, "I writ abundance of verses this day, and severaluseful hints."

"I do hereby give notice to Posterity that having been the author of several writings, both in verse and prose which have passed with good success, it hath drawn upon me the censure of innumerable attemptors and imitators and creatures, many of whose names I know, but shall in this be wiser than Virgil and Horace by not delivering their names down to future ages and at the same time disappoint the tribe of writers, whose chief end next to that of getting bread, was an ambition of having their names upon record, by answering or retorting their scurrilities, and armed slily have made use of my resentment to let the future world know that there were such persons now in being. I do therefore charge my successor in fame by virtue of being an antient 200 years hence to follow the same method. Dennis, Blackmore, Bentley and several others will reap great advantage by those who have not observed my rule. And heaven forgive Mr. Pope who hath so grievously transgressed it, by transmitting so many names of forgotten memory full at length to be known by Readers in succeeding times, who perhaps may be seduced to Duck lane and Grub Street, and there find some of the very treatises he mentions in his Satyres. I heartily applaud my own innocency and prudence upon this occasion who never named above 6 authors of remarkable worthlessness; let the Fame of the rest be upon Mr. Pope and his children. Mr. Gay, although more sparingly, hath gone upon the same mistake."

This brings us to the verses. A short copy of verses which are not found in this pocket-book, but which were apparently written at this time, have been printed in Scott's edition of Swift (first edit. vol. xiv. p. 359). How they got into print or whence they were produced we know not. But they would seem to show that Swift

must have written more during these uncomfortable days than has been preserved in the note-book before us. The printed verses are far inferior to the verses here for the first time given to the world. Indeed, the following verses seem to us to rank among the best of Swift's minor pieces. They are in his most successful vein. Though they had not, as the manuscript shows, received his finishing touches, they have all the point, all the dry peculiar humour—all that condensed energy of expression which are the characteristics of the poetry in which he excelled. The Irish policy of Carteret, and the method by which that policy was carried out, are very happily described. Swift's hatred and contempt for the country of which he had been the saviour, but which he never beheld without loathing, found here, as in many passages of his published works, eloquent expression. We should add that the manuscript is sometimes very difficult to decipher; and though we have had the assistance of a gentleman who has had great experience in such work, we have been obliged to in three cases leave blank spaces.

"Sept. 25th 1727.

So here I sit at Holy head
With muddy ale and mouldy bread
[1] . . . . . both by wind and tide
I see the ship at anchor ride
All Christian vittals (*sic*) stink of fish
I'm where my enemies would wish
Convict of (?) lyes is every sign
The Fair [2] had not one drop of wine.
The Captain swears the sea's too rough;—
He has not passengers enough;
And thus the Dean is forc'd to stay
Till others come to help the pay
In Dublin they'd be glad to see
A pacquet—though it brings in me.
They cannot say the winds are cross
Your Politicians at a loss
For want of matter swears and frets
Are (*sic*) forced to read the old gazettes.
I never was in haste before
To reach that slavish, hateful shore
Before I always found the wind
To me was most malicious—kind

[1] The letters seem to be "I'm tained." But the verse was evidently left unfinished by Swift, for on the margin he has placed a mark, thus—*V*, evidently meaning to return to it.

[2] The hostess, Mrs. Welch.

But now the danger of a friend
On whom my fears and hopes depend
Absent from whom all clymes are curst
With whom I'm happy in the worst,
With rage impatient makes me wait
A passage to the land I hate
Else rather on this bleaky shore
Where loudest winds incessant roar,
Where neither herb nor tree will thrive,
Where nature hardly seems alive
I'd go in Freedom to my grave
Than rule yon Isle and be a slave.

(*Here a blank space is left in the manuscript.*)

Remove me from this land of slaves,
Where all are fools and all are knaves
Where every knave and fool is bought,
Yet hardly sells himself for nought
Where Whig and Tory fiercely fight
Who's in the wrong, who in the right.
And where their country lies at stake
They only fight for fighting's sake.
While English Sharpers take the pay
And then stand by to see fair play.
Meantime the whig is always winner
And for his courage gets—a Dinner.
His Excellency[1] too perhaps
Spits in his mouth and stroakes his chaps.
The humble whelp gives every vote
To put the question strains his throat,
His Excellency's condescension
Will serve instead of place or pension,
When to the window he's trepanned
When my Lord shakes him by the hand.
Or in the presence of beholders
His arms upon the booby's shoulders.
You quickly see the gudgeon bite
He tells his brother fools at night
How well the Governor's inclin'd,
So just, so gentle, and so kind.
He heard I kept a pack of hounds
And longed to hunt upon my grounds
He said our Lodges were so fair
The land had nothing to compare

[1] Lord Carteret.

But that indeed which pleas'd me most
He called my Doll a perfect toast.
He whisper'd public things at last
Ask'd me how our Election past
Some augmentation, Sir, you know
Would make at least a handsome show.
Now kings a compliment expect
I shall not offer to direct.
There are some prating folks in town,—
But, Sir, we must support the Crown
Our Letters say a Jesuit boasts
Of some I——— on our coasts.
The King is ready when you will
To pass another Pqry (*sic*) bill
And for dissenters he intends
To use them as his truest friends
Yes and the Church establish'd too } [1]
Since a grave Protestant like you }
. . . . . .
I think they justly ought to share
In all employments we can spare
Next for encouragement of spinning
A duty might be laid on linen,
An act for laying down the plough
England will send you corn enough.
Another act that absentees
For licencies shall pay no fees—
If England's friendship you would keep,
Feed nothing in your lands but sheep.
But make an act secure and full
To bring up all who smuggle wool,
And then he kindly gives us hints
That all our wives should go in Chintz.
To-morrow I shall tell you more,
For I'm to dine with him at four
This was the speech, and here's the jest
His arguments convinc't the rest.
Away he runs with zealous hotness
Exceeding all the heels of Totness
To move that all the nation round
Should pay a guinea in the pound.
Yet should this blockhead beg a place
Either from Excellence or grace

[1] This couplet is cancelled in the original.

'Tis pre-engaged, and in his room
Townshend's cast Page or Walpole's groom."

It would be possible to institute a curiously close parallel between Swift and Skelton; but in none of his extant poems is Swift more essentially Skeltonian than in the following, which is exactly in the vein and sometimes in the very measure of "Why come ye not to Court?" It would be interesting to know if Swift was acquainted with the writings of that interesting and original poet.

"*On Lord Carteret's arms, given as the custom is at every inn where the Lord Lieutenant dines or lyes—with all the bills in a long Parliament.*

'Tis forty to one
When Carteret's gone
These praises we blot out,
The truth will be got out,
And then we'll be smart on
His Lordship or Wharton
Or Shrewsbury's Duke
With many rebuke,
Or Bolton the wise
With his Spanish flyes,
Or Grafton the deep
Either drunk or asleep.
Then Tilly and Aymes
Will then lodge their claims,
If somebody's grace
Should come in their place.
And thus it goes round,
We praise and confound
They come to no good
Nor would if they could
To injure the nation
Is recommendation
And why should they save her
By losing their favour?
Poor Kingdom thou wouldst be that Governor's debtor
Who kindly would leave thee no worse nor no better."

We have spared no pains to make our transcript of this curious little volume accurate, but we are not sure that we have in all cases succeeded, for, though the handwriting in the manuscript is, as a rule, clear, the paper is sometimes blurred, and the ink thin and evanescent.

J. CHURTON COLLINS.

OPPOSITION AND OPPOSITION.

THERE are many points of difference between a Liberal and a Conservative Government; and not the least striking is to be found in the varied characteristics of the Opposition each party has in turn to face. It is too readily taken for granted that this country is governed by the Government. The Opposition have a great deal more to do with the direction of affairs than they usually get credit for. In forecasting the history of a newly created Administration, it would be well to bestow some thought upon the characteristics and composition of the Opposition.

The difference between the character of the Opposition which smoothed the path of Lord Beaconsfield and that which hampers and harries the progress of Mr. Gladstone is strongly marked. When, in 1874, Mr. Disraeli somewhat unexpectedly found himself in office, there was practically no Opposition to contend with. This fact was so patent, and even so painful, that Mr. Disraeli once alluded to it in the House, puzzling the minds of his faithful supporters of the class of Sir William Edmondstone by laying down the axiom that it was of the greatest disadvantage to a Government that they should have it all their own way, the function of Opposition being practically abrogated. There was, no doubt, some genuine feeling underlying this paradox. Mr. Disraeli was essentially a fighting man, and it could not be without a feeling of disgust and weariness that he found the Liberal Opposition nothing more than a limp and boneless mass of humanity. Fighting with them supplied only that measure of exhilaration that a troop of cavalry discover in charging a body of women.

Not only was the Liberal Opposition, during the first two years of the Conservative administration, altogether devoid of fighting propensity, but it was effusively friendly. Uriah Heep fawning about the skirts of Mr. Wickfield was not more ecstatically humble. There were several reasons for this. There was, in the first place, the personal liking for Mr. Disraeli's manner on the Treasury Bench, as compared with the austere and sometimes fretful domination of Mr. Gladstone. It was pleasing to be "personally conducted"

by this gay and witty man of the world, who made a jest where his predecessor would have made a speech, and whose sole object in life seemed to be to make the evening pass pleasantly, and let us get home as early as possible.

This condition of affairs, coming immediately after the feverish heat of the Parliament that had disestablished the Irish Church, freed the Irish land, brought education to the door of every child in England, and introduced vote by ballot, was for a time delightfully soothing. Members on both sides had come into a land where it was always afternoon. To them, "sitting down upon the yellow sand between the sun and moon upon the shore"

> Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
> Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.

This state of parties, in some sense inevitable after the high pressure of the preceding six years, was crowned by the relations established amongst the Liberal leaders. Mr. Gladstone, miscalculating his own vitality and his thirst for work, suddenly, and he declared irrevocably, retired. The party, taking another and as it turned out a juster view, declined to believe in the finality of his determination. It was felt certain that he would come back, and as long as he lived and worked it was conceded that the head of the Liberal party must be Cæsar or nobody.

For a whole session it was nobody, and the Opposition in the House of Commons were literally as sheep without a shepherd. Dispirited by defeat, uncheered and undisciplined in the absence of a Leader, they did nothing and attempted nothing in the way of checking the triumphant course of the new Ministry. The voice of discord was never heard in the House—except occasionally on the front Opposition Benches, where Sir William Harcourt, thinking the lion was sick to death, occasionally kicked him. This was great sport for the Conservatives, who also watched with amused interest the little plots for the succession to the sceptre Mr. Gladstone had fretfully laid down.

When in the session of 1875 the Liberal party was consolidated in the smoking room of the Reform Club, and Lord Hartington was selected as leader, matters did not greatly improve. The new leader was hampered by the erratic appearance of the self-deposed monarch. It was as if the sun had written a letter dated from Milky Way Terrace, 13th January, 1875, beginning, "My dear Lord Saturn," and setting forth that "I see no public advantage in my continuing to act as the centre of the solar system, and at the age of sixty-five billion, and after forty-two billion years of laborious public life, I think myself

entitled to retire at the present opportunity ;" as if there had been held a meeting of the stars, who had elected the moon to rule by day as well as by night : and as if thereafter the sun had suddenly and erratically kept turning up. Lord Hartington, as he has since shown, has most of the qualities of a great and successful parliamentary leader. But he could not contend with circumstances like these, which had their effect to the uttermost ends of the party. All was disunion, distrust, and disorder. Nor did matters improve as the seasons revolved. When Lord Beaconsfield's spirited foreign policy was evolved, instead of the common danger uniting the Liberal party, it had the effect of further disuniting them. A very considerable section were bitten by the prevalent Jingo madness. The Ministerial majority, instead of increasing, decreased. Mr. Gladstone, springing back into political life with almost feverish activity, found he had lost the charm by which he had once led the Liberal hosts to victory. He piped, but they would not dance ; rather standing on one side and jeering at the veteran statesman with his Six Resolutions, his sixty speeches, and his solemn dedication of himself at Oxford to the frustration of the policy of Lord Beaconsfield.

Lord Hartington doggedly stood firm to Liberal principles, having for reward the satisfaction of hearing himself denounced by two gentlemen, now his colleagues in the Ministry. One spoke of him as "the noble Marquis, late the leader of the Liberal party," and the other built up an elaborate and not quite new metaphor by which his Lordship and his colleagues were compared to jelly-fish. Up to the very last, Lord Beaconsfield commanded unbroken majorities in the House of Commons ; whilst, as far as the country gave recognisable signs, as at Liverpool and Southwark, he was sustained by the approval and applause of the constituencies.

When we turn to consider the circumstances under which Mr. Gladstone attempts to carry on the Queen's Government, we find them in all aspects of a different character. That great and powerful quality of cohesion which makes up for so much else that is lacking stands the Conservative party in good stead in opposition, as it sustains them in power. Instead of being faced by a party rent by internal dissensions, without a leader and without a policy, the Liberal Government, on assuming office, found themselves faced by an Opposition small in number, but strong in union ; a body of men who have only one object, to which they are ready to sacrifice personal predilection, even old-fashioned party principle. The object is to turn out Mr. Gladstone.

The difference in this important element of party Government was

strikingly shown before the new House of Parliament was a week old. During the first two sessions of his reign Mr. Disraeli was hardly reminded of the existence of an Opposition. Mr. Gladstone found that the Opposition had made a successful start even before he took his seat. In the interval which elapsed between the summoning of Parliament and the completion of the re-election of ministers, a great parliamentary difficulty was born. Those who have the best reason to know declare that more than the Irish question, more than any other difficulty at home or abroad that has tried the capacity of Government, Mr. Bradlaugh's attempt to take his seat has done the maximum of substantial harm to the Liberal Government.

It is true that this exceptional development of party warfare was due to the abnormal genius of a young nobleman. But Lord Randolph Churchill is a peculiar product of the Conservative Opposition, and naturally comes into account in considering its influence upon a Liberal Government. There is on the Liberal benches no parallel to Lord Randolph or to the once famous Fourth Party. There is not lacking vitality and force of character in private members of the Liberal party. But as a rule these, when formulated in a particular line of action, are directed against their own leaders and to the disintegration of the Liberal Party. The Fourth Party cannot be said to have laboured especially and directly for the spread of Conservative principles. But indirectly they did good service to the Opposition by hampering the action of the Government, and attempting personally to discredit Mr. Gladstone. There is nothing so convenient to a party as to have an irregular wing which may be occasionally disavowed when it has gone a little too far in its efforts to harass the enemy. Of course Sir Stafford Northcote and the responsible leaders of the Opposition would not do certain things which Lord Randolph Churchill and his minute agglomeration of a party delighted to accomplish. Sometimes they were really embarrassing, placing their leader in the awkward position of having to choose between openly dissevering himself from them, or being an accomplice in procedure inexcusable even in the heat of political warfare. But the general drift of their action was embarrassing to the Government, and therefore acceptable to the Opposition. In their predatory marches they occasionally burned the wrong house and slew a non-combatant. But they harassed the enemy to an appreciable extent.

There is not in the present Parliament, nor was there in the last, a coterie of members that would precisely answer to the Fourth Party. A similar implacability of purpose and of moral recklessness in the selection of instruments to carry out a party purpose do

not seem to thrive in the Liberal ranks. The most dangerous, because the most capable, adversary Lord Beaconsfield's Government had below the gangway opposite, was Sir Charles Dilke; and when in later sessions Mr. Chamberlain entered Parliament, a junction of forces was established which had a considerable effect upon the Parliamentary fortunes of the Ministry, and would have been more formidable still but for the tendency already noted of independent Liberals to expend their surplus force in attacking their nominal Leaders.

The Opposition which the present Government have constantly to wrestle with is immeasurably increased by personal considerations. The Conservative Opposition is arrayed not only against the spread of Liberal principles, but is animated by deadly animosity to the Liberal leader. Since the epoch when Sir Robert Peel seceded from the ranks of the Protectionists, there has been no phenomenon in public life approaching this personal hatred of the Prime Minister. As a rule there is a disposition in the public mind to worship success, and to cherish a feeling akin to slavish adulation towards the man of the day. This was shown in extraordinary degree in the case of Mr. Disraeli, and in some measure it was the same with his half-dozen predecessors, always excluding Mr. Gladstone. Where, as in the case of Lord John Russell, the Premiers were not violently loved, at least they were not virulently hated.

It is otherwise with Mr. Gladstone, and this is an important factor, in the working of political affairs of the present day. The only parallel to the enthusiastic admiration excited by Mr. Gladstone in the hearts of the multitude is the active hatred to which he gives birth in the mind of the Conservative minority. This is not the kind of dislike one man has for another who initiates and puts into practice principles he hates and despises. It is a personal individual hate, as for one who has done him or his family some personal and individual wrong.

The reasons for this are not far to seek. The practical basis of Conservatism is the possession of an undue share of the common property of a people, whether it be land or power, which has descended by inheritance not been acquired by labour. For the last twenty years of his life Mr. Gladstone has been actively engaged in establishing a fairer distribution of property and power. Those who formerly possessed an undue proportion of these gifts, and those who fear that Mr. Gladstone is capable of bringing about further distribu-

among larger classes, naturally hate the despoiler of their

. No statesman on either side has been equally active and

successful in carrying into legislation the principles of his party; and Mr. Gladstone pays the penalty of his abnormal success by having created more personal enemies than ever before scowled about the pathway of a statesman of blameless private life.

As the constant dropping of water weareth away a stone, so this incessant nagging from the Opposition is certain to have its effect upon the fortunes of a Minister. It has been made abundantly clear that the Opposition will be stayed by no scruple in their efforts to upset Mr. Gladstone. It might have been thought, in view of the notoriety of the Premier's religious principles and habits, that the most desperate and reckless of his detractors would have stopped short of accusing him of secretly conniving at the introduction of an avowed infidel into the House of Commons. Yet we know that it is among the commonest declarations in Conservative circles, and is doubtless believed by hundreds of otherwise intelligent men, that Mr. Gladstone's action in a particular controversy was animated by a personal liking for the Member for Northampton, and by sympathy with his principles. When Political Opposition reaches a possibility like this, there are no limits to its revel in acrimony.

Another illustration of the reckless character of the Opposition of to-day is to be found in their recent alliance with the Land Leaguers, the failure of which, in spite of the bait of the report of the Lords' Committee, and the promise of Mr. W. H. Smith's resolution, lends a tone of righteous indignation to the denunciation of the more successful negotiation of the Treaty of Kilmainham. It is impossible to conceive any two sets of principles further apart from each other than those of Mr. Parnell and those crystallised in the programme of the Conservative party. Yet when the object has been the defeat of the Government, an alliance between the Land Leaguers and the high Tories was eagerly sought, and in more than one division Mr. Healy has walked out with the Hamiltons, Mr. Biggar has elbowed Mr. Chaplin in the division lobby, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has found himself in the same lobby with Mr. Callan.

Against this vigilant, vigorous, and reckless opposition Mr. Gladstone has to count one source of assistance quite new in his political history. Perhaps at no time within the last twenty-five years have the Liberal party in the House of Commons presented such an appearance of unanimity. The miracle should be cherished whilst it is yet with us, for it cannot last much longer. Nevertheless, as in olden times, it is beautiful to see brethren dwelling in unity. The frailties of Liberal members have been sorely tried during the last two years and a half. On the Bradlaugh episode, the familiar spec-

tacle of a divided Liberal party was presented for the pleased contemplation of the enemy. But that was not a party question. Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues, with truer instincts of Liberalism than were vouchsafed to some of their followers, adopted a particular line of action. But they never took up the case of Bradlaugh as, for example, they adopted the Clôture, and said, "This is our policy." With this exception, which really soared above politics and became a test of religious prejudice, there have been several questions on which, in earlier times, a Liberal Government would inevitably have split up. One of these was the Coercion Bill; another was the principle of the Clôture. As is well known, there was not lacking evidence of the true spirit of Liberalism in these cases. Several members fell away, whilst many more displayed a skittishness that was only checked by the prompt action of the constituencies.

To the creation of this phenomenal unity there is no doubt the violent implacability of the Opposition has tended. If Lord Randolph Churchill had been a little less active, and, above all, if the political scandal of the alliance of the Land Leaguers with the Tories had not been presented to the minds of the constituencies, the remarkable unity on the Liberal Benches would probably not have confounded the calculations of the Carlton.

This quite unexpected and altogether unusual steadiness in the Liberal ranks has hitherto proved the strength of the Ministry, and has enabled them to withstand the shock of pitched battle on the part of the Opposition, and the sting of the incessant rifle practice of the Conservative Uhlans. But that is a condition on the continuance of which it would not be wise to count. The natural end of the Liberal majority in the House of Commons is that of the Kilkenny cats of the fable, and it is the more certain and likely to be the swifter in proportion as the majority is overwhelming and triumphant. The exceptional Opposition of the present day works in two ways. It consolidates whilst it assaults the Liberal forces; but that will not last for ever, nor for long. To Liberals, whether in power or in Opposition, the armour of unity is as uncomfortable as David found Saul's helmet of brass and coat of mail. They have put it on for a time, but they will gratefully and gladly take it off at the first opportunity. Then will arrive the opportunity of the Opposition, and the downfall of Mr. Gladstone's latest and last Ministry.

HENRY W. LUCY.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Dr. Siemens' Theory of the Sun.

THE paper read on March 2nd by Dr. C. W. Siemens at the Royal Society, and his article on "A New Theory of the Sun" in the April number of the "Nineteenth Century," have started a good deal of discussion. All who have my essay on "The Fuel of the Sun," written 1868–9, and published January 1870, are surprised at the statement with which the magazine article opens, viz.: that this "may be termed a first attempt to open for the sun a debtor and creditor account, inasmuch as he has hitherto been regarded only as a great almoner pouring forth incessantly his boundless wealth of heat, without receiving any of it back."

Some of my friends suppose that Dr. Siemens has wilfully ignored the most important element of my theory, and have suggested indignation and protest on my part. I am quite satisfied, however, that they are mistaken. I see plainly enough that although Dr. Siemens quotes my book, he had not read it when he did so; that in stating that "Grove, Humboldt, Zoellner, and Mattieu Williams have boldly asserted the existence of a space filled with matter," he derived this information from the paper of Dr. Sterry Hunt which he afterwards quotes. This inference has been confirmed by subsequent correspondence with Dr. Siemens, who tells me that he saw the book some years since, but *had not read it.* My contributions to the philosophy of solar physics would have been far more widely known and better appreciated had I followed the usual course of announcing firstly "a working hypothesis," then reading a preliminary paper, then another and another, and so on during ten or a dozen years, instead of publishing all at once an octavo volume of 240 pages, which has proved too formidable even to many of those who are specially interested in the subject.

I am compelled to infer that this is the reason why so many of the speculations, which were physical heresies when expounded therein, have since become so generally adopted, without corresponding acknowledgment. This is not the place for specifying the particulars of such adoptions, but I may mention that in due time, "An

Appendix to the Fuel of the Sun," including the whole history of the subject, will be published. The materials are all in hand, and only await arrangement. In the mean time I will briefly state some of the points of agreement and difference between Dr. Siemens and myself.

In the first place, we both take as our fundamental basis of speculation the idea of an universal extension of atmospheric matter, and we both regard this as the recipient of the diffused solar radiations, which are afterwards recovered and recondensed, or concentrated. Thus our "fuel of the sun" is primarily the same, but, as will presently be seen, our machinery for feeding the solar furnace is essentially different, and Dr. Siemens introduces an entirely new preparation of this fuel.

Certain desiccated pedants have sneered at my title, "The Fuel of the Sun," as "sensational," and have refused to read the book on this account; but Dr. Sterry Hunt has provided me with ample revenge. He has disentombed an interesting paper by Sir Isaac Newton, dated 1675, in which the same sensationalism is perpetrated with very small modification, Sir Isaac Newton's title being "Solary Fuel." Besides this, his speculations are curiously similar to my own, his fundamental idea being evidently the same; but the chemistry of his time was too vague and obscure to render its development possible. This paper was neglected and set aside, was not printed in the Transactions of the Royal Society, and remained generally unknown until a few months ago, when the energetic American philosopher brought it forth, and discussed its remarkable anticipations.

Dr. Siemens supposes that the rotation of the sun effects a sort of "fan action," by throwing off heated atmospheric matter from his equatorial regions, which atmospheric matter is afterwards reclaimed and passed over to the polar regions of the sun. This interchange he describes as effected by the differences of pressure on the fluid envelope of the sun; the portion over the polar regions being held down by the whole force of solar gravitation, while the equatorial atmosphere is subject to this pressure, or attraction, minus the centrifugal impulse due to solar rotation. He maintains that this "centrifugal action, however small in amount as compared with the enormous attraction of the sun, would destroy the balance, and determine a motion towards the sun as regards the mass opposite the polar surface, and into space as regards the equatorial mass." He adds that "the equatorial current so produced, owing to its mighty proportions, would flow outwards into space, to a practically unlimited distance."

I will not here discuss the dynamics of this hypothesis; whether the reclaiming action of the superior polar attraction would occur at the vast distances from the sun supposed by Dr. Siemens, or much nearer home, and produce an effect like the recurving of the flame of his own regenerative gas burner; or, whether he is right in comparing the centrifugal force at the solar equator with that of the earth, by simply measuring the relative velocity of translation irrespective of angular velocity. I will merely suggest that in discussing these, it is necessary, in order to do justice to Dr. Siemens, to always keep in mind the assumed condition of an universal and continuous atmospheric medium, and not to reason, as some have done already, upon the basis of a limited solar atmosphere with a definite boundary, from beyond which particles of atmospheric matter are to be flung away into vacuous space, without the intervention of all-pervading fluid pressure.

It is evident that *if* such fan action can bring back *all* the material that has received the solar radiations, and which holds them either as temperature or otherwise, the restoration and perpetuation of solar energy will be complete, for even the heat received by our earth and its brother and sister planets would still remain in the family, as they would radiate it into the interplanetary atmospheric matter supposed to be reclaimed by the sun.

But the solar extinction, described by the writer in last month's Table Talk, would be proportionally complete; the sun would be removed from its place among the stars, and the greater problem of stellar radiation rendered more inscrutable than ever by putting the evidence of our great luminary altogether out of court; for if the stars severally consumed all their own radiations quite independently of each other, as Dr. Siemens supposes, none would be visible to us, as the above-quoted writer has shown.

Though compelled to regard the "fan-action" part of Dr. Siemens' theory as inefficient, if not altogether impotent, and to anticipate its general rejection, I look forward to important philosophical results from a certain modification of that part of his theory which suggests the possibility of the dissociation of aqueous vapour and the oxides of carbon by solar radiations acting upon these gases when highly rarefied in surrounding space. The subject is too extensive to be discussed within the remaining limits of this Note, but I hope to resume it next month. In the mean time I will perpetrate the egotism of telling the reader something about

My Own Theory of the Sun.

UNTIL 1822 the idea of an universal diffusion of highly attenuated atmospheric matter throughout space was commonly entertained by the highest scientific authorities, though not formally asserted. On January 17 of that year Dr. Wollaston read a paper at the Royal Society in refutation of this, by calculating the amount of atmospheric matter which the sun and the planets would, by gravitation, collect around themselves. He thus arrived at the conclusion that Jupiter's atmosphere would be so dense, and extend so far, that the fourth satellite would be visible "when behind the centre of the planet," and consequently would "appear on both (or all) sides at the same time."

This and similar reasoning applied to the sun supplied a *reductio ad absurdum* which was accepted at the time, and has been quoted in our text-books and universally received by the highest authorities for half a century since. My second chapter is a reprint of this paper, and a refutation of the monstrous mathematical blunder on which the whole argument is founded, and which has so curiously escaped the scrutiny of mathematicians.

Space will not permit any quotation of the positive arguments in favour of universal atmospheric extension, and therefore I must here assume it, and also that the sun and all the planets have their respective shares, the magnitudes of which I have calculated. That of the sun is, of course, enormous; and however or whenever he obtained it, the work of its compression must have produced an amount of heat and light fully equal to that which he now displays.

But what must be the effect of this transcendental temperature on the atmosphere and other matter of the sun? The researches of Deville, plus some theoretical ventures of my own, on the broad laws of dissociation (now fully confirmed), enabled me, in 1868, to show that these materials must be dissociated to their uttermost, and a mighty store of latent heat be thus reserved, to be given out gradually and steadily by their recombination at the solar surface. For a description of the machinery by which this recombination is limited and regulated I must refer to the book.

But even with this reserve of heat-force we should have the gradually dying sun and withering universe, still so popular among technical astronomers, who, in spite of their great attainments, have not yet fairly grasped the great fundamental principle of all philosophy: *that force is indestructible; the indestructibility of matter being merely a manifestation or result of this.*

The radiations from the sun and all the stars and other orbs of space are therefore inextinguishable; for, however widely diffused, they must ever remain absolutely unchanged in quantity. All that is required to render all the blazing suns of all the universe absolutely eternal is some machinery by which their everlasting outpourings may be gathered in again.

This machinery, according to my theory, is the gravitating reaction of the attendant worlds combined with the solar motion of translation in space. "Action and reaction are equal and contrary." Gravitation is mutual. The sun cannot pull the planets without being equally pulled in return; but the pull which perpetually bends a planet's path towards the sun moves him towards it in a degree as much smaller as his mass is greater than that of the planet. Therefore, whether we regard the nucleus of the sun as reeling irregularly in the midst of his profound fluid envelope, or his atmosphere as dragged here by Jupiter, there by Venus, hither by the earth, thither by Saturn, and everywhere in the mean time by the vivacious Mercury, we cannot fail to perceive in this ever-varying resultant of planetary attraction an agent for perpetually stirring in, interchanging, and mingling together the various strata of the solar atmosphere, and producing a complication of clashing tides, of irregularities of velocity in the different parts of the solar atmospheric ocean, and the consequent formation of mighty maelströms, vortices and cyclones, hurricanes and tornadoes of fury inconceivable to the dwellers on our comparatively tranquil earth.

These are visibly displayed in the sun-spots, those great vortice-pits in the solar envelope, so wide and deep that worlds like ours might be poured into them like marbles into a basin.

The vapours thus drawn down into the hotter regions of the sun must be there dissociated, and, as I have shown, must produce corresponding upheavals of dissociated gaseous matter above the general level of the photosphere, which will recombine with explosive violence, ejecting the denser vapours forth to condense as metallic hail, and thus form the corona and zodiacal light, and probably the metallic meteorites that occasionally reach our earth.

The matter thus ejected is, as we now know, actually flung out to hundreds of thousands of miles from the solar surface, and this occurs while the sun is moving through the interstellar medium (call it "ether" or whatever else you please) at the rate of nearly half a million of miles per day. This ejected matter is continually and enormously expanding while explosively recombining, and must thus be more or less left behind in the wake of the sun. As this occurs after it has done its work of primary radiation while belonging to the

sun, and has been further exhausted by its combustion and radiation as ejected prominence and coronal matter, it must, when fully expanded, be cooled below the mean temperature of the space-filling medium.

The cooled ejected material thus perpetually left behind to fill the space the sun is perpetually vacating, is replaced by fresh material drawn from the regions into which the sun is advancing, the which material has been through countless ages receiving and storing its share of the radiations of all the suns of the universe.

I have calculated the amount of fresh fuel the sun will thus encounter, supposing the interstellar atmospheric matter to have only one ten-thousandth part of the density of our atmosphere. The cylinder of such atmospheric matter which the sun will traverse daily has, in round numbers, a diameter of 900,000 miles, a length or depth of 450,000 miles, and a weight of 14,313,915,000,000,000,000 tons, or 165 millions of tons per second. Such a supply bombarding the sun and condensed upon it is ample for all the theoretical requirements of solary fuel.

All the other suns of the universe, provided they are large enough and have attendant worlds, must have similarly collected their great atmospheric oceans, and must have similarly condensed it with similar evolution of heat and dissociation, and now must similarly instir the solary fuel of space by their reeling reaction to planetary gravitation, and similarly outflash portions of dissociated matter that must similarly combine, explode, and expand, and when thus exhausted fall more or less to the rear, and thus the solar and stellar " heat radiated into space is received by the general atmospheric medium ; is gathered again by the breathing of wandering suns, who inspire as they advance the breath of universal heat and light of life ; then by impact, compression, and radiation, they concentrate and redistribute its vitalising power ; and after its work is done, expire it in the broad wake of their retreat, leaving a track of cool exhausted ether—the ashpits of the solar furnaces—to reabsorb the general radiations, and thus maintain the eternal round of life."

Bees and Clover.

BEE culture has been powerfully advocated for the honey sake, and would probably be more general if sugar were not so cheap. There is, however, another advantage, which Darwin's researches have proved, viz., the action of the bees in fertilization of flowers. Every farmer who grows red clover for the seed sake is too familiar with the uncertainty of this crop, the seeds of which ripen

with most vexatious inequality. Herr Haberlandt, who has followed up and confirmed the researches of Darwin in reference to these particular flowers, strongly recommends the rearing of bees on all clover farms, for the special purpose of fertilization, even though their honey be disregarded, for it appears that clover is entirely dependent on insects for its fertilization, and chiefly upon bees. The form of the flowers, and the manner in which the maturity of the lower florets precedes that of the upper florets, renders the success or failure of a clover seed crop simply a result of the employment or non-employment of these humble farm-labourers.

The Causes and Cure of Old Age.

L. LANGER has recently been engaged in the comparative analysis of human fat at different ages. He finds that infant fat is harder than that of adults or old men, that there are oil globules in our fat but none in that of babies; the microscope shows one or two oil globules in every fat cell of the adult, while very few have fat crystals. The fat cells of the infant contain no oil globules, and nearly every cell contains fat crystals. "Infant fat forms a homogeneous, white, solid, tallow-like mass, and melts at 45° C.," while adult fat standing in a warm room separates into two layers; the lighter and larger is a transparent yellow liquid which solidifies below the freezing point of water, the lower layer is a granular crystalline mass melting at 36° C. Infant fat contains 67·75 per cent. of oleic acid, adult fat 89·80. Infant fat contains 28·97 per cent. of palmitic acid, against 8·16 in the adult, and 3·28 of stearic acid against 2·04. These latter, the palmitic and stearic acids, are the harder and less fusible, while the oleic acid is the softer and more fusible, constituent of fats.

No attempt is made to explain the reason of these differences, or to suggest any means by which we may reharden or repalmitise our fat, and thus regain our infantine chubbiness.

Old age is evidently due to changes of this kind, not only of the fat, but also of the other materials of the body. The first step towards the discovery of the elixir of life, the "aurum potabile" of the alchemist, is to determine the nature of these changes, the next to ascertain their causes, and then to remove them. If, as we are so often told, there can be no effect without a cause, there must be causes for the organic changes constituting decay and old age. Remove these, and we live for ever. The theory is beautifully simple.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

The Centenary of the Odéon Theatre.

SOME curiously misleading information has been published in various French newspapers *à propos* of the so-called centenary performance at the Odéon Theatre, which took place in the month of April last. Here is, for instance, a paragraph translated literally from a Parisian journal devoted wholly to the drama:—"The 9th April, 1782, the new theatre of the Odéon, situated on the same site as to-day, opened its doors to inaugurate its *salle* by a spectacle which was one of the avant-couriers of the revolution, I mean 'La Folle Journée, ou le Mariage de Figaro.'" Notwithstanding that some colour of truth is lent to the statement by the fact that the "Mariage de Figaro" of Beaumarchais, together with a slight occasional sketch entitled "L'Odéon et la Jeunesse," was given at a centenary performance on the 9th of April of the present year, the paragraph I have quoted is wholly and absolutely inaccurate. It may savour of rashness to correct the French journals as to the history of French theatres. This, however, I intend to do. On the 9th of April, 1782, there was no Odéon Theatre. On that date again, at the theatre occupying the site on which the Odéon now stands, was given a drama by Barthélemi Imbert, a Nîmois poet, entitled "L'Inauguration du Théâtre Français." "La Folle Journée, ou le Mariage de Figaro" was not played until two years subsequently. The exact day when all Paris flocked to the Théâtre Français to see this famous representation, when duchesses jostled in the balcony the frail beauties who were its ordinary occupants, and when *grandes dames*, to be sure of their places, took their dinner in the theatre in the dining-room of the actors, was Tuesday, March 27, 1784.

The Théâtre Français and the Odéon.

TO account in part for these errors, and to throw a little light upon a neglected portion of French theatrical history, I will give briefly the facts of the case. After the reunion in 1680 of the company of comedians of the Hôtel de Bourgogne with that of

Molière, which had already incorporated with itself the troupe of the Théâtre du Marais—the Comédie Française, or the Théâtre Français, as the home of the united comedians was then for the first time called, stood in the Rue Mazarine, opposite the Rue Guénégaud. Compelled by the requirements of the Sorbonne to quit the site, the comedians erected another house in the Rue des Fossés-Saint-Germain-des-Prés, now Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie. Here they rested 82 years. As the supremacy of the Théâtre Français over all European theatres was established, a sense that the house was unworthy of the company began to spread. A new theatre on the site of the Hôtel de Condé was accordingly commenced, and the actors during the period of preparation were allowed to play in the Tuileries in what was then known as the Salle des Machines. Thus matters remained from 1770 to 1782. On the 9th April, 1782, the comedians made their first appearance in their new home, which, though on the site subsequently occupied by the Odéon, was then and for some time afterwards known as the Théâtre Français. "Molière à la Nouvelle Salle," by Laharpe, Shakespeare's "King Lear" and "Macbeth" in the ridiculous translation of Ducis, and various pale tragedies and artificial comedies, now wholly forgotten, by Larive, Palissot, Forget, and Dubuisson, were given in the house, and Talma, the greatest of French tragedians, made here his *début*. The most conspicuous event was, however, the production of "Le Mariage de Figaro," at the date I have mentioned. Closed in 1793 in consequence of the difficulties caused by the revolution and the dissensions of the actors, it reopened in 1794 under the title of the Théâtre de l'Égalité. The famous company had, however, been scattered to the winds, and the representation was unsuccessful. What had once been known as the Théâtre Français was then given up to political discussions, meetings, banquets, and balls. At this period it first took the name of the Odéon, which, upon reopening in 1797 by an association of actors, it retained. Burned to the ground in 1799, on the 18th March, it reopened in 1808 as the Théâtre de l'Impératrice. On the 20th March, 1818, it was again destroyed by fire, and the following year it rose again in something like the shape it now assumes. After experiencing many vicissitudes, it was entirely restored in 1875. The ancient organisation of the Théâtre Français meanwhile was not re-established until the twelfth year of the Republic (1803). The comedians followed Napoleon not only to his residences at Saint-Cloud and Fontainebleau, but on his campaigns to Erfurth and Dresden, where they had the famous "parterre de rois" (a pit of kings). Possession had meanwhile been obtained

of the fine premises in the Rue de Richelieu which the Comédie Française now occupies.

As excuse for supplying this not unneeded information, I may say that it is not taken from any single work, but collected from many sources.

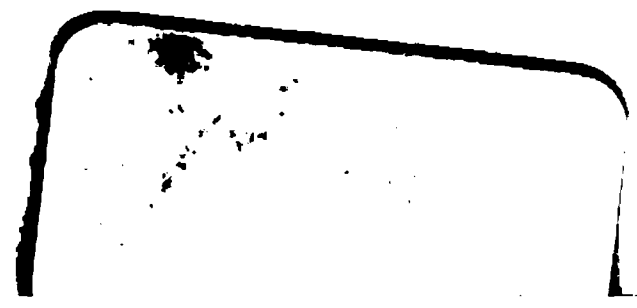
Naturalisation of Foreign Birds.

ATTEMPTS to naturalise English birds in America are continuous. The goldfinch, the chaffinch, the robin, and the blackbird have been introduced into the Northern States, and a certain measure of success has attended the attempt to naturalise the skylark. Of two hundred skylarks shipped in December last to New York, *en route* for New Jersey, seventy-four survived the risks of the journey and the more serious danger of the winter, and were let loose in May, with the result that in America, as an enthusiast writes, there is "the same delightful sound that has inspired so many poets, and charmed the Old World for ages, as pure and sweet as in its native grey sky. No one who has ever heard the shrill trilling note, not loud but very distinct, will ever forget it, or fail to know it again." In efforts of this kind there should be reciprocity. American warblers are not numerous, but those there are in the Northern States would run no risks from our winters. The real difficulty in the way of acclimatising these and other rare birds is the insatiable appetite for slaughter of the Cockney sportsman, who chooses to call himself an ornithologist because he kills birds or drives them from our shores.

Are the Aspirations of Youth fulfilled in Age?

A WELL-KNOWN phrase of Goethe was brought again to my recollection by a recent speaker. It is as follows :—

> Was man sich in der Jugend wünscht,
> Hat man im Alter in Fülle.

Which means, What in youth you desire, ripe age will give you in abundance. This is an encouraging assertion, and it is to a certain extent true. Where, however, the irony of life comes in is that the boon when acquired is in the majority of cases joyless. If a man is resolute in pursuit, he will obtain most things that are obtainable. Fix your mind upon the topmost apple on a tree, and you have only to sit beneath till it falls. By the time it descends the apple is rotten, or you have lost your taste for apples. I do not desire to break spears with Goethe, but the hope conveyed in this and similarly cheerful maxims is, I fear, to some extent delusive.

SYLVANUS URBAN.